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ACADEMIC ORATOR:

Consisting of a Diversity of

Oratorical Selections,

APPERTAINING TO

EVERY CLASS OF PUBLIC ORATIONS,

APPOSITELY ARRANGED,

and calculated

For the Use of Schools and Academies.

To which is prefixed,

A DISSERTATION

ON

ORATORICAL PRONUNCIATION, or ACTION;

mostly abstracted from

Professor Ward's System of Oratory.

BY J. H. RICE.

At the Office of J. Drakard, High-Street, Stamford,

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In the following selections the pieces are ranked under apposite classes, in a consistency with the ancient rhetorical distribution of public orations, and the different kinds of public speaking in use among the moderns. The compilation, in the whole, comprehends a large diversity of productions, ancient and modern, appertaining to the different classes of public orations, called the DEMONSTRATIVE, *the* DELIBERATIVE, *and the* JUDICIAL, *and to the principal kinds of oratory which respectively obtain in the* PULPIT, *and of the* THEATRE.

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Of the ancient rhetorical Distribution of the Kinds or Subjects of Oratory.

THE various kinds or subjects of oratory are principally distributed, by the ancients, into three classes; the DEMONSTRATIVE, the DELIBERATIVE, and the JUDICIAL.

The first or *demonstrative*, comprehends all those orations or discourses which relate to the applause, or censure, of persons or things. This opens an extensive field, and contains within itself whatever in nature or art, is worthy, on account of its desirable qualities, its excellencies, or defects, to be made the subject of discourse. By this, applause is given to virtue, and censure to vice: good examples are recommended for the imitation of others, and bad exposed for their admonition. All kinds of panegyric and invective are among its proper themes. Thus the chief design of this kind of oratory is to inspire men with the most perfect sentiments of honour and virtue, to infuse into them an aversion from every thing base and vicious, and to communicate instruction, by the most powerful means of apposite examples. Though, as is obvious from the above, these are not absolutely confined to personal instances.

To the second, or *deliberative* kind, belongs whatever can become the subject of public debate, counsel, or advice. Of this kind are all orations made in the senate, and at popular assemblies, which respect the public good, the welfare, the property, the liberties, and the lives of men; these comprehend

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whatever is discussed, advised to, or dissuaded from, on the ground of any valuable interest: such is the end proposed, as far as is consistent with honour and justice, in this kind of orations.

The last class, which is called the *judicial* or *forensic*, comprehends all subjects of distributive justice. By this, property is protected, innocence is defended, justice is maintained, and crimes are exposed. All subjects canvassed in courts of judicature; all orations delivered at the bar or on the bench, are of this kind. It's end——to vindicate justice and equity, in opposition to fraud and violence, is obviously of very high importance and utility.

The author of the above division, it is said, was Aristotle. It's propriety is evident, as there is probably no kind or subject of oratory, but what may be referred to one or other of the above classes.

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A DISSERTATION

ON

Oratorical Pronunciation,

OR

ACTION.

PART I.....Introductory.

PRONUNCIATION, as a branch of oratory, is also called action, by some of the ancients. Though, if we attend to the proper signification of each of these words, we must admit, that the former respects the voice, and the latter, the gestures and motions of the body. But if we consider them as synonymous terms, in this extensive sense, it may be said, that pronunciation or action consists in a suitable conformity of the voice, and the various attitudes and positions of the body, in public speaking, to the subject and design of the discourse.

The most capable judges among the ancients have represented this branch of oratory, as the principal concern in the province of an orator, and that from attention to which he is chiefly to expect success in the oratorical art. When Cicero, under the person of Crassus, has largely and elegantly discoursed of all the other parts of oratory, coming at last to speak of this, he says; "All the former have their effect according as they are pronounced. It is action alone that governs in public speaking; without which the best orator is of no value, and is often defeated by one, in other respects, much his inferior." And he lets us know, that Demosthenes was of the same opinion. Who, when he was asked, what was the pri-

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cipal concern, in oratory, replied action; and being asked again, a second and a third time, what was next eminent, he still returned the same answer. Thus he seemed to intimate, that he thought the whole art did in some manner consist in this branch of it. And, indeed, if he had not judged it highly necessary for an orator, he would scarcely have taken so much pains himself, in correcting those natural defects, under which he laboured originally, in order to acquire it. For he had not only a weak voice, but also an impediment in his speech, so that he could not pronounce distinctly certain letters. The former of these defects he conquered, partly by speaking with all the force he could exert, on the sea-shore, when the waves roared, and the sea was boisterous; and partly by pronouncing long periods as he walked up a hill. Both these methods contributed to the strengthening of his voice. And he found means to render his pronunciation more clear and articulate by the help of pebble-stones placed under his tongue. Nor was he less careful in endeavouring to acquire the habit of a just and graceful gesture: for this purpose he used to pronounce his orations alone before a large mirror. And as he had got an ill custom of drawing up his shoulders, when he spoke, to amend that, he used to place them under a sword, which hung over him with the point downwards. Such pains did the prince of Grecian orators bestow, to remove those difficulties which would have been sufficient to discourage an inferior and less aspiring genius. The perfection at which he arrived in his pronunciation, under all these disadvantages, by his indefatigable diligence and attention, is evident from the confession of his great adversary and rival in oratory, Eschines. Eschines, when he could not bear the disgrace of being vanquished by Demosthenes in the cause of Ctesiphon, retired to Rhodes. And being desired by the inhabitants of the place to recite to them his own oration upon that occasion, which he accordingly repeated; the next day they requested him to let them hear that of Demosthenes; which being pronounced in a most graceful manner, to the admiration of all who were present, "How much more," says he, "would you have wondered, if you had heard him speak it himself." By which it plainly appears that he gave Demosthenes the preference, in that respect. To these authorities we might add the judgment

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of Quintilian, who affirms, that "it is not of so much moment what our compositions are, as how they are pronounced; since it is the manner of the delivery by which the audience is moved." And hence he ventures to assert, that "an indifferent discourse, assisted by a lively and graceful action, will have greater efficacy than the finest harangue, which wants that advantage."

The justness of this sentiment of the ancients, concerning the power and efficacy of oratorical pronunciation, might be proved from many instances; but one or two may here suffice. Hortensius, a cotemporary with Cicero, and while living next to him in repute as an orator, was highly applauded for his action. But his orations after his decease, as Quintilian affirms, (for none of them now remain,) did not appear correspondent to his reputation; from which he justly concludes, that there must have been something pleasing in his speaking, by which he gained his character, that was lost in the reading his productions. But perhaps there is scarcely a more memorable instance of this than in Cicero himself. After the death of Pompey, when Cæsar had taken the government of Rome into his own hands, many of his acquaintance interceded with him in behalf of their relations and friends, who had been of the opposite faction in the late wars. Among others Cicero solicited for his friend Ligarius; this Tubero understanding, who owed Ligarius a grudge, he opposed it, and undertook to represent him to Cæsar as unworthy of his clemency. Cæsar himself was prejudiced against Ligarius; and therefore when the cause was to come before him, he calmly said, "We may venture to hear Cicero display his eloquence, for I know the person for whom he pleads to be a bad man, and an enemy to me." But Cicero, however, in the course of his oration, so worked upon the passions of Cæsar, that the emotions of his mind were very conspicuous, from the frequent alterations of his countenance. And when he came to touch upon the battle of Pharsalia, which had given Cæsar the empire of the world, he represented it in such a moving and lively manner, that Cæsar could no longer restrain himself, he was seized with such a fit of trembling, that he dropt the papers, which he held in his hand. This was the more remarkable, because Cæsar was himself one of the greatest orators of that age; acquainted with all the arts of ad-

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dress, and avenues to the passions, and consequently was the better prepared to guard against any attack on the latter. But neither his skill nor his resolution of mind was of sufficient force against the power of oratory; the conqueror of the world became a conquest to the charms of Cicero's eloquence; so that, contrary to his intention, he acceded to the plea of the orator and pardoned Ligarius. Now that oration is still extant, and appears exceedingly well calculated to touch the soft and tender passions and springs of the soul. But we believe it can scarcely be discernible to any in reading it, how it should have had such a surprising effect; which must therefore have been chiefly owing to the wonderful address and conduct of the speaker.

The more natural the pronunciation is, of consequence, the more moving it will be, since the perfection of art consists in its nearest resemblance to nature. And therefore it is not without good reason, that the ancients make it one qualification of an orator, that he be a good man; because a person of this character will make the cause he espouses his own, and the more sensibly he is touched with it himself, the more natural his action will be, and by that means affect others the more easily in the same manner. Cicero speaking upon this subject says, "It is certain that truth (by which he means nature) in every thing excels imitation; but if that was sufficient of itself in action, we should have no occasion for art." In his opinion therefore (and who was a better judge?) art in this case, as well as in many others, if well managed, will assist and improve nature. But this is not all, for sometimes we find the force of it so great and powerful, that where it is wholely counterfeit, it will for the time work the same effect, as if it were founded in truth. This is well known to those who have been conversant with the representations of the theatre. In tragedies, though we are sensible, that every thing we see and hear is counterfeit, yet such is the power of action, that we are often affected by it in the same manner, as if they were all realities. Anger and resentment at the appearance of cruelty, concern and solicitude for distrest virtue, rise in our breasts; and tears are extorted from us for opprest innocence: though at the same time perhaps we are ready to laugh at ourselves for being thus deluded. If art then has so great an influ-

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ence upon us, when supported only by fancy and imagination, how powerful must be the effect of a just and lively representation of what we know to be true and real.

How agreeable it is both to nature and reason, that a warmth of expression and vehemence of gesture should rise in proportion to the importance of the subject and concern of the speaker, will further appear, by looking a little into the more early and simple ages of the world. For the higher we go, the more we shall find of both. We shall give the observation of a great man upon this head in his own words. "The Romans," says he, "had a very great talent this way, and the Greeks a greater. The eastern nations excelled in it, and particularly the Hebrews. Nothing can equal the strength and vivacity of the figures they employed in their discourse; and the very actions they used to express their sentiments; such as putting ashes on their heads, and tearing their garments, and covering themselves with sackcloth, under any deep distress and sorrow of mind. I do not speak of what the prophets did to give a more lively representation of the things they foretold, because such figurative actions were the effects of divine inspiration. But even in other cases we find those people understood much better than we do, how to express their grief, and fear, and other passions. And hence, no doubt, arose those surprising effects of eloquence, which we never experience now." Thus far this excellent writer. And what he says here, with respect to the action of the eastern nations, was in a great measure customary among the Greeks and Romans; if not entirely of the same kind, yet perhaps as vehement and expressive. They did not think language of itself sufficient to express the height of their passions, unless enforced by uncommon motions and gestures. Thus when Achilles had driven the Trojans into their city with the greatest precipitation and terror, and only Hector ventured to stay without the gates to engage him, Homer represents both king Priam and his queen under the greatest consternation for the danger of their son. And therefore in order to prevail with him to come into the city, and not fight with Achilles, they not only entreat him from the walls, in the most tender and moving language imaginable; but the king tears off his grey locks with his hands; and the queen, in a flood of tears, exposes her

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breasts, and adjures him by those paps, which suckled him, to comply with her request. The poet knew very well, that no words could of themselves represent those agonies of mind, he endeavoured to convey, unless heightened by the idea of such actions, as were expressive of the deepest sorrow. And indeed this was anciently esteemed so requisite in an orator, that, in matters of importance, he was scarcely thought to be in earnest who wanted it. In one of Cicero's orations, he does not scruple to argue in that manner with his adversary. "Would you talk thus," says he, "if you were serious? Would you, who are wont to display your eloquence so warmly in the danger of others, act so coldly in your own? Where is that concern? that ardour, which used to extort pity even from children? Here is no emotion either of mind or body; neither the forehead struck nor the thigh, nor so much as a stamp of the foot. Therefore you have been so far from enflaming our minds, that you have scarcely kept us awake."

As action therefore was judged so necessary a qualification in an orator, among the ancients, so they made use of several methods and expedients for the better attaining it. The principal of which we shall briefly mention.

Decency of pronunciation is an habit. And as all habits are gained by time, so the sooner they are learned, with the greater ease they are generally acquired. For while persons are young, they are not only more flexible, and capable of any particular bent; but they are likewise free from the trouble of encountering and subduing contrary habits, which doubles the labour, and encreases the difficulty of attaining any laudable quality. Quintilian was very sensible of this, in the case before us, and therefore in order to have persons trained up to it, he begins with them in their childhood, and descends so low as even to give directions, how they should be taught to pronounce when they first learn to read. And he advises, that they should then be instructed where to suspend their voice, and make their proper pauses, both in distinguishing the several parts of the same sentence, and in separating one sentence from another: likewise when to raise, or sink their voice, or give it a proper inflection: to be slower or faster, vehement or sedate, as the nature of the subject may require: and the tone of their voice to be

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always manly and grave, but at the same time mixed with an agreeable sweetness. These things may perhaps appear in themselves small, but if duly attended to, they will be found of considerable use in order to bring us to a just and proper pronunciation. For in every thing that is to be attained by practice, it is a great advantage to set out right at first.

The ancients likewise had persons, whom they called Phonasci, whose proper business it was to teach them how to regulate and manage their voice. And others who instructed them in the whole art of pronunciation, both as to the voice and gesture. These latter were generally taken from the theatre, being some eminent and experienced actors. Hence Quintilian, treating of the province of these persons, says, "The commedian ought to teach them how to relate facts, with what authority to advise, with what vehemence to express anger, and with what softness, compassion." And speaking of gestures, he says, "He should admonish them to raise their countenance, not distort their lips, or stretch their mouths." To which he adds, several other directions of a similar kind. And we are told concerning the emperor M. Antoninus, usually called the philosopher, that "his first masters were Euphoris the grammarian, and Geminus the commedian."

But though they employed actors to instruct their youth in forming their speech and gestures, yet the action of an orator was different from that of the theatre. Cicero very plainly represents this distinction, in the words of Crassus, when speaking of orators; he says, "The motions of the body ought to be suited to the expressions, not in a theatrical way, mimicking the words by particular gesticulations; but in a manner expressive of the general sense; with a sedate and manly inflection of the sides; not taken from the stage and actors, but from the exercise of arms and the Palestra." And Quintilian says to the same purpose, "Every gesture and motion of the commedians is not to be imitated, or adopted to its utmost degree." They thought the action of the theatre too light and extravagant for the imitation of an orator; and therefore though they employed actors to inform young persons in the first rudiments; yet they were afterwards sent to the Palestra, or schools designed on

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purpose to teach them a just and graceful management of their bodies. And such schools, as Quintilian informs us, were in use both among the Greeks and Romans: Just as in later times children learn to dance, in some measure, with the same intention.

Being thus far prepared, they were afterwards sent to the schools of the rhetoricians. And here, as their business was to cultivate their style, and gain the whole art of eloquence; so it was particularly to acquire a just and accurate pronunciation by those exercises, in which for that end they were constantly employed. And as the Greeks were most celebrated for their skill in all the polite arts, and especially oratory; the Roman gentry and nobility generally sent their sons abroad, and placed them under the tuition of some eminent Grecian master, to instruct them in the art of speaking, and by that means to fit them for the service of their country, either in the courts of judicature or the senate. Thus Cicero was sent to Rhodes, to study under the famous Molo, and Brutus was placed under Pammenes; Cæsar was going to the same place, when he was taken by pirates; and Augustus afterwards studied there under Apollodorus.

Nor after all this pains and industry did they yet think themselves sufficiently qualified to take upon themselves the character of orators. But it was their constant custom to convene together some of their friends and acquaintance, who were proper judges of such performances, and declaim before them in private. The business of these persons was to make observations, both on their language and pronunciation. And they were allowed the greatest freedom in pointing out any thing they thought amiss, either as to inaccuracy of method, impropriety of style, or indecorum of voice or gesture. This gave them an opportunity to correct any defects at first, before they had become habitual. What effects might not justly be expected from such an institution? Persons trained up in this manner, with all those advantages, joined to a good natural genius, could not fail of making very complete orators. Though even after they came to appear in public they did not lay aside the custom of declaiming. For Quintilian tells us that Carbo used to practice it daily in his tent. And Augustus is reported to have continued it during the war of Mutina, against

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M. Antony. Nor is it to be supposed that so constant an attention to this practice was only serviceable to them in their public performances; but it must necessarily affect their whole conduct, give them a freedom of speech, easiness of address and behaviour, and render them in all respects accomplished gentlemen, as well as excellent orators. And from hence perhaps we may see less reason to wonder at the surprising effects of some of their discourses, when we consider what pains they bestowed to arrive at those abilities.

Having thus far treated on oratorical pronunciation in general, we shall now proceed to consider the parts of it separately; which are *voice* and *gesture*.

PART II.....Of the Voice.

VOICE is one kind of sounds. Now, the influence of sounds, either to raise or allay the passions, is evident from the effects of music. And certainly the harmony of an elegant discourse, justly and gracefully pronounced, is capable of moving us, if not in a manner so violent and extatic, yet no less powerful, and much more agreeable to our rational faculties. As the business of this section is to offer some considerations respecting the just and graceful management of the voice, it may not be improper, in the first place, to observe in general what nature does when free and unconstrained. As persons are differently affected when they speak, so they naturally alter the tone of their voice, though they do not always attend to it. It rises and sinks, and receives various inflections, according to the present state and disposition of the mind. When the mind is calm and sedate, the voice is moderate and even; when the former is dejected with sorrow, the latter is languid: and when that is inflamed by passion, this is raised and elevated. It is the orator's business, therefore, to follow nature, and to endeavour to make the tone of his voice appear natural and unaffected. And for this end, he must take care to suit it to the nature of the subject; but still so as to be always grave and decent. Some persons continue a discourse in such a low and drawling

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manner, that they can scarcely be heard by their audience. Others again hurry on in as loud and boisterous a manner, as if they imagined their hearers were deaf. But all the beauty and harmony of speech lies in the proper temperament of the voice, between these extremes. In order to set this matter in a just light, it will be necessary to consider the principal affections, or properties of the voice, and how they are to be regulated by an orator. Now these may all be referred to QUANTITY or QUALITY.

QUANTITY of the voice consists in its HIGHNESS or LOWNESS, SWIFTNESS or SLOWNESS, and the intermediate degrees between them.

Every person who speaks in public, should endeavour, if he can, to fill the place, where he speaks. But still he ought to be careful not to exceed the natural key of his voice. Without attention to this, his voice will neither appear soft nor agreeable; but either harsh and rough, or shrill and squeaking. Besides, he will not be able to give every syllable its full and distinct sound, which will render what he says obscure and difficult to be understood. He should therefore take care to keep his voice within reach, so as to have it under management, that he may raise or sink it, or give it any inflection he thinks proper: which will not be in his power to do, if he put a force upon it, and strain it beyond its natural tone.

The like caution is to be used against the contrary extreme; that of dropping the voice, and suffering it to sink too low. This will give the speaker pain in raising it again to its proper pitch, and be in an equal degree offensive to the hearers. For though the music of speech consist in the variations of the voice, yet they must be gradual to render them pleasant. All sudden and great changes at once are rather to be esteemed chasms in speaking than variations. Besides, as they often prevent the hearers from apprehending the sense of what is said, it gives them no small uneasiness, that they are obliged to stretch their attention. Many persons are too apt to be guilty of this, especially at the end of a sentence, by dropping the last word; which ought in a particular manner to be expressed distinctly, because the meaning of the whole sentence often depends upon it.

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The medium between these two is a moderate and even voice. But this is not the same in all; that which would be moderate in one, would be high in another. Every person, therefore, must regulate it by the natural key of his own voice. A calm and sedate voice is generally best; as a moderate sound is most pleasing to the ear, if it be clear and distinct. But this equality of the voice must also be accompanied with a variety, otherwise there can be no harmony; since all harmony consists in variety. Nothing is less pleasing, than a discourse pronounced throughout in one unvaried tone of the voice, without any change or alteration. Besides, a variation of the voice is an ease to the speaker, as the body is relieved by shifting its posture. The equality, therefore, we are here speaking of, admits a variety of inflections and changes within the same pitch. And when that is altered, the gradations, whether higher or lower, should be so gentle and regular, as to preserve a due proportion of the parts, and harmony of the whole; which cannot be done, when the voice is suddenly varied with too great a distinction. And, therefore, it should move from one key to another, so as rather to glide like a gentle stream, than pour down like a rapid torrent, as an ingenious writer has well expressed it. An even voice is best fitted to keep the mind to close attention. And therefore in subjects designed only for instruction, without any address to the passions, there is little room for a variety of voice. For the voice ought to agree with the style; and as upon such subjects this should be equal, moderate, and smooth, so should the other. Every thing, as we say, is beautiful in its season, and there is a certain propriety in things, which is always to be regarded. And, therefore, an affected variety, ill-placed, is as disagreeable to a judicious audience, as the want of it where the subject requires it. We may find some persons, who, in pronouncing a grave and plain discourse, affect as many different tones, changes, and variations of their voice, as if they were acting a comedy; which is doubtless a very great impropriety. But the orator's province is not barely to apply to the mind, but likewise to the passions, which require a great variety of the voice, high or low, vehement or languid, according to the nature of the passions he designs to affect. So that

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for an orator always to use the same tone or degree of his voice, and expect to answer all his views by it, would be much the same thing, as if a physician should propose to cure all distempers by one medicine. From hence it is evident, that, although various inflections and tones of the voice are requisite and pleasing to the ear, yet the degree of it should differ according to the nature of the subject and design of the speaker. But, as a perfect monotony is always unpleasant, so it can never be necessary in any discourse.

The next property of the voice, above-mentioned, was swiftness. That some expressions ought to be pronounced faster and swifter than others is very manifest. Gay and sprightly ideas should not only be expressed louder, but also faster than such as are sad and melancholy. And when we press an adversary, the voice should be brisk and quick. But to hurry on in a precipitant manner, without pausing, till stopt for want of breath, is certainly a very great fault. This destroys not only the necessary distinction between sentence and sentence, but likewise between the several words of the same sentence; and often occasions us to express our words by halves, while one is thrown so fast upon another, that we are not able to give each its full and just sound. By this means, all the grace of speaking is lost, and, in a great measure, the advantage of hearing. For, when the ears of the audience cannot keep pace with the volubility of the speaker's tongue, they will be little the better for what he says. Besides, by not commanding his voice, and easing his breath, at the proper pauses and points of distinction, he is often obliged to stop in the middle of a sentence; and so divides what should be continued and joins what should be separated; which must necessarily destroy the sense, and confound his discourse. Young persons are very liable to this, especially at first setting out. And it often arises from diffidence. They are jealous of their performances, and the success they may have in speaking, which gives them pain till it is over; and this puts them into a hurry of mind that incapacitates them for governing their voice, and keeping it under that due regulation, which perhaps they proposed to themselves before they began to speak. And the greater degree such persons have of a native and inge-

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nuous modesty, accompanied with a laudable ambition to excel, they are commonly the more exposed to this. For while, on the one hand, they are fired with an ardent desire to recommend themselves, and on the other, are fearful of the event; this dubious state of mind is very apt to throw them off their guard, and run them into this excess. From which we may see the great advantage of having the voice well formed by times; for when once it has become habitual to speak with justness, and propriety, persons readily practice it without much attention or concern.

And as a precipitant and hasty pronunciation is culpable, so likewise, on the other hand, it is a fault to speak too slow. This seems to argue a heaviness in the speaker. And, as he appears cool in himself, he can never expect to warm his hearers and excite their affections. When not only every word, but every syllable is drawn out to too great a length, the ideas do not come fast enough to keep up the attention without much uneasiness. For, till the sense is completed, the mind is in suspense, and if it be held long in that situation, it will of course flag and grow tired. Indeed, in some cases, it is requisite the pronunciation should be slower than in others; as in representing things great and difficult; or in expressing some particular passions, as admiration or grief. But the extreme we are now speaking of, is a slowness equally continued through a whole discourse, which must necessarily render it flat and lifeless.

Now, to avoid either of the two extremes last mentioned, the voice ought to be sedate and distinct. And in order to render it distinct it is necessary not only that each word and syllable should have its just and full sound, both as to time and accent, but likewise that every sentence and part of a sentence should be separated by its proper pause and interval. This is the more easy to be done in reading, from the assistance of the points, but it is no less to be attended to in speaking, if we would pronounce in a distinct and graceful manner. For every one should speak in the same manner as he ought to read, if he could arrive at the exactness. Now, the common rule given in pausing, is, that we stop our voice at a comma till we can tell one; at a semicolon, two; at

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a colon, three; and at a full period, four. And as these points are either accommodated to the several parts of the same sentence, as the first three; or different sentences, as the last: this occasions the different length of the pause, by which either the dependence of what precedes upon that which follows, or its distinction from it, is represented. And, therefore, in the first three stops, the voice is rather to be suspended in different degrees and measures of time, than entirely dropt, to shew that the sense is not yet completed. But between sentence and sentence we respire and begin anew. So that in long periods, the voice should be favoured by beginning low and sedately, that it may hold to the end without respiration; or, if it will not, the breath ought to be recovered without sinking the voice. For, if once the voice drop for want of breath, before the period be finished, not only the beauty, but likewise the sense of it will be lost. Quintilian lays a great stress upon the due attendance to these pauses, and says, "Though it may appear not so considerable in itself, yet all the other virtues of a good pronunciation are deficient without it."

Hitherto we have considered such properties of the voice as respect QUANTITY, we come now to speak of its QUALITIES. And the chief of these are, STRENGTH or WEAKNESS, CLEARNESS or OBSCURENESS, FULNESS or SMALLNESS, SMOOTHNESS or ROUGHNESS. Now, the one half of these is what every one would willingly choose, as he would wish to be free from the other. But it is not in our power to give ourselves what qualities of the voice we please, but only to make the best use we can of what nature has bestowed upon us. However, several defects of the voice are capable of being helped by care and proper means; as, on the other hand, the best voice may be greatly hurt by ill management and indiscretion. Temperance is a great preservative of the voice, and all excess is highly prejudicial to it. The voice must necessarily suffer, if the organs of speech have not their proper tone. And in order to their having this, they must be kept in due temperature, that is, they must neither be too moist, nor too dry. If they abound with fluids, these will obstruct the clearness of the voice, and render it obscure and confused; and if they are parched

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with drought, the voice will be harsh and rough. Now, all excesses, as well as some bodily indispositions, are apt to affect the organs in one or other of these ways.

A strong voice is very serviceable to an orator, because, if it want some other advantages, he is however capable of making himself heard. And if at any time he is forced to strain it, he is in less danger of its failing him, before he has finished his discourse. But he who has a weak voice should be very careful not to strain it, especially at first. He ought to begin low, and rise gradually to such a pitch as the key of his voice will carry him, without being obliged to sink afterwards. Frequent inflections of the voice will likewise be some assistance to him. But especially, he should take care to speak deliberately, and ease his voice, by allowing due time for respiration at all the proper pauses. It is an extreme, much less inconvenient for such a person, rather to speak too slow, than too fast. But this defect of a weak voice is sometimes capable of being helped by the use of proper methods; as is evident from the instance of Demosthenes, before mentioned.

A voice is said to be clear, when the organs of speech are suited to give all the different letters, and all the combinations of them in syllables and words, their proper and distinct sounds. Such a voice is very pleasing and agreeable to the hearers, and no less a happiness to the speaker, as it saves him a great expense of spirits. For a moderate voice, if clear, will be as distinctly heard, as one much louder, if thick and obscure. This is a great advantage to the speaker, because he can better keep his voice under command, and modulate it at pleasure, as the several parts and circumstances of his discourse may require. On the contrary, an obscure and confused voice is not always occasioned from a deficiency in the organ, but frequently is the effect of custom and a bad habit. Some persons, either from want of due care in their education at first, or from inadvertency and negligence afterwards, run into a very irregular and confused manner of expressing their words; either by misplacing the accent, confounding the sound of the letters, or huddling the syllables one upon another, so as to render what they say often unintelligible. Indeed, sometimes this arises from a na-

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tural defect, as in the case of Demosthenes; who found a method to rectify that, as well as the weakness of his voice. But in faults of this kind, which proceed from habit, doubtless the most likely way to mend them is to speak deliberately.

A full voice is neither the same as a strong nor as a loud voice. It fills the ear, but it is often not pleasant. And therefore, to render it so, as well as audible, it should be frequently varied. However, this seems better suited to the character of an orator than a small and shrill voice, because it has something in it more grave and manly. And those who have the misfortune of a very small voice should be cautious of raising it to too high a pitch, especially at once; because the sudden compressure of the organ is apt to occasion a squeaking and very disagreeable sound.

A soft and smooth voice is of all the most musical, especially if it be flexible. And on the contrary, nothing is less harmonious than a voice that is harsh and rough. For the one grates as disagreeably upon the ear, as the other gives it pleasure and delight.

From the consideration of these several properties of the voice, we may conclude that to be the fittest for an orator, which is moderate, distinct, firm, clear, and smooth, and withal easily flexible to the several degrees and variations of sound, which every part of the discourse may require.

PART III.....Of Gesture.

By this is meant, a suitable conformity of the motion of the countenance, and several parts of the body, in public speaking, to the subject and design of the discourse. The word gesture is here used in a larger sense then it is ordinarily employed in common language. For we rarely make use of that word to denote the motions of the countenance, or any parts of it; but as these make a considerable part of our present subject, they must here be comprehended under this term.

It is not agreed among the learned whether voice or gesture has the greater influence upon us. But, as the

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latter affects us by the eye, as the former does by the ear, gesture, in the nature of it, seems to have this advantage, that it conveys the impression more speedily to the mind; for sight is the quickest of all our senses. Nor is its influence less upon our passions; nay, in some instances, it appears to act more powerfully. A cast of the eye shall express desire in as moving a manner, as the softest language; and a different motion of it, resentment. To wring the hands, tear the hair, or strike the breast, are all strong indications of sorrow. And he who claps his hand to his sword throws us into a greater panic, than one who only threatens to kill us. Nor is it in some respects less various and extensive than language. Cicero tells us, that he often diverted himself by trying this with Roscius, the comedian, who could express a sentence as many ways by his gestures, as he himself by words. And some dramas have been conducted wholely by mutes, who have performed every part, by gestures only, without words, in a way very intelligent as well as entertaining to the spectators. Well, therefore, might Cicero call action or gesture, "The language of the body," since it is capable, in so lively a manner, of conveying both our ideas and passions. But with respect to oratory, gesture may very properly be called the second part of pronunciation; in which, as the voice should be suited to the impressions it receives from the mind, so the several motions of the body ought to be accommodated to the various tones and inflections of the voice. When the voice is even and moderate little gesture is required, and nothing is more unnatural than violent motion in discoursing on ordinary and familiar subjects. The motions of the body should rise, therefore, in proportion to the vehemence and energy of the expression, as the natural and general effect of it.

But as gesture is very different and various as to the manner of it, which depends upon the decent conduct of several parts of the body, it will not be amiss to consider more particularly, the proper management of each of those parts. Now all gesture is either natural or from imitation. By natural gesture we mean such actions and motions of the body as naturally accompany our words, as these do the impressions of our minds. And these either respect the whole body, or some particular part of

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it. But before we enter upon these, give us leave just to observe, that it has been customary in all ages and countries, in the making a set discourse before an assembly, to do it standing. Thus we read, that "Abraham stood up, and spake unto the children of Heth." And it seems as if he sat down, when he had ended his speech, because immediately after the account of their answer, it is said again, that "Abraham stood up and bowed himself to the people of the land, the children of Heth." In like manner Homer represents the Grecian princes as standing up, when they made a speech, either to the army or in their councils. So when Achilles has assembled the army, to enquire into the reason of the great plague, which at that time raged among them, he rises up before he begins to speak, and sits down again when he has done. After him the prophet Calchas rises and charges it upon Agamemnon, who rising up in a passion, does not refuse to comply with what Calchas proposed, but expresses his resentment at him for saying it. And upon another occasion, both Agamemnon and Nestor do the same in council. And Cicero acquaints us that, when Lentulus had been charged in the senate, as an associate with Cataline, he stood up to make his defence. Nor does the advantage of being better heard, seem to have been the only reason for so general an agreement in this posture; but it appears likewise to have been chosen, as the most decent and respectful. Sitting carries with it an air of authority, and is, therefore, a posture scarcely ever used upon such occasions, unless perhaps where that is intended to be expressed by it. Wherefore it was a thing very much resented, that, when Cæsar, after he had taken the supreme power into his own hands, being once to address the senate, either refused to rise, as some say, or as others, one of his friends held him down by his gown.

But though standing appears to be the most proper posture for speaking in public, yet it is very unbecoming for the body to be entirely without motion like a statue. It should not long continue in the same position, but be constantly changing, though the motion be very moderate. There ought to be no appearance of stiffness, but a certain ease and pliableness, naturally suiting itself to every expression, by which means, when a greater degree of motion is necessary, it will appear less sudden and vehe-

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ment. For as rising, sinking, and various inflections of the voice must be gradual, so likewise should the motions of the body. It is only on some particular occasions that an hasty vehemence and impetuosity is proper in either case.

As to the several parts of the body, the head is the most considerable. To lift it up too high has the air of arrogance and pride; to stretch it out too far, or throw it back, looks clownish and ill-bred; to hang it downwards on the breast shews an unmanly bashfulness and want of spirit; and to suffer it to lean on either shoulder argues sloth and indolence. Wherefore in calm and sedate discourses it ought to keep its natural state and upright posture. However it should not be long without motion, nor yet always moving; but gently turn, sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other, as occasion requires, that the voice may be heard by all who are present, and then return again to its natural position. It should always accompany the other actions of the body, and turn on the same side with them; except when aversion to any thing is expressed, which is done by stretching out the right hand and turning the head to the left. The ancients erected a statue of Venus in this posture, who was called by the Greeks ἀποστροφία, and by the Latins Verticordia, and in English may be termed the forbidding Venus. But nothing is more indecent than violent motions and agitations of the head. And, therefore, when a witty writer, who is well known among us, would convey the most ridiculous idea of a pretender to knowledge, he expresses it thus:

> "For having three times shook his head,
> To stir his wit up, thus he said."
>
> HUDIB.

But it is the countenance that chiefly represents both the passions and dispositions of the mind. By this we express love, hatred, joy, sorrow, modesty, and confidence; by this we supplicate, threaten, sooth, invite, forbid, consent, or refuse; and all this without speaking. Nay, from hence we form a judgment not only of a person's present temper, but of his capacity and natural disposition. And therefore it is common to say, "Such an one has a promising countenance, or that he promises

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little by his countenance." It is true, this is no certain rule of judging, nor is it in the power of any one to alter the natural make of his countenance; however it may put us upon endeavouring to gain the most pleasing aspect we can, since it is so natural for mankind to draw such conclusions from it, and some persons are so unhappy as to render their countenances more disagreeable than otherwise they would be by ill habits.

But the several parts of the face bear their part and contribute to the proper and decent motion of the whole. In a calm and sedate discourse all the features retain their natural state and situation. In sorrow the forehead and eye-brows lour and the cheeks hang down. But in expressions of joy and cheerfulness, the forehead and eye-brows are expanded, the cheeks contracted, and the corners of the mouth drawn upwards. Anger and resentment contract the forehead, draw the eye-brows together, and thrust out the lips. And terror elevates both the brows and forehead. As these are the natural signs of such passions, the orator should endeavour to conform to them.

But as the eyes are most active and significant, it is the advice of Cicero, that the greatest care should be taken in their management. And he gives this reason for it, "Because other parts of the countenance have but few motions; whereas all the passions of the soul are expressed in the eyes, by so many different actions, which cannot possibly be represented by any gestures of the body, if the eyes are kept in a fixed posture." Common experience does, in a great measure, confirm the truth of this observation. We readily guess at a person's intention, or how he is affected towards us, by his eyes. And any sudden change or emotion of the mind, is presently followed by an alteration of the look. In speaking, therefore, upon pleasant and delightful subjects, the eyes are brisk and cheerful; as, on the contrary, they sink and are languid, in delivering any thing melancholy and sorrowful. This is so agreeable to nature, that before a person speaks, we are prepared with the expectation of one or the other from his respective aspect. So likewise in anger, a certain vehemence and intenseness appears in the eyes, which, for want of proper words to express it by, we endeavour to represent by metaphors

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taken from fire, the most violent and rapid element, and say, in such cases, the eyes burn, sparkle, or are inflamed. In expressions of hatred or detestation, it is natural to alter the look, either by turning the eyes aside or downwards. Virgil has very justly observed this. For when he describes Æneas meeting with Dido, in the Elysian shades, and addressing her, he represents her disregard of him, by saying,

"Disdainfully she look'd, then turning round,
Still fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground."

She shewed her resentment for his former treatment of her, by not vouchsafing to look on him. Indeed, the eyes are sometimes turned downwards upon other occasions, as to express modesty. And if at any time a particular object be addressed, whatever it be, the eyes should be turned that way. And therefore, Philostratus very deservedly ridicules a certain rhetorician, as guilty of a solecism in gesture, who, upon saying, "O Jupiter!" turned his eyes downward; and, when he said, "O Earth!" looked upward. A staring look has the appearance of giddiness, and want of thought; and to contract the eyes, gives suspicion of craft and design. A fixed look may be occasioned from intenseness of thought, but, at the same time, shews a disregard to the audience; and a too quick and wandering motion of the eyes denotes levity and wantonness. A gentle and moderate motion of the eyes is, therefore, commonly most suitable, always directed to some of the audience, and gradually turning from side to side, with an air of respect and modesty, and looking them decently in the face, as in common discourse. Such a behaviour will of course draw an attention. As in conversation, when a person addresses us in a handsome and becoming manner, we presently put ourselves in a posture to give what he says a proper reception. But, as all the passions are, in the most lively manner, expressed in the eyes, their motions ought to vary, according to the different nature of those passions which they are suited both to discover in the speaker and convey to his hearers. Since, as the quickest access to the mind is by the sight, a proper well-timed look will sometimes sooner effect this, than it can be ef-

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fected by words; as, in the discharging a cannon, we are struck with the light, before we hear the sound.

As to the other parts of the body, distinct from the head; the shoulders ought not to be elevated. For this is not only in itself indecorous, but likewise contracts the neck, and hinders the proper motions of the head. Nor, on the other hand, should they be drawn down, and depressed, because this occasions a stiffness both to the neck and the whole body. Their natural posture, therefore, is best, as being most easy and graceful. To shrug the shoulders has an abject and servile air; and frequently to heave them upwards and downwards occasions a very disagreeable sight.

A continued motion of the arms, any way, is by all means to be avoided. Their action should generally be moderate, and follow that of the hands, unless in very pathetic expressions, where it may be proper to give them a more lively spring.

The hands need never be idle. Quintilian seems to think them as necessary and powerful in action, as Cicero does the eyes. "The hands," says he, "without which all gesture is lame and weak, have a greater variety of motions than can well be expressed, for they are almost equal to our words. Do we not with them desire, promise, call, dismiss, threaten, beseech, detest, fear, enquire, deny? Do not they express joy, sorrow, doubt, confession, penitence, measure, plenty, number, and time? Do not they excite, restrain, prove, admire, and shame? That, in so great a variety of speech among all nations and countries, this seems to me the common language of all mankind." Thus far Quintilian. Now all bodily motion is either upward or downward, to the right or to the left, forward or backward, or else circular. The hands are employed by the orator in all these, except the last. And as they ought to correspond with our expressions, so they ought to begin and end with them. In admiration, and addresses to heaven, they must be elevated, but never raised above the eyes; and in speaking of things below us, they are directed downwards. Side motion should generally begin from the left, and terminate gently on the right. In demonstrating, addressing, and on several other occasions, they are

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moved forward, and, in threatning, sometimes thrown back. But when the orator speaks of himself, his right hand should be gently laid on his breast. When no other motion is necessary, the hands should be kept about as high as the breast, so as to make near a right angle with the arm. This is not only graceful, but likewise the most easy posture, and gives the least strain to the muscles. They should never be suffered to hang down, or to loll upon the cushion or bar. The left hand should never move alone, but accommodate itself to the motions of the right. In motions to the left side, the right hand should not be carried beyond the left shoulder. In promises and expressions of compliment, the motion of the hands should be gentle and slow; but in exhortations and applause, more swift. The hands should generally be open; but in expressions of compunction and anger they may be closed. All finical and trifling actions of the fingers ought to be avoided; nor should they be stretched out and expanded in a stiff and rigid posture, but kept easy and pliable.

Neither the breast nor the belly should be thrust out, which, in itself, looks ungainly, and hinders the free motion of the trunk, which ought not to be kept too stiff and upright, but easy and flexible, always suiting itself to the motions of the head and hands. The feet should continue steady, and not give the body a wavering and giddy motion by frequently shifting; though some persons fall into that habit without moving their feet. Curio, a Roman orator, as Cicero tells us, was addicted to this, which occasioned a friend of his once to pass a jest on him, by asking, "Who that was talking out of a boat?" The jest is too plain to need explication, for every one knows the waving of a boat will give the body such a motion.

The gestures we have hitherto discoursed of are such as naturally accompany our expressions. And we believe those we have mentioned, if duly attended to, will be found sufficient to answer all the purposes of our modern pronunciation. The ancients, indeed, used several more vehement actions and gestures than we are accustomed to, as we have formerly shewn. Philip, the Roman orator, as Cicero informs us, did not use to prepare his discourses, but spoke, as we say, off hand. And

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he was wont to tell his friends, that he was never fit to talk, till he had wormed his arm. He doubtless, therefore, used a more violent motion with his arms and hands than is common among us. And Cicero calls the arm projected, "The orator's weapon." Indeed, to extend or brandish the arm carries in it an air of command and authority, which was not unbecoming the character of Philip, who was a person of the highest rank and quality. And, therefore, young orators both among the Greeks and Romans, for a time, used no motion of the arm, but kept it confined in their garment, as an argument of modesty, till age and experience allowed them to use greater freedom. Nor was it uncommon for the ancient orators to express the excess of their passions by tears. They thought nothing unbecoming, that was natural; and judged it agreeable to the characters even of the bravest men, to be touched with a sense of humanity in great calamities. And, therefore, we find that Homer and Virgil make their greatest heroes shed tears on some occasions.

The other sort of gestures above mentioned are such as arise from imitation. As where the orator describes some action, or personates another speaking. But here great care is to be taken not to over-act his part, by running into any ludicrous or theatrical mimicry. It is sufficient for him so to represent things of this nature, as may best convey the image of them in a lively manner to the minds of the hearers; without any such change either of his actions or voice, as are not suitable to his own character.

PART IV.....Some particular rules for the Voice and Gesture.

THE subject of pronunciation is of such great importance to an orator, that it can neither be too clearly laid down, nor too strongly inculcated. If we enquire into the causes of that surprising power it has over us, and by what means it so strongly affects us; this may, in some measure, appear, by reflecting on the frame and constitution of human nature. For our infinitely great and

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wise maker has so formed us, that not only the actions of the body are subject to the direction of the mind, but we are likewise endued with various passions and affections, that excite us to pursue those things, which make for our happiness, and avoid others, which are hurtful to us. And as we are made for society, we are also furnished with speech, which enables us to converse one with another. And such is the contrivance of our make, and influence of our minds upon the mechanism of our bodies, that we can not only communicate our thoughts to each other, but likewise our passions. For, as Cicero well observes, "Every motion of the mind has naturally its peculiar countenance, voice, and gesture; and the whole body, every position of the face, and sound of the voice, like the strings of an instrument, act agreeably to the impression they receive from the mind." Nor is this all; for as every one is differently affected himself, he is capable of making the like impressions upon others, and exciting them to the same emotions, which he feels himself. As when two instruments are set to the same pitch, the strings of the one being touched, produce in the other the like sound. This common sympathy in the human frame shews how necessary it is, that an orator should not only, in general, be well acquainted with the rules of pronunciation, but likewise know how to use them as occasion requires. For a general knowledge of the rules of art is not of itself sufficient to perfect an artist without a further acquaintance with the particular application of them to their several cases and circumstances. Thus, for instance, it is not enough for an orator to understand all the beauties and ornaments of language, and which of them are suited to form the several kinds of style, unless he can likewise accommodate each of those characters to their proper subject. And so likewise in pronunciation, he ought not only to know the several qualities of the voice, and proper gestures of the body, but also when and where to make use of them. For not only different subjects, but also different parts of the same discourse, and even particular expressions often require a difference in the manner of pronunciation, both as to the voice and gesture. Having, therefore, treated on both these parts of pronunciation in general: it may

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not be amiss now to consider how they are to be applied in each of the two respects last mentioned.

We shall begin with the parts of a discourse, and treat of them in their natural order. And here the view and design of the speaker in each of them, will easily help us to see the proper manner of pronunciation.

Let us suppose, then, a person presenting himself before an assembly, in order to deliver a discourse to them. It cannot be decent to begin immediately to speak, as soon as he makes his appearance. He will first settle himself, compose his countenance, and take a respectful view of his audience. This prepares them for silence and attention. To begin immediately, and hurry on without first allowing either himself or his hearers time to compose themselves, looks as if he were rather performing a task, than had any design to please them; which will be apt to make them as uneasy till he has done, as he seems to be himself. Persons commonly form some opinion of a speaker from their first view of him, which prejudices them either in his favour or otherwise, as to what he says afterwards. A grave and sedate aspect inclines them to think him serious, that he has considered his subject, and may have something to offer worthy their attention. A haughty and forbidding air occasions distaste, as it looks like disrespect. A wandering giddy countenance argues levity. A dejected drooping appearance is apt to raise contempt, unless where the subject is melancholy. And a cheerful aspect is a proper prelude to a pleasant and agreeable argument.

To speak low at first has the appearance of modesty, and is best for the voice, which, by rising gradually, will, with more ease be carried to any pitch that may be afterwards necessary, without straining it. However, some variation of the voice is always proper, to give it harmony. Sometimes, indeed, it is not improper for an orator to set out with a considerable degree of warmth, expressed by such an elevation of the voice, and such gestures of the body, as are suited to represent the emotions of his mind. But this is not ordinarily the case. We have some few instances of this in Cicero, as in his oration for Roscius Amerinus, where the heinousness of the charge could not but excite his indignation against

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the accusers. And so likewise in that against Piso, and the two first against Cataline, which begin in the same manner, from the resentment he had conceived against their persons and conduct.

In the narration the voice ought to be raised to a somewhat higher pitch. Matters of fact should be related in a very plain and distinct manner, with a proper stress and emphasis laid upon each circumstance, accompanied with a suitable address and motion of the body to engage the attention of the hearers. For there is a certain grace in the telling of a story, by which, those who are masters of it, seldom fail to recommend themselves in conversation. The beauty of it consists in an easy and familiar manner of expression, attended with such actions and gestures, as are suited to the nature of the things related, and help to enliven each particular circumstance and part of the discourse.

The proposition or subject of the discourse should be delivered with a very clear and audible voice. For if this be not plainly heard, all that follows in proof of it cannot well be understood. And for the same reason, if it be divided into several parts or branches, they should each be expressed very deliberately and distinctly. But as the design here is only information, there can be little room for gesture.

The confirmation admits of great variety, both of the voice and gestures. In reasoning the voice is quick and pungent, and should be enforced with suitable actions. And as descriptions likewise have often a place here, in pointing out the images of things, the orator should so endeavour to adapt both his voice, and the motions of his body, particularly the turn of his eyes and action of his hands, as may best help the imagination of his hearers. Where he introduces another person speaking, or addresses an absent person, it should be with some degree of imitation. And in dialogue the voice should alter with the parts. When he digresses from his subject, in any degree, his voice should be lively and cheerful, since that is rather designed for entertainment than instruction.

In confutation, the arguments of the adverse party ought first to be repeated in a plain and distinct manner, that the speaker may not seem to conceal or avoid the force of them. But should they appear trifling and im-

worthy of a serious answer, then a facetious manner, both of expression and gesture, may be the properest way to confute them. For to attempt to answer in a grave and serious manner, what is in itself empty and ludicrous, is apt to create a suspicion of its having more in it, than it really has. So when Tubero, in his accusation of Ligarius before Cæsar, had made it part of his charge, that Ligarius was in Africa during some part of the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, Cicero, in his answer, not thinking it deserved a serious reply, contents himself with barely mentioning it ironically. For thus he begins his defence of Ligarius; "Cæsar, my kinsman, Tubero has laid before you a new crime, and till this day unheard-of, that Q. Ligarius was in Africa." Every one must easily perceive, by the manner in which these words were pronounced, that the design of them was to make the charge appear ridiculous. But caution should be used not to represent any argument of weight in a ludicrous way, lest by so doing, the speaker should more expose himself than his adversary.

In the conclusion, both the voice and gesture should be brisk and sprightly, which may seem to arise from a sense of the speaker's opinion of the goodness of his cause, and that he has offered nothing but what is agreeable to reason and truth; as likewise from his assurance, that the audience agree with him in the same sentiments. In every undertaking that requires care and thought, persons are apt at first to be sedate and moderate; but when it draws to an end, and is nearly finished, it is very natural to appear blithe and gay. If an enumeration of the principal arguments of the discourse be convenient, as it sometimes is, where they are pretty numerous or the discourse is long, they ought to be expressed in the most clear and forcible manner. And if there be an address to the passions, both the voice and gesture must be suited to the nature of them, of which more will be said presently.

We proceed now to the consideration of particular expressions. And what we shall offer here will be first in relation to single words, then sentences, and lastly the passions.

1. Even in those sentences, which are expressed in the most even and sedate manner, there is often one or more

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words, which require an emphasis and distinction of the voice. Pronouns are often of this kind: as—*This* is the man. And such are many words that denote the circumstances and qualities of things. Such as heighten or magnify the idea of the thing to which they are joined, elevate the voice: as, *noble*, *admirable*, *majestic*, *greatly*, and the like. On the contrary, those which lessen the idea or debase it, depress the voice, or at least protract the tone. Of this sort are the words *little*, *mean*, *poorly*, *contemptible*, with many others. Some tropes, likewise, as metaphors and verbal figures, which consist in the repetition of a single word, should have a particular emphasis. As when Virgil says of the river Araxes, "It *disdained* a bridge." And Nisus of himself, in the same poet, "I, *I* am the man;" where the word repeated is the most forcible. This distinction of words, and the giving them their proper emphasis, does not only render the expression more clear and intelligible, but very much contributes to the variation of the voice, and the preventing a monotony. And the different pronunciation of these words will also require a peculiar gesture.

2. In sentences, regard should be had to their length, and the number of their parts, in order to distinguish them by proper pauses. The frame and structure of the period ought likewise to be considered, that the voice may be so managed, as to give it the most musical accent. Unless there be some special reason for the contrary, it should end louder than it begins. And the difference of tone between the end of the former sentence, and the beginning of the next, not only helps to distinguish the sense, but adds to the harmony of the voice. And that the last syllables of a sentence might become more audible and distinct, was doubtless one reason why the ancient rhetoricians disliked short feet at the end of a period. In an antithesis, or a sentence consisting of opposite parts, one contrary member must be louder than the other. As—"He is gone, but through an advantageous removal—from *harrassing labour* to *halcyon rest*; from *turbulent desires* to *tranquil contentment*; from *sorrow* to *joy*; and from *transitory time* to *immortality*." In a climax or gradation the voice should rise with it. So—"There is no enjoyment of *property* without *government*, no *government* without a *magis-*

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trate, no *magistrate* without *obedience*, no *obedience* where every one acts as he *pleases*." And so in other gradations of a different form: as—"Since *concord* was lost, *friendship* was lost, *fidelity* was lost, *liberty* was lost, *all* was lost." And again,—"You would pardon him whom the *senate* hath condemned, whom the *people of Rome* have condemned, whom *all mankind* have condemned." We might mention several other figurative expressions, which require a particular conformation and management of the voice, but these we presume, with some others, which we shall have occasion to name presently, when we come to the passions, may be sufficient to guide us in the rest. But that it may appear more evident, how necessary a different inflection and variation of the voice is in most sentences, give us leave to shew how Quintilian illustrates it, by a passage which he takes from Cicero. The place is in the beginning of Cicero's defence of Milo, and the words are these, "Although I am apprehensive it may seem base to discover fear when I enter upon the defence of *a most courageous man*, and it may appear very indecent *when Milo discovers more concern for the public safety than for his own*, not to shew greatness of mind equal to his cause; yet this new form of the court terrifies my eyes, *which cannot discern the ancient manner of the forum, and former custom of trials*, whichever way they look, *your bench is not surrounded with its usual attendants*." This sentence consists of four members. And Quintilian supposes, that though these words are the beginning of a speech, and were accordingly expressed in a calm and submissive manner; yet that the orator used a great deal of variety in the pronunciation of their several parts. In the first member, as he imagines, his voice was more elevated in expressing the words, "a most courageous man," than in those other parts of it, "I am apprehensive it may seem base," and, "to discover fear." In the second member he rose higher in saying, "when Milo discovers more concern for the public safety, than for his own;" and then again as it were checked himself in what follows, "not to shew greatness of mind equal to his cause." The beginning of the third member, carrying a reflection in it, was spoke with a different tone of the voice, "this new form of the court terrifies my

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eyes;" and the other part of it more loud and distinctly, "which cannot discern the ancient manner of the forum, and former custom of trials." And the last member was still more raised and audible, "your bench is not surrounded with its usual attendants." And it must be supposed, that while he was saying this, he cast his eyes round the assembly, and viewed the soldiers, whom Pompey had placed there, which renders the expression still more grave and solemn. If this were the manner of the ancient orators, and they were so exact and accurate in expressing their periods, and the several parts of them, as we have reason to believe they were, it must have given a great force as well as beauty to their pronunciation.

3. That the passions have each of them both a different voice and action is evident from hence, that we know in what manner a person is affected, by the tone of his voice, though we do not understand the sense of what he says, or sometimes so much as see him, and we can often make the same judgment of his countenance and gestures. Love and esteem are expressed in a smooth and cheerful tone; but anger and resentment in a rough, harsh, and interrupted voice: for when the spirits are disturbed and ruffled, the organs are moved equally. Joy raises and dilates the voice, as sorrow sinks and contracts it. Cicero takes notice of a passage in an oration of Gracchus, wherein he bewails the death of his brother, who was killed by Scipio, which in his time was thought very moving: "Unhappy man," says he, "whither shall I betake myself? where shall I go? *Into the capitol?* that flows with my brother's blood. *Shall I go home?* and behold my unhappy mother all in tears and despair?" Though Gracchus had a very ill design in that speech, and his view was to excite the populace against their governors; yet, as Cicero tells us, when he came to this passage, he expressed himself with such moving accents and gestures, that he extorted tears even from his enemies. Fear occasions a tremor and hesitation of the voice, and assurance gives it strength and firmness. Admiration elevates the voice, and should be expressed with pomp and magnificence. "O surprising clemency, worthy of the highest praise and greatest encomiums, and fit

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to be perpetuated in lasting monuments!"—This is Cicero's compliment to Cæsar, when he thought it to his purpose. And frequently this passion is accompanied with an elevation both of the eyes and hands. On the contrary, contempt sinks and protracts the voice. In the dispute between Cicero and Cecilius, which of them should accuse Verres, Cicero puts this contemptuous question to him, "How are you qualified, Cecilius, for such an undertaking? I will not ask, when you ever gave a proof of it, but when you so much as attempted it? Do you consider the difficulty of managing a public cause?" With much more to the same purpose. Though such kind of expressions require little gesture, yet sometimes a motion of the hand may not be improper to signify disdain or aversion. We may suppose Cicero to have acted thus in his defence of Rabirius. For, to shew his assurance of his client's cause, having used this expression in a very audible manner, "I wish I had it to say, that Rabirius had with his own hand killed Saturninus, who was an enemy to the Roman state;" some persons in the crowd began to raise a clamour, just as, in latter times, hissing has been practised on the like occasions. Upon which Cicero immediately replies, "This noise does not disturb, but please me, since it shews that though there are some weak persons, yet they are but few." Then presently after follows the expression we refer to, "Why do you not cease your clamour, since it only discovers your folly, and the smallness of your number." All exclamations should be violent. When we address inanimate things the voice should be higher than when to animated beings; and appeals to heaven must be made in a loftier tone, than those to men.

These few hints for expressing the principal passions may, if duly attended to, suffice to direct our practice in others. Though, after all, it is impossible to gain a just and graceful pronunciation, with respect to voice and gesture, merely from rules, without practice and imitation of the best examples. Which shews the wisdom of the ancients, in training up their youth to it with the assistance of masters, to form both their speech and action.

But there is one thing which ought always to be at-

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tended to, namely, that persons should well consider their own make and genius, especially with respect to the passions. We seldom find that any actor can excel in all characters; but if he perform one well, he is deficient in another. And, therefore, they are commonly so prudent as to confine themselves to such as best suit them. The case is the same in an orator, who should therefore keep within those bounds which nature seems to have prescribed for him. Some are better fitted for action than others, and most for some particular kinds of action, rather than others; and what suits well for one, would appear very awkward in another. Every one, therefore, should first endeavour to know himself, and manage accordingly. Though in most cases nature may be much assisted and improved by art and exercise.

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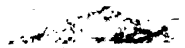

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COLLECTANEA ORATORIA:

OR,

THE ACADEMIC ORATOR.

PART I.

DEMONSTRATIVE.

I. *Portia's Eulogium of Mercy.*

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd:
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
Blessed in him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above this sceptered sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to god himself;
And earthly pow'r doth then shew likest god's,
When mercy seasons justice.

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II. *Saint Paul's Eulogium of Charity.*

CHARITY suffereth long, and is kind. Charity envieth not. Charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not its own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things.

III. *Eulogium of the Man of Ross.*

ALL our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse! and sing the man of Ross;
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? The man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attornies, now a useless race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!

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Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
Of debts, and taxes, wife, and children clear,
This man possess'd five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.
And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown!
Who builds a church to god, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
Go search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor, makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd by the ends of being to have been.

IV. *Eulogium of the Village Preacher.*

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
For other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast:
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guest, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;

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Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave e'er charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on his head.

V. *M. Antony's Oration over the Corse of Cæsar.*

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!—
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar.——The noble Brutus
Hath told you, *Cæsar was ambitious:*
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And *grievously* hath Cæsar *answer'd* it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all—*all honourable* men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend; faithful and just to me:——
But *Brutus says*, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.

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He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept:—
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:——
Yet *Brutus says*, he was ambitious:
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?——
Yet *Brutus says*, he was ambitious;
And sure, *he* is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once—not without cause;
What cause with-holds you then *to mourn for him*?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.—
Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause 'till it come back to me.——
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.——
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii.——
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;—
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd:
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:—
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:—
Judge, O you gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindly cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, *great Cæsar fell.*

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Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!—
Then, I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.———
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!—
Here is himself—marr'd, as you see, with traitors.———
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are *honourable!*
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it:—they are wise, and honourable!
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That loves his friend;—and that they know full well
Who gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, (poor, poor dumb mouths!)
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The *stones of Rome* to rise and mutiny.

VI. *The Eulogium of the perfect Speaker.*

IMAGINE to yourselves a Demosthenes addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended.—How awful such a meeting! How vast the subject!—Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion? Adequate—yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly

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is lost in the dignity of the subject, for a while, superseded, by the admiration of his talents.—With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and at once captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions!—To effect this must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses, is here unemployed; not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external, testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, all are busy; without, every muscle, every nerve, is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously, and as it were with an electrical spirit, vibrate those energies from soul to soul.—Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice.—The universal cry is—Let us march against Philip—let us fight for our liberties—let us conquer—or die!

VII. *Eulogium of Antoinette, the late Queen of France.*

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star; full of life, and splendor, and joy.

Oh! what a revolution!—and what a heart must I have, to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall!

Little did I dream that, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp anti-

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dote against disgrace concealed in that bosom;—little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men,—in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.—But the age of chivalry is gone.—That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex,—that proud submission,—that dignified obedience,—that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprize, is gone! It is gone,—that sensibility of principle,—that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound,—which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity,—which ennobled whatever it touched; and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

VIII. *Panegyric on the British Constitution.*

By a constitutional policy working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government, and our privileges, in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and lives.—The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of providence, are handed down to us and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts;—wherein, by the disposition of stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young; but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenour of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve we are never wholly new; in what we retain we

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are never wholly obsolete.—By adhering in this manner and on these principles to our forefathers, we are guided, not by the superstition of antiquaries, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood;—binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties;—adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections;—keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearths, our sepulchres, and our altars.

IX. *Mr. Sheridan's Invective against Mr. Hastings.*

Had a stranger, at this time, gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowla, that man, who, with a savage heart, had still great lines of character, and who, with all his ferocity in war, had still, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil. If this stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown—of vegetables burnt up and extinguished—of villages depopulated and in ruin—of temples unroofed and perishing—of reservoirs broken down and dry,—he would naturally enquire what war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country—what civil dissentions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed those villages—what disputed succession—what religious rage has, with unholy violence, demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent, but unobtruding piety, in the exercise of its duties?—What merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and sword—what severe visitation of providence has dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure?—Or rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour? To such questions, what must be

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the answer? No wars have ravaged these lands and depopulated these villages—no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage—no merciless enemy—no affliction of providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters—no, all this has been accomplished by the *friendship, generosity*, and kindness of the English nation. They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and, lo! those are the fruits of their alliance. What, then, shall we be told, that under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people, thus goaded and spurred on to clamour and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums! When we hear the description of the paroxysm, fever and delirium, into which despair had thrown the natives, when on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for death, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds, to accelerate their dissolution, and while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to heaven, breathing their last and fervent prayer that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of god, and rouse the eternal providence to avenge the wrongs of their country. Will it be said that this was brought about by the incantations of these Begums in their secluded Zenana? or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture? What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom? What motive! That which nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man, and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with and makes part of his being—that feeling which tells him, that man was never made to be the property of man; but that when through pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannise over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty—that feeling which tells him that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury of the people, and that when it is converted from the original purpose, the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed—that principle which tells him that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to

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himself and to his neighbour, but a duty which he owes to his god, in asserting and maintaining the rank which he gave him in the creation!—to that common god, who, where he gives the *form of man*, whatever may be the complexion, gives also the *feelings* and the *rights* of *man*—that principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish!—that principle which makes it base for a man to suffer when he ought to act, which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent qualities of his race.

X. *Mr. Burke's Panegyric on the Eloquence of Mr. Sheridan.*

He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory;—a display that reflected the highest honour on himself—lustre upon letters—renown upon parliament—glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpits have hitherto furnished; nothing have equalled what we have this day heard in Westminster-hall. No holy seer of religion, no statesman, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality, or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of stile, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we, this day, listened with ardour and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition of which a complete and perfect specimen might not, from that single speech, be culled and collected.

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XI. *The Picture of Athenian Degeneracy.*

THE Athenians made a very rapid progress to the most enormous excesses; the people, under no restraint, soon grew dissipated, luxurious, and idle. They renounced all labour, and began to subsist themselves from the public revenues. They lost all concern for their common honour or safety, and could bear no advice that tended to reform them. At this time, truth became offensive to those lords the people, and most highly dangerous to the speaker. The orators no longer ascended the rostrum, but to corrupt them further with the most fulsome adulations. These orators were all bribed by foreign princes on one side or other. And besides its own parties, in this city there were parties, and avowed ones too, for the Persians, the Spartans, and the Macedonians, supported each of them by one or more demagogues pensioned and bribed to this impious service. The people, forgetful of all virtue and public spirit, and intoxicated with the flatteries of their orators, (these courtiers of republics, and endowed with the distinguishing characteristics of all courtiers,) this people at last arrived at that pitch of madness, that they coolly and deliberately, by an express law, made it capital for any man to propose an application of the immense sums squandered in public shows, even to the most necessary purposes of the state. When you see the people of this republic banishing or murdering their best and ablest citizens, dissipating the public treasure with the most senseless extravagance, and spending their whole time as spectators or actors, in playing, fiddling, dancing, and singing, does it not strike your imagination with the image of a sort of a complex Nero? And does it not strike you with the greatest horror, when you observe, not one man only, but the whole city, grown drunk with pride and power, running with a rage of folly into the same mean and senseless debauchery and extravagance?

The whole history of this celebrated republic is but one tissue of rashness, ingratitude, injustice, violence, and tyranny; and, indeed, of every species of wickedness that can well be imagined.—This was a city

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of wise men, in which a minister could not exercise his functions; a warlike people, amongst whom a general did not dare either to gain or lose a battle; a learned nation, in which a philosopher could not venture on a free enquiry. This was the city which banished Themistocles, starved Aristides, forced into exile Miltiades, drove out Anaxagoras, and poisoned Socrates. This was the city which changed the form of its government with the moon; eternal conspiracies, revolutions daily, nothing fixed and established. A republic, as an ancient philosopher has observed, is no one species of government, but a magazine of every species; here you find every sort of it, and that in the worst form. As there is a perpetual change, one rising and the other falling, you have all the violence and wicked policy, by which the beginning power must always acquire its strength, and all the weakness by which falling states are brought to a complete destruction.

XII. *Mr. Fox's Eulogium on the Duke of Bedford.*

I AM well aware that this is not exactly the place nor the occasion for entering at large into the character of the illustrious personage, whose decease has induced me to come hither to perform a painful duty. As the memory of no man was ever more generally revered, so the loss of no man was ever more generally felt. In a case, therefore, of so much importance, I hope I shall not be blamed, if, in feeling how much the country has suffered by this event, I deviate a little from the usual practice of the house. The noble person to whom the house will perceive these observations are applied, was distinguished by something so great, something so benign, something so marked in his character, that though possessing most opulent revenues, and though placed as high in rank and wealth as hope could make him, yet he seemed to be raised to that exalted station, only that his example might have the greater value. Having, therefore, so much of public calamity to deplore, the house may be assured that I shall not, at present, indulge in the expres-

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sion of any of those feelings of private friendship and gratitude, which, on another occasion, might be proper. The loss is the more afflicting, the more to be regretted, as it happened at a period when the services of this noble personage were likely to be most beneficial to society; when he was still young enough to give the hope of further services; still active enough for all the duties of public life: and while he still possessed that youthful vigour and energy which would long have enabled him to support those unwearied exertions, which he displayed in every thing that tended to promote the interests of his country; exertions which afforded a sufficient pledge, that, had he lived, the remainder of his days would have been devoted to acts of public benefit. He did not live for the *pleasure*, but for the *utility* of life: or rather he lived for the highest enjoyment which existence can afford, —that of doing good to his fellow creatures. There are many other amiable traits in his character which I shall not attempt to describe here. I may be permitted to observe, however, that those who feel that the greatest benefit which can be done to this or to any other country, is to render it more productive, must be sensible that the nation is more indebted to him than to any other person for the efforts which he made to improve its agriculture. What was his motive for attaching himself to this pursuit? Because he was convinced, that in the present times, that was the best direction he conld give to his talents, and to his means in promoting the real interests of his country; for his humility was such, that he conceived no pursuit too low for him to engage in, if he foresaw that it would tend to public utility. I know, that if the noble personage of whom I have spoken could look back to what passed in the world, nothing could afford him such ineffable pleasure, as the reflection that his memory should be, as his life, beneficial to mankind. I shall conclude with a passage from a very young orator, which appears particularly applicable to what I have said. "Crime is only a curse for the time, even where successful; but virtue may be useful to the remotest posterity, and is even almost as advantageous to future generations as to its original possessor."

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XIII. *Junius's Eulogium on Lord Chatham.*

I DID not intend to make a public declaration of the respect I bear lord Chatham. I well knew what unworthy conclusions would be drawn from it. But I am called upon to deliver my opinion; and surely it is not in the little censure of Mr. Horne to deter me from doing signal justice to a man, who, I confess, has grown upon my esteem. As for the common, sordid views of avarice, or any purpose of vulgar ambition, I question whether the applause of Junius would be of service to lord Chatham. My voice will hardly recommend him to an increase of his pension, or to a seat in the cabinet. But if his ambition be upon a level with his understanding; if he judges of what is truly honourable for himself, with the same superior genius which animates and directs him to eloquence in debate, to wisdom in decision, even the pen of Junius shall contribute to reward him. Recorded honours shall gather round his monument, and thicken over him. It is a solid fabric, and will support the laurels that adorn it. I am not conversant in the language of panegyric. These praises are extorted from me; but they will wear well, for they have been dearly earned.

XIV. *Mirabeau's Funeral Eulogium of Dr. Franklin.*

FRANKLIN is dead.—The genius who freed America, and poured a copious stream of knowledge throughout Europe, is returned into the bosom of the divinity.

The sage to whom two worlds lay claim, the man for whom science and politics are disputing, indisputably enjoyed an elevated rank in human nature.

The cabinets of princes have been long in the habits of notifying the death of those who were great only in their funeral orations. Long hath the etiquette of courts proclaimed the mourning of hypocrisy. Nations should wear mourning for none but their benefactors. The representatives of nations should recommend to public homage, only those who have been the heroes of humanity.

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The congress of America hath ordered, in the fourteen confederate states, a mourning of two months for the death of Benjamin Franklin; and America is, at this moment, paying that tribute of veneration to one of the fathers of her constitution.

Were it not worthy of us, gentlemen, to join in the same religious act, to pay our share of that homage now rendered in sight of the universe, at once to the rights of man, and to the philosopher who most contributed to extend the conquests of liberty over the face of the whole earth?

Antiquity would have raised altars to that vast and mighty genius, who, for the advantage of human kind, embracing earth and heaven in his ideas, *could tame the rage of thunder and of despotism.* France enlightened and free, owes at least some testimony of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who ever served the cause of philosophy and of liberty.

I move you to decree, that the national assembly shall wear mourning three days for the late Benjamin Franklin.

XV. *Cominius' Eulogium of Coriolanus.*

I SHALL lack voice: The deeds of Coriolanus should not be uttered feebly. It is held, that valour is the first of virtues, and most ennobles the possessor. If that be; the man I speak of, cannot, in the world, be singly counterpoised.

At sixteen years, when Tarquin made head for Rome, he fought beyond the mark of others. Our dictator, (whom, with all praise, I point at,) saw him fight, when, with his Amazonian chin, he drove the bristled lips before him: he bestrid an o'erpress Roman, and, in the consul's view, slew three opposers. Tarquin's self he met, and struck him on his knee. In that day's feats, when he might have played the woman in the scene, he acted man best in the field; and, for his meed, was brow-bound with the oak. His pupilage man entered, thus; he waxed, like a sea; and, in the brunt of seventeen battles since, has lurcht all swords of the garland. For this

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last, before, and in Corioli, let me say, I cannot speak him home. He stopt the fliers, and, by his rare example, made the coward turn terror into sport. As waves before a vessel under sail, so men obeyed, and fell below his stern.—Alone he entered the mortal gate of the city, which he marked with shunless destiny: aidless came off, and, with a sudden reinforcement, struck Corioli, like a planet.

Nor all is this: for, by and by, the din of war began to pierce his ready sense, when straight, his doubled spirit requickened what in nature was inanimate, and to the battle came he; where, until we called both field and city ours, he never stood to ease his breast with panting. Our spoils he spurned at, and looked upon things precious, as they had been the common muck of earth. He covets less than misery itself would give; rewards his deeds with doing them; and is content to spend his time, to end it.

XVI. *Cicero and Demosthenes compared.*

These two great princes of eloquence have been often compared together; but the judgment hesitates to which to give the preference. The archbishop of Cambray, however, seems to have stated their merits with great justice and perspicuity, in his reflections on rhetoric and poetry. The passage, translated, is as follows.

"I do not hesitate to declare, that I think Demosthenes superior to Cicero. I am persuaded that no one can admire Cicero more than I do. He adorns whatever he attempts. He does honour to language. He disposes of words in a manner peculiar to himself. His style has great variety of character. Whenever he pleases, he is even concise and vehement; for instance, against Catiline, against Verres, against Antony. But ornament is too visible in his writings. His art is wonderful, but it is perceived. When the orator is providing for the safety of the republic, he forgets not himself, nor permits others to forget him. Demosthenes seems to escape from himself, and to see nothing but his country. He seeks not elegance of expression; unsought for, he possesses it,

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He is superior to admiration. He makes use of language as a modest man does of dress, only to cover him. He thunders, he lightens. He is a torrent which carries every thing before it. We cannot criticise, because we are not ourselves. His subject enchains our attention, and makes us forget his language. We lose him from our sight: Philip alone occupies our minds. I am delighted with both these orators; but I confess that I am less affected by the infinite art and magnificent eloquence of Cicero, than by the rapid simplicity of Demosthenes."

XVII. *The Portraits of Mahomet and Jesus contrasted.*

Go to your natural religion:—place before her Mahomet and his disciples, arrayed in armour and in blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands and tens of thousands, who fell by his sword. Shew her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirements; shew her the prophet's chamber, his concubines and wives; let her see his adultery, and hear him alledge revelation and his divine commission to justify his lust and oppression. When she is tired with this scene, then shew her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the souls of men, patiently instructing both the ignorant and perverse. Let her see him in his most retired privacies; let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to his god. Carry her to his table, to view his mean fare, and hear his heavenly discourse. Let her see him injured, but not provoked. Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his cross, and let her view him in the agonies of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors; "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."—When natural religion has viewed both, ask, *Which is the prophet of god?*

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XVIII. *The picture of Rumour full of tongues.*

Open your ears: for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth.
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports:
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world.
And who but rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,
While the big ear, swoll'n with some other griefs,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter. Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant, wav'ring multitude
Can play upon it. The posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me. From Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.

XIX. *The Excursions of the Imagination.*

———The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heav'n-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth,
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Thro' fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heavens:
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds, and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound; and hov'ring round the sun,
Beholds him pouring his redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway

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Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; thro' its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
Th' empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Not yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates th' eternal gulph below;
Till, half-recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sov'reign maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flow'ry lap,
The soul should find enjoyment; but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till ev'ry bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

XX. *Cæsar and a madman compared.*

Within this lonely lodge in solemn port,
An awful monarch keeps his shiv'ring court,
And far and wide as boundless thought can stray,
Extends a vast imaginary sway.
Utopian princes bow before his throne,
Lands unexisting his dominion own,
And airy realms, and regions in the moon.
The pride of dignity, the pomp of state,
The darling glories of the envied great,

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Rise to his view, and in his fancy swell,
And guards and courtiers crowd his empty cell.
See how he walks majestic through the throng!
(Behind he trails his tatter'd robes along)
And cheaply blest, and innocently vain,
Enjoys the dear delusion of his brain:
In this small spot expatiates unconfin'd,
Supreme of monarchs, first of human kind.
Such joyful ecstacy as this possest
On some triumphal day great Cæsar's breast:
Great Cæsar scarce beneath the gods ador'd,
The world's proud victor, *Rome's* imperial lord,
With all his glories in their utmost height,
And all his pow'r display'd before his sight:
Unnumber'd trophies grace the pompous train,
And captive kings indignant drag their chain.
With laurel'd ensigns glitt'ring from afar,
His legions, glorious partners of the war,
His conqu'ring legions march behind the golden car;
While shouts on shouts from gather'd nations rise,
And endless acclamations rend the skies.
For this to vex mankind with dire alarms,
Urging with rapid speed his restless arms,
From clime to clime the mighty *madman* flew,
Nor tasted quiet, nor contentment knew,
But spread wild ravage all the world abroad,
The plague of nations, and the scourge of god.

XXI. *The Character of a lovely Hero illustrated.*

THE meanest mechanic who employs his best affections—his love and gratitude, on god, the best of beings; who retains a particular regard and esteem for the virtuous few, compassion for the distressed, and a firm expansive good-will to all; who, instead of triumphing over his enemies, strives to subdue the greatest enemy of all, his unruly passions; who promotes a good understanding between neighbours, appeases disputes and adjusts differences; exercises candour to injured character, and charity to distressed worth; who, whilst he cherishes his friends, forgives, and even serves in any pressing exigen-

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cy, his enemies; who abhors vice, but pities the vicious: —such a man, however low his station, has juster pretentions to the character of heroism,—(that heroism which implies nobleness and elevation of soul, bursting forth into correspondent actions;) than he who conquers armies, or makes the most glaring figure in the eyes of an injudicious world. He is like one of those fixed stars, which, through the remoteness of its situation, may be thought extremely little, inconsiderable, and obscure, by unskilful beholders, but yet is as truly great and glorious in itself, as those heavenly lights which, by being placed more obviously to our view, appear to shine with more distinguished lustre.

XXII. *Junius Brutus's Invective on Tarquin's Rape of Lucretia.*

YES, noble lady, I swear by this blood which was once so pure, and which nothing but royal villainy could have polluted, that I will pursue Lucius Tarquinius the proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and sword: nor will I suffer any of that family, or of any other whatsoever to be king in Rome.—Ye gods, I call you to witness this my oath!

There, Romans, turn your eyes to that sad spectacle! —the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus's wife—she died by her own hand! See there a noble lady, whom the lust of a Tarquin reduced to the necessity of being her own executioner, to attest her innocence. Hospitably entertained by her as a kinsman of her husband, Sextus, the perfidious guest, became her brutal ravisher. The chaste, the generous Lucretia could not survive the insult. Glorious woman! but once only treated as a slave, she thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a woman, disdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will; and shall we, shall men, with such an example before our eyes, and after five-and-twenty years of ignominious servitude, shall we, through a fear of dying, defer one single instant to assert our liberty? No, Romans; now is the time; the favourable moment we have so long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome: the patricians are at

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the head of the enterprize: the city is abundantly provided with men, arms, and all things necessary: there is nothing wanting to secure success, if our own courage does not fail us. And shall those warriors, who have ever been so brave when foreign enemies were to be subdued, or when conquests were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver themselves from slavery?

Some of you are perhaps intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands: the soldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their general. Banish such a groundless fear: the love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppression with as quick a sense as you that are in Rome; they will as eagerly seize the occasion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be some among them who, through baseness of spirit, or a bad education, will be disposed to favour the tyrant; the number of these can be but small, and we have means sufficient in our hands to reduce them to reason. They have left us hostages more dear to them than life; their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are in our city. Courage, Romans, the gods are for us; those gods, whose temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by sacrifices and libations made with polluted hands,—polluted with blood, and with numberless unexpiated crimes committed against his subjects.

Ye gods, who protected our forefather's! ye genii, who watch for the preservation and glory of Rome! do you inspire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cause; and we will to our last breath defend your worship from all profanation.

XXIII. *Brutus's Oration on the Death of Cæsar.*

Romans, countrymen, and friends! hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for my honour, and have respect to my honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I

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say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand,—*why Brutus rose against Cæsar?*—*this* is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, and live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. —I pause for a reply.——

None?——then none have I offended.—I have done no more to Cæsar than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth, as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

XXIV. *Mr. Sheridan's Eulogium on Mr. Fox.*

GENTLEMEN,

UPON the one great subject, which, at this moment, I am confident, has possession of the whole feelings of every man, whom I address—the loss, the irreparable loss, of the great, the illustrious character, whom we all deplore—I shall, I *can*, say but little. A long interval must take place between the heavy blow which has been struck, and the consideration of its effect, before any one (and how many are there!) of those who have revered and loved Mr. Fox, as I have done, can

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speak of his death with the feeling, but manly composure, which becomes the dignified regret it ought to inspire.—To say any thing to you at this moment, in the fresh hour of your unburthened sorrows—to depict, to dwell upon the great traits of his character—must be unnecessary, and almost insulting. His image still lives before your eyes—his virtues are in your hearts—his loss is your despair. I have seen in a public print, what are stated to have been his last words—and they are truly stated. They were these—"I die happy." Then, turning to the more immediate objects of his private affections, he added, "but, I pity you." Gentlemen, this statement is precisely true. But, oh! if the solemn fleeting hour had allowed of such considerations, and if the unassuming nature of his dignified mind had not withheld him, which of you will allow his title to have said, not only to the sharers of his domestic love, hanging in mute despair upon his couch—"I pity you;" but prophetically to have added, "I pity England—I pity Europe—I pity human nature"? He died in the spirit of peace; tranquil in his own expiring heart, and cherishing to the last, with a parental solicitude, the consoling hope, that he should be able to give established tranquility to harassed, contending nations. Let us trust that, that stroke of death which has borne him from us, may not have left the peace of the world, and the civilised charities of man, as orphans upon the earth.

From this afflicting consideration I pass to one comparatively insignificant—yet it is the question we are met this day to consider—namely, the pretensions of those who have the presumption to aspire to succeed him. An honourable friend has proposed me as a person worthy of that proud distinction: and I cannot deny but that it is an object of ambition—unmixed, I think, with one unworthy motive—very near my heart.

Having thus avowed my ambition, or my presumption, as some have been pleased to call it, I have now to speak of my pretensions. Egotism is always offensive; and I am happy that my honourable friend, who has proposed me, has left me little or nothing to say on this head. He has stated—and I avow and adopt his statement—that my claim to your favour rests on the fact, that I have, step by step, followed Mr. Fox through the whole

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course of his political career, and, to the best of my poor abilities, supported him in every one of those measures, and in the maintenance of every one of those principles, which originally recommended him to, and so long continued him in, your confidence and esteem. And to that I may fairly add, that he never for a moment was left unattended by my most fond and faithful friendship. It is true, there have been occasions upon which I have *differed with him*—painful recollection of the most painful moments of my political life!—Nor were there wanting those who endeavoured to represent those differences as a departure from the homage which his superior mind, though unclaimed by him, was entitled to, and the allegiance of friendship which our hearts all swore to him; but never was the genuine and confiding texture of his soul more manifest than on such occasions—he knew that nothing on earth could detach me from him—and he resented insinuations against the sincerity and integrity of a friend, which he would not have noticed, had they been pointed against himself.—He scorned the suspicion that I could for one moment desert a friend whose exile from power I felt it more glorious to share, than all the honours and emoluments that government and kings are able to bestow. With such a man, to have battled in the cause of genuine liberty—with such a man, to have struggled against the inroads of oppression and corruption—with such an example before me, to have to boast that I never in my life gave one vote in parliament that was not on the side of freedom, is the congratulation that attends the retrospect of my public life. His friendship was the pride and honour of my days. I never, for one moment, regretted to share with him the difficulties, the calumnies, and sometimes even the dangers, that attended an honourable course. And now, reviewing my past political life, were the option possible that I should retread the path, I solemnly and deliberately declare, that I would prefer to pursue the same course—to bear up under the same pressure—to abide by the same principles—and remain by his side, an exile from power, distinction, and emolument, rather than be at this moment a splendid example of successful servility, or prosperous apostacy—though clothed with power, honour, and titles, gorged with sinecures, and lord of

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hoards, obtained from the plunder of the people! If I have missed the opportunity of obtaining all the support I might perhaps have had, on the present occasion, from a very scrupulous delicacy, which I think became, and was incumbent upon me—but which, I by no means conceive to have been a fit rule for others—I cannot repent it. In so doing, I acted on the feelings upon which I am sensible that all those would have acted who loved Mr. Fox as I did. I felt within myself that while the slightest aspiration might still quiver on those lips, that were the copious channels of eloquence, wisdom, and benevolence—that while one drop of life's blood might still warm that heart, which throbbed only for the good of mankind—I could not, I ought not to have acted otherwise than I did.

There is in true friendship this advantage, that the inferior mind looks to the presiding intellect, as its guide and landmark while living, and to the engraven memory of his principles, as a rule of conduct after his death. Yet further still, unmixed with idle superstition, there may be gained a salutary lesson from contemplating what would be grateful to the mind of the departed, were he conscious of what is passing here. I do solemnly believe, that could such a consideration have entered into Mr. Fox's last moments—there is nothing his wasted spirits would so have deprecated, as a contest of the nature which I now deprecate and relinquish.—Above all, he would be most sorely afflicted, should that concord and harmony which he was so anxious should prevail among the present administration, be disturbed by a friend of his, and that by a contest to succeed to his situation.

The hour is not far distant, when an awful knell shall tell you, that the unburied remains of your revered patriot are passing through your streets to that sepulchral home where your kings—your heroes—your sages—and your poets, will be honoured by an association with his mortal remains. At that hour, when the sad solemnity shall take place—in a private way, as more suited to the simple dignity of his character, than the splendid gaudiness of public pageantry;—when you, all of you, will be self-marshalled in reverential sorrow—mute, and reflecting on your mighty loss—at that moment, shall the disgusting contest of an election-wrangle break the solem-

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nity of such a scene? Is it fitting that any man should overlook the crisis, and risk the monstrous and disgusting contest?—Is it fitting that *I* should be that man?

XXV. *Monody to the memory of Mr. Garrick.*

If dying excellence deserves a tear,
If fond remembrance still is cherish'd here;
Can we persist to bid your sorrows flow
For fabled suff'rers and delusive woe?
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
Point the quick jest, indulge the comic vein,
Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign
One kind regret, one tributary line?
His fame requires we act a tend'rer part;
His mem'ry claims the tear you gave his art!

The gen'ral voice, the meed of mournful verse,
The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,
The throng that mourn'd as their dead fav'rite past,
The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last;
While Shakespeare's image, from its hallow'd base,
Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the place,
Nor these, nor all the sad regrets that flow
From fond fidelity's domestic woe,
So much are Garrick's praise—so much his due,
As on this spot one tear bestow'd by you.

Amid the arts, which seek ingenuous fame,
Our toil attempts the most precarious claim!
To him, whose magic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient fame immortal wreaths supplies:
Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
Raphael still boasts contemporary praise!
Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom subdu'd,
With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd:
Ev'n beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.

The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,
A ruder toil and more mechanic art;

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Content with slow and tim'rous stroke to trace
The ling'ring line, and mould the tardy grace:
But once achiev'd, the barb'rous wrecks o'erthrow
The sacred fane, and lay its glories low,
Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to-day,
Grac'd by defect and worshipp'd in decay;
Th' enduring record bears the artist's name,
Demands his honours, and assists his fame.

Superior hopes the poets' bosom fire,
O proud distinction of the sacred lyre!
Wide as aspiring Phœbus darts his ray,
Diffusive splendor gilds his vot'ry's lay.

Whether the song heroic woes rehearse,
With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse,
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile,
Attempt no prize but fav'ring beauty's smile;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The soft despair of unprevailing love;
Whate'er the theme, through ev'ry age and clime
Congenial passions meet th' according rhyme;
The pride of glory, pity's sigh sincere,
Youth's earliest blush, and beauty's virgin tear.

Such is their meed; their honours thus secure,
Whose hearts yield objects, and whose works endure;
The actor only shrinks from time's award;
Feeble tradition is his mem'ry's guard;
By whose faint breath his merits must abide;
Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unallied!
Ev'n matchless Garrick's art, to heav'n resign'd,
No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind.

The grace of action, the adapted mien,
Faithful as nature to the varied scene;
Th' expressive glance, whose subtle comment draws
Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
A sense in silence, and a will in thought;
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music, scarce confess'd its own;

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As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
And, deck'd with orient hues, transcends the day!
Passion's wild break, and frown that awes the sense,
And ev'ry charm of gentler eloquence.

All perishable!—like the electric fire,
But strike the frame, and as they strike expire;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear;
It's fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.

Where then, while sunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes!
Where is the best memorial that ensures
Our Garrick's fame?——whose is the trust?—'tis yours.

And oh! by ev'ry charm his art essay'd,
To sooth your cares! by ev'ry grief allay'd!
By the hush'd wonder, which his accents drew,
By his last parting tear, repaid by you!
By all those thoughts, which many a distant night
Shall mark his memory with sad delight!
Still in your heart's dear record bear his name,
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame:
To you it is bequeath'd; assert the trust,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.

What more is due from sanctifying time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favor'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd tomb shall bloom a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask beneath.
For these, when sculpture's votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear!
O loveliest mourner, gentle muse! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurell'd shrine.
As fancy oft by superstition led
To roam the mansions of the sainted dead,
Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb,
So thou sweet muse, hang o'er his sculptur'd bier,
With patient woe, that loves the ling'ring tear;
With thoughts that mourn, nor yet desire relief,
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief;

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With looks that speak—he never shall return!
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn;
And with soft sighs disperse th' irrev'rend dust
Which time may strew upon his sacred bust.

XXVI. *Cato's Speech on the Death of his Son.*

Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty!
Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country?
Alas, my friends,
Why mourn you thus! let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears:
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!
Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd,
The sun's whole course, the day and year are Cæsar's;
For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd;
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæsar. O my friends,
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fall'n! O curst ambition!
Fall'n into Cæsar's hands! Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.
Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepar'd by my command,
(Their sails already op'ning to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.

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There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Tho' still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.

XXVII. *Panegyric to the* PROTECTOR.

While with a strong, and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign;
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune shew'd his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition, tossing us, repress'd.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The seas our own: and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet:
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile;
The greatest Leader, and the greatest Isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the continent,
Or thus created; it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

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Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your wing'd navy, flies
Through ev'ry land that near the ocean lies;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a Chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest;
What may be thought impossible to do
By us, embraced by the *sea* and *you*?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea;
And ev'ry coast may trouble or relieve;
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive;
While we descend at pleasure to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that nature craves;
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;
So what our earth, and what our heaven, denies,
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow;
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;
And, without planting, drink of ev'ry vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims:
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds:

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Rome, tho' her eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conqu'ring Henry, flourish'd; and now *you*;
For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cried,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet; a world reserv'd for you
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against th' unwarlike Persian and the Mede;
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun; but must extol your Grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one:
So kind dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate,
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state;
While by your valour, and your bounteous mind,
Nations divided by the sea are join'd.

Holland to gain your friendship, is content
To be our out-guard on the continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

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In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terror and the news,
Our neighbour-princes trembled at their roar;
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease;
And now you heal us with the acts of peace,
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone:
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear;
But man alone can whom he conquers spare.

To pardon willing, and to punish loth,
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both:
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When fate or error had our age misled,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread;
The only cure which could from heaven come down,
Was so much pow'r and piety in one!

One, whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may shine:
The meanest in your nature mild and good;
The noble, rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these;
How such a ruling sp'rit you could restrain,
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live;
Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosp'rous end.

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;

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Chang'd like the world's great scene! when without
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys. [noise

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage:
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars,
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You, that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high sp'rits compose:
To ev'ry duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows; if he that first took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast;
So England now does, with like toil opprest,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the muses with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace!
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight.

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies overrun,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

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Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And ev'ry conqueror creates a muse;
Here in low strains your milder deeds we sing;
But there, my Lord! we'll bays and olives bring

To crown your head; while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquished nations, and the sea beside;
While all your neighbour-princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and bow.

XXVIII. *On Cowley's death, and funeral among the Poets.*

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But, he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshews;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires;
By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome outshines;
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave our mansion keep
They lived to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays;
But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the muse's garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw!
Time, which made their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother wit and nature gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenser, and in Jonson, art
Of slower nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share.

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To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators;
Horace's wit and Virgil's state,
He did not steal but emulate!
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes did wear;
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason, brought the golden fleece;
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known,
On a stiff gale (as Flaccus sings)
The Theban swan extends his wings;
When thro' th' ethereal clouds he flies,
To the same pitch our swan doth rise;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd:
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much;
His severe judgment (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe;
As rigid husbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English streams so pure did flow,
As all that saw and tasted know.
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high, it doth appear,
That, were immortal Virgil here,
Him for his judge he would not fear;
Of that great portraiture, so true
A copy pencil never drew.
My muse her song had ended here,
But both their Genii straight appear;
Joy and amazement her did strike,
Two twins she never saw so like.
'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras,
One soul might through more bodies pass:
Seeing such transmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here;

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Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts;
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
And shew the world this parallel:
Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over nature's books:
Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
Rustic philosophy rehearse.
When heroes, gods, or godlike kings
They praise, on their exalted wings
To the celestial orbs they climb,
And with th' harmonious spheres keep time;
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour shin'd;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of those they feign'd excels their own.
Both by two generous princes lov'd
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd:
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their offspring hath no pow'r;
Nor fire nor fate their bays shall blast,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

XXIX. *On the death of George the Second.*

So stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that science sheds on glory's grave!
So pure the vows which classic duty pays
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!
O Pitt, if chosen strains have power to steal
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal;
If votive verse, from sacred Isis sent,
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent

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On patriot plans, which ancient freedom drew,
Awhile with fond attention deign to view
This ample wreath, which all th' assembled Nine
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.
Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
The duteous muse, whose haste officious brings
Her blameless off'ring to the shrine of kings:
Thy tongue, well-tutor'd in historic lore,
Can speak her office and her use of yore:
For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
Her harp dispens'd in Grecia's golden days;
Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
She cull'd, to deck the guiltless monarch's crown;
When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore
How sceptred Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,
Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
Bright vales, where spirits of the brave repos'd:
Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd, she sat
The decent handmaid, not the slave, of state;
Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
To blend the lustre of her country's fame:
For, taught like ours, she dar'd with prudent pride
Obedience from dependance to divide:
Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth severe she temper'd partial praise;
Conscious she kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.
And sure, if e'er the muse indulg'd her strains,
With just regard to grace heroic reigns,
Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear to fame as George's trophy'd throne?
At whose firm base thy stedfast soul aspires
To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires:
Aspires to baffle faction's specious claim,
Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
Once more the main her conqu'ring banners sweep,
Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd resolve renews each firm decree
That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms:

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Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful swains;
As erst stout archers, from the farm or fold,
Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.
Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the sophistries of state:
Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine:
For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
To feel, to think, to speak, for public good.
In vain corruption calls her venal tribes;
One common cause, one common end prescribes:
Nor fear nor fraud or spares or screens the foe,
But spirit prompts, and valour strikes the blow.
O Pitt, while honour points thy lib'ral plan,
And o'er the minister exalts the man,
Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay.
For 'tis not *hers*, by false connections drawn
At splendid slavery's sordid shrine to fawn;
Each native effort of the feeling breast
To friends, to foes, in equal fear, suppress:
'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
The phantom favours of the cringing crew:
More useful toils her studious hours engage,
And fairer lessons fill her spotless page:
Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
With nobler arts she forms the rising race:
With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
In elder times, she woo'd munificence
To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
And lift her temples nearer to the skies;
Princes and prelates stretch'd the social hand
To form, diffuse, and fix, her high command:
From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek, the prize;
From kings, like George, benignant, just, and wise.
Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
This humble present of no partial muse
From that calm bow'r, which nurs'd thy thoughful youth
In the pure precepts of Athenian truth:
Where first the form of British liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye;

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That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw:
Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
Which ev'ry classic Grace had learn'd to rove)
Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign
The blessings of her visionary reign;
That reign, which now, no more an empty theme,
Adorns philosophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
In full reality this favour'd isle.

XXX. *Eulogium to Liberty and Mr. Howard.*

Oh could I worship aught beneath the skies
That earth hath seen, or fancy could devise,
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary, vulgar hand.
With fragrant turf, and flow'rs as wild and fair
As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.
Duly as ever on the mountain's height
The peep of morning shed a dawning light;
Again, when evening in her sober vest
Drew the grey curtain of the fading west;
My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise
For the chief blessings of my fairest days:
But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine:
Else I would say, and as I spake bid fly
A captive bird into the boundless sky,
This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
From Sparta hither, and art here at home;
We feel thy force still active, at this hour
Enjoy immunity from priestly pow'r;
While conscience, happier than in ancient years,
Owns no superior but the God she fears.
Propitious Spirit! yet expunge a wrong
Thy rites have suffer'd, and our land, too long;
Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts that share
The fears and hopes of a commercial care:

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Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt;
But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,
Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood:
And honest merit stands on slipp'ry ground
Where covert guile, and artifice abound:
Let just restraint, for public peace design'd,
Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind;
The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,
But let insolvent innocence go free.
Patron of else the most despis'd of men,
Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen;
Verse, like the laurel, its immortal meed,
Should be the guerdon of a noble deed:
I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame
(Charity chosen as my theme and aim)
I must incur, forgetting Howard's name.
Blest with all wealth can give thee—to resign
Joys, doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine;
To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow
To seek a nobler, amidst scenes of woe;
To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring home,
Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,
But knowledge, such as only dungeons teach,
And only sympathy like thine could reach;
That grief, sequester'd from the public stage,
Might smooth her feathers, and enjoy her cage—
Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal
The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.
Oh that the voice of clamour and debate,
That pleads for peace till it disturbs the state,
Were hush'd, in favour of thy gen'rous plea,
The poor thy clients, and heaven's smile thy fee!

XXXI. *To the Genius of Shakespeare.*

I. 1.

Rapt from the glance of mortal eye,
Say, bursts thy genius to the world of light?
Seeks it yon star-bespangled sky?
Or skims its fields with rapid flight?

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Or, mid yon plains where fancy strays,
Courts it the balmy breathing gale?
Or where the violet pale
Droops o'er the green-embroider'd stream?
Or where young Zephyr stirs the rustling sprays,
Lies all dissolv'd in fairy dream?
O'er yon bleak desert's unfrequented round
Seest thou where nature treads the deep'ning gloom,
Sits on yon hoary tow'r with ivy crown'd,
Or wildly wails o'er thy lamented tomb?
Hear'st thou the solemn music wind along?
Or thrills the warbling note in thy mellifluous song?

I. 2.

Oft, while on earth, 'twas thine to rove
Where'er the wild-eyed goddess lov'd to roam,
To trace serene the gloomy grove,
Or haunt meek quiet's simple dome;
Still hovering round the Nine appear,
That pour the soul transporting strain;
Join'd to the Loves' gay train,
The loose-rob'd Graces, crown'd with flow'rs,
The light-wing'd gales that lead the vernal year,
And wake the rosy-featur'd hours.
O'er all bright fancy's beamy radiance shone,
How flam'd thy bosom as her charms reveal!
Her fire-clad eye sublime, her starry zone,
Her traces loose, that wanton'd on the gale;
On thee the goddess fix'd her ardent look,
Then from her glowing lips these melting accents broke:

I. 3.

"To thee, my favourite son, belong
"The lays that steal the listening hour;
"To pour the rapture-darting song,
"To paint gay hope's Elysian bower.
"From nature's hand to snatch the dart,
"To cleave with pangs the bleeding heart;
"Or lightly sweep the trembling string,
"And call the Loves with purple wing
"From the blue deep, where they dwell
"With Naiads in the pearly cell.
"Soft on the sea-born goddess gaze;
"Or in the loose robes' floating maze,

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" Dissolv'd in downy slumbers rest;
" Or flutter o'er her panting breast.
" Or wild to melt the yielding soul,
" Let sorrow, clad in sable stole,
" Slow to thy musing thought appear;
" Or pensive pity, pale;
" Or love's desponding tale
" Call from th' intender'd heart the sympathetic tear."

II. 1.

Say, whence the magic of thy mind?
Why thrills thy music on the springs of thought?
Why, at thy pencil's touch refin'd,
Starts into life the glowing draught?
On yonder fairy carpet laid,
Where beauty pours eternal bloom,
And zephyr breathes perfume;
There nightly to the tranced eye
Profuse the radiant goddess stood display'd,
With all her smiling offspring nigh.
Sudden the mantling cliff, the arching wood,
The broider'd mead, the landscape and the grove,
Hills, vales, and sky-dipt seas, and torrents rude,
Grots, rills, and shades, and bow'rs that breath'd of love,
All burst to sight! while glancing on the view,
Titania's sporting train brush'd lightly o'er the dew.

II. 2.

The pale-ey'd genius of the shade
Led thy bold step to prosper's magic bow'r;
Whose voice the howling winds obey'd,
Whose dark spell chain'd the rapid hour:
Then rose serene the sea-girt isle;
Gay scenes, by fancy's touch refin'd,
Glow'd to the musing mind:
Such visions bless the hermit's dream,
When hovering angels prompt his placid smile,
Or paint some high ecstatic theme.
Then flam'd Miranda on th' enraptur'd gaze,
Then sail'd bright Ariel on the bat's fleet wing:
Or starts the list'ning throng in still amaze,
The wild note trembling on the aërial string!
The form, in heaven's resplendent vesture gay,
Floats on the mantling cloud, and pours the melting lay.

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II. 3.

Oh lay me near yon limpid stream,
Whose murmur sooths the ear of woe!
There in some sweet poetic dream
Let fancy's bright Elysium glow!
'Tis done—o'er all the blushing mead
The dark wood shakes his cloudy head:
Below, the lily-fringed dale
Breathes its mild fragrance on the gale;
While, in pastime all unseen,
Titania, rob'd in mantle green,
Sports on the mossy bank: her train
Skims light along the gleaming plain;
Or to the flutt'ring breeze unfold
The blue wing streak'd with beamy gold;
Its pinions op'ning to the light!—
Say, bursts the vision on my sight?
Ah, no! by Shakespeare's pencil drawn,
The beauteous shapes appear;
While meek-eyed Cynthia near
Illumes with streamy ray the silver-mantled lawn.

III. 1.

But hark! the tempest howls afar!
Bursts the loud whirlwind o'er the pathless waste!
What cherub blows the trump of war?
What demon rides the stormy blast?
Red from the lightning's livid blaze,
The bleak heath rushes on the sight;
Then, wrapt in sudden night
Dissolves.—But, ah! what kingly form
Roams the lone desert's desolated maze
Unaw'd, nor heeds the sweeping storm?
Ye pale-ey'd lightnings, spare the check of age!
Vain wish! tho' anguish heaves the bursting groan,
Deaf as the flint, the marble ear of rage
Hears not the mourner's unavailing moan:
Heart-pierc'd he bleeds; and, stung with wild despair,
Bares his time-blasted head, and tears his silver hair.

III. 2.

Lo! on yon long-resounding shore,
Where the rock totters o'er the headlong deep;

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What phantoms bath'd in infant gore
Stand mutt'ring on the dizzy steep!
Their murmur shakes the zephyr's wing!
The storm obeys their powerful spell;
See from his gloomy cell
Fierce winter starts! his scowling eye
Blots the fair mantle of the breathing spring,
And lowers along the ruffled sky,
To the deep vault the yelling harpies run;
Its yawning mouth receives th' infernal crew,
Dim through the black gloom winks the glimmering sun,
And the pale furnace gleams with brimstone blue.
Hell howls; and fiends, that join the dire acclaim,
Dance on the bubbling tide, and point the livid flame.

III. 3.

But, ah! on sorrow's cypress bough
Can beauty breathe her genial bloom?
On death's cold cheek will passion glow?
Or music warble from the tomb?
There sleeps the bard, whose tuneful tongue
Pour'd the full stream of mazy song.
Young spring, with lip of ruby; here
Show'rs from her lap the blushing year;
While, along the turf reclin'd,
The loose wing swimming on the wind,
The Loves, with forward gesture bold,
Sprinkle the sod with spangling gold:
And oft the blue-eyed Graces trim
Dance lightly round on downy limb;
Oft too, when eve, demure and still,
Chequers the green dale's purling rill,
Sweet fancy pours the plaintive strain;
Or, wrapt in soothing dream,
By Avon's ruffled stream,
Hears the low-murm'ring gale that dies along the plain.

XXXII. *Antenor's admirable contrast between the genius and talents of Ulysses and Menelaus.*

THEN answer thus, Antenor sage, return'd.
Princess! thou hast described him: hither once

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The noble Ithacan, on thy behalf
Embassador with Menelaus, came,
And at my board I entertain'd them both.
The person and the intellect of each
I noted; and remark'd, that when they stood
Surrounded by the senators of Troy,
Atrides by the shoulders overtopp'd
The prince of Ithaca; but when they sat,
Ulysses had the more majestic air.
In his address to our assembled chiefs,
Sweet to the ear, but brief, was the harangue
Of Menelaus, neither loosely vague,
Nor wordy, though he were the younger man.
But when Ulysses rose, his downcast eyes
He rivetted so fast, his sceptre held
So still, as if a stranger to its use,
That hadst thou seen him, thou hadst thought him, sure,
Some chafed and angry ideot, passion-fixt.
Yet, when at length, the clear and mellow base
Of his deep voice brake forth, and he let fall
His chosen words like flakes of feather'd snow,
None then might match Ulysses; leisure, then,
Found none to wonder at his noble form.

XXXIII. *Homer's description of the first battle of the Greeks and Trojans.*

When thus the rivals, each among his friends,
Had arm'd at every point, with eyes that flash'd
Fiercest defiance, to the ground they moved.
Each host beheld them with the stedfast gaze
Of expectation. On the measured ground
Full near they stood, both shook their threat'ning spears,
And rage incited both. First Paris hurl'd
His quiv'ring spear, and smote the rounded shield
Of Menelaus; but his doubling point
Enforced no passage through the stronger brass.
Next, Menelaus hurl'd. But first he pray'd.
All-righteous Jove! now grant me just revenge,
Now let the impious aggressor die!

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That men unborn may shudder at the thought
Of hospitality with rape repaid.
He said, and brandishing his massy spear,
Dismiss'd it. Through the burnish'd buckler broad
Of Priam's son the stormy weapon flew,
Transpierced the splendid corslet and the vest
Of his smooth flank; but, with a sideward bend
Eluding half its violence, he liv'd.
Then, Menelaus, with the downright edge
Of his bright faulchion smote him on the casque;
And all his blade fell shiver'd to the ground.
He look'd to heav'n, and with a groan exclaim'd—
There is no pow'r that favours wrong as *thou*,
Jove! I believed that Paris should have died
For his offence; but lo! my faulcion falls
In fragments, and my spear was hurl'd in vain.
Then, starting forward, by his hairy crest
He seiz'd him fast, and, turning, dragg'd him thence
Toward the Grecian host. The broider'd band
That underbraced his helmet at the chin,
Strain'd to his smooth neck with a ceaseless force,
Choak'd him; and now had Menelaus won
Immortal fame, his rival dragg'd away,
But Venus mark'd the moment, snapp'd the brace
Though stubborn, by a slaughter'd ox supplied,
And the void helmet follow'd as he pull'd.
The hero seized and swung it to the Greeks
Who took the prize in charge; then, spear in hand,
He flew again to pierce his rival's heart.

XXXIV. *Picture of the horrors of War.*

Mean-time, in ev'ry tent Achaia's sons
Took short refreshment, and for fight prepared.
On th' other side, though fewer, yet constrained
By strong necessity, throughout all Troy,
In the defence of children and of wives
Ardent, the Trojans panted for the field.
Wide flew the gates on either side, forth rush'd
Horsemen and foot, and tumult wild arose.
They met, they clash'd; loud was the din of spears

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And bucklers on their bosoms brazen-mail'd
Encount'ring, shields in opposition firm
Met bossy shields, and tumult wild arose.
There, many a shout and many a dying groan
Were heard, the slayer and the wounded loud
Exclaiming, and the earth was drench'd with blood.
Till sacred morn had brighten'd into noon,
The vollied weapons on both sides their task
Perform'd effectual, and the people fell.
But when the sun had climb'd the middle skies,
The sire of all then took his golden scales;
Doom against doom he weighed, th' eternal fates
In counterpoise, of Trojans and of Greeks.
He rais'd the beam; low sank the heavier lot
Of the Achaians; the Achaian doom
Subsided, and the Trojan struck the skies.

XXXV. *Idomeneus's description of the Ambuscade, in which is finely depicted the brave man and the coward.*

To whom the leader of the host of Crete
Idomeneus. I know thy * valour well,
Why speakest thus to me? Since, chose we forth
This day an ambush of the bravest Greeks,
(For in the ambush is distinguish'd best
The courage; there, the tim'rous and the bold
Plainly appear; the dastard changes hue
And shifts from place to place, nor can he calm
The fears that shake his trembling limbs, but sits
Low-crouching on his hams, while in his breast
Quick palpitates his death-foreboding heart,
And his teeth chatter; but the valiant man
His posture shifts not; no excessive fears
Feels he, but seated once in ambush, deems
Time tedious till the bloody fight begin)
Ev'n there, thy courage should no blame incur.
For shouldst thou, toiling in the fight, by spear
Or faulchion bleed, the weapon should not pierce

* Meriones discrete.

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Thy neck behind, nor yet thy back annoy,
But it would meet thy bowels or thy chest
While thou didst rush into the clam'rous van.
Haste then—we may not longer loiter here
As children prating, lest some sharp rebuke
Reward us. Enter quick, and from within
My tent provide thee with a noble spear.

XXXVI. *Lamentations over the Corse of Hector.*

ANDROMACHE.

My hero! thou hast fall'n in prime of life,
Me leaving here a widow, and the fruit
Of our ill-fated loves, an helpless child,
Whom grown to manhood I despair to see.
For, ere that season, from her topmost height
Precipitated shall this city fall.
Since thou hast perish'd, once her sure defence,
Faithful protector of her spotless wives,
And all their little ones. Those wives shall soon
In Grecian barks capacious hence be borne,
And I among the rest. But thou, my child!
Shalt either share my fate, ordain'd to drudge
Beneath some tyrant in a distant clime,
Or, seizing thy weak hand, some furious Greek
Shall headlong hurl thee from the tow'r of Troy
To a sad death—whose brother, it may chance,
Whose father, or whose son, brave Hector slew,
For *he* made many a Grecian bite the ground.
Thy father, boy, bore never into fight
A milky mind, and for that self-same cause
Is now bewail'd in ev'ry house of Troy.
Sorrow unutterable thou hast caused
Thy parents, Hector! but to me hast left
Largest bequest of misery, to whom,
Dying, thou neither didst thy arms extend
Forth from thy bed, nor gav'st me precious word
To be remember'd day and night with tears.

HECUBA.

Hector! far dearest of my sons to me,
Thee, living must the gods have also loved

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Whose kindness even in the bands of death
Attends thee; for what son soe'er of ours
Achilles seized besides, to Samos, *him*,
Or Imbrus, or the dreaded Lemnian coast,
Far o'er the barren deep, for sale he sent;
But *thee*, poor victim of his ruthless spear,
Oft, at his wheels, around Patroclus' tomb
He dragg'd, as he would waken into life
His friend whom thou hadst slain—yet still he slept.
But *thou*, the freshness of a fragrant flow'r
New-gather'd, hold'st, and more resemblest far
Some youth whom Phœbus with his gentle shafts
Hath pierced at home, than one in battle slain.

HELEN.

Hector! far dearest of my brothers here!
Me godlike Paris to the shores of Troy
Seduced, and made me partner of his bed,
But, Oh, that I had perish'd first at home!
For this, since stolen from my native land
I wander'd hither, is the twentieth year,
Yet never heard I once hard speech from thee,
Or taunt morose; but if it ever chanced,
That male or female of thy father's house
Blamed me, and even if herself the queen,
(For in the king, whate'er befell, I found
Always a father) thou hast interposed
Thy gentle temper and thy gentle speech
To sooth them; therefore, with a breaking heart
Thee and my wretched self at once I mourn,
For other friend within the ample bounds
Of Ilium have I none, nor hope to hear
Kind word again, with horror view'd by all.

XXXVII. *Pericles' Oration at the funeral of those Athenians, who had been first killed in the Peloponnesian War.*

MANY of those who have spoken before me on occasions of this kind, have commended the author of that law which we are now obeying, for having instituted an

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oration to the honour of those who sacrifice their lives in fighting for their country. For my part, I think it sufficient for men who have approved their virtue in action, by action to be honoured for it—by such as you see the public gratitude now performing about this funeral; and that the virtues of many ought not to be endangered by the management of any one person, when their credit must precariously depend on his oration, which may be good, and may be bad. Difficult indeed it is, judiciously to handle a subject, where even probable truth will hardly gain assent. The hearer, enlightened by a long acquaintance, and warm in his affections, may quickly pronounce every thing unfavourably expressed, in respect to what he wishes and what he knows; whilst the stranger pronounceth all exaggerated, through envy of those deeds which he is conscious are above his own achievement. For the praises bestowed on others are then only to be endured, when men imagine they can do those feats they hear to have been done; they envy what they cannot equal, and immediately pronounce it false. Yet, as this solemnity has received its sanction from the authority of our ancestors, it is my duty also to obey the law, and to endeavour to procure, so far as I am able, the good-will and approbation of all my audience.

I shall therefore begin first with our forefathers, since both justice and decency require we should, on this occasion, bestow on them an honourable remembrance. In this our country they kept themselves always firmly settled; and, through their valour, handed it down free to every since succeeding generation.—Worthy, indeed, of praise are they, and yet more worthy are our immediate fathers; since, enlarging their own inheritance into the extensive empire which we now possess, they bequeathed that, their work of toil, to us their sons. Yet even these successes, we ourselves, here present, we who are yet in the strength and vigour of our days, have nobly improved, and have made such provisions for this our Athens, that now it is all-sufficient in itself to answer every exigence of war and of peace. I mean not here to recite those martial exploits by which these ends were accomplished, or the resolute defences we ourselves and our forefathers have made against the formidable inva-

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sions of Barbarians and Greeks. Your own knowledge of these will excuse the long detail. But, by what methods we have rose to this height of glory and power; by what polity, and by what conduct, we are thus aggrandized; I shall first endeavour to shew, and then proceed to the praise of the deceased. These, in my opinion, can be no impertinent topics on this occasion; the discussion of them must be beneficial to this numerous company of Athenians and of strangers.

We are happy in a form of government which cannot envy the laws of our neighbours; for it hath served as a model to others, but is original at Athens. And this our form, as committed not to the few, but to the whole body of the people, is called a democracy. How different soever in a private capacity, we all enjoy the same general equality our laws are fitted to preserve; and superior honours, just as we excel. The public administration is not confined to a particular family, but is attainable only by merit. Poverty is not a hindrance, since whoever is able to serve his country meets with no obstacle to preferment from his first obscurity. The offices of the state we go through without obstructions from one another; and live together in the mutual endearments of private life without suspicions; not angry with a neighbour for following the bent of his own humour, nor putting on that countenance of discontent, which pains, though it cannot punish; so that in private life we converse together without diffidence or damage, whilst we dare not, on any account, offend against the public, through the reverence we bear to the magistrates and the laws, chiefly to those enacted for redress of the injured, and to those unwritten, a breach of which is allowed disgrace. Our laws have further provided for the mind most frequent intermissions of care, by the appointment of public recreations and sacrifices throughout the year, elegantly performed with a peculiar pomp, the daily delight of which is a charm that puts melancholy to flight. The grandeur of this our Athens causes the produce of the whole earth to be imported here, by which we reap a familiar enjoyment, not more of the delicacies of our own growth, than of those of other nations.

In the affairs of war we excel those of our enemies, who adhere to methods opposite to our own; for we lay

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open Athens to general resort, nor ever drive any stranger from us, whom either improvement or curiosity hath brought amongst us, lest any enemy should hurt us by seeing what is never concealed; we place not so great a confidence in the preparatives and artifices of war as in the native warmth of our souls impelling us to action. In point of education, the youth of some people are inured, by a course of laborious exercise, to support toil and hardship like men; but we, notwithstanding our easy and elegant way of life, face all the dangers of war as intrepidly as they. This may be proved by facts, since the Lacedemonians never invade our territories, barely with their own, but with the united strength of all their confederates. But when we invade the dominions of our neighbours, for the most part we conquer without difficulty, in an enemy's country, those who fight in defence of their own habitations. The strength of our whole force, no enemy hath yet ever experienced, because it is divided by our naval expeditions, or engaged in the different quarters of our service by land. But if any where they engage and defeat a small party of our forces, they boastingly give it out a total defeat; and, if they are beat, they were certainly overpowered by our united strenght. What though from a state of inactivity, rather than laborious exercise, or with a natural, rather than an acquired valour, we learn to encounter danger; this good at least we receive from it, that we never droop under the apprehension of possible misfortunes, and when we hazard the danger, are found no less courageous than those who are continually inured to it. In these respects, our whole community deserves justly to be admired, and in many we have yet to mention.

In our manner of living we shew an elegance tempered with frugality, and we cultivate philosophy, without enervating the mind. We display our wealth in the season of beneficence, and not in the vanity of discourse. A confession of poverty is disgrace to no man; no effort to avoid it, is disgrace indeed. There is visibly, in the same persons, an attention to their own private concerns, and those of the public; and in others, engaged in the labours of life, there is a competent skill in the affairs of government. For we are the only people who think him that does not meddle in state affairs—not indolent,

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but good for nothing. And yet we pass the soundest judgment, and are quick at catching the right apprehensions of things, not thinking that words are prejudicial to actions; but rather the not being duly prepared by previous debate, before we are obliged to proceed to execution. Herein consists our distinguishing excellence, that in the hour of action we shew the greatest courage, and yet debate beforehand the expediency of our measures. The courage of others is the result of ignorance; deliberation makes them cowards. And those undoubtedly must be owned to have the greatest souls, who, most acutely sensible of the miseries of war, and the sweets of peace, are not hence in the least deterred from facing danger.

In acts of beneficence, farther, we differ from the many. We preserve friends, not by receiving, but by conferring obligations. For he who does a kindness, hath the advantage over him who, by the law of gratitude, becomes a debtor to his benefactor. The person obliged is compelled to act the more insipid part, conscious that a return of kindness is merely a payment, and not an obligation. And we alone are splendidly beneficent to others, not so much from interested motives, as for the credit of pure liberality. I shall sum up what yet remains, by only adding, that our Athens, in general, is the school of Greece: and that every single Athenian among us is excellently formed, by his personal qualifications, for all the various scenes of active life, acting with a most graceful demeanor, and a most ready habit of dispatch.

That I have not, on this occasion, made use of a pomp of words, but the truth of facts, that height to which, by such a conduct, this state hath rose, is an undeniable proof. For we are now the only people of the world, who are found by experience to be greater than in report; the only people who, repelling the attacks of an invading enemy, exempts their defeat from the blush of indignation, and to their tributaries no discontent, as if subject to men unworthy to command. That we deserve our power, we need no evidence to manifest; we have great and signal proofs of this, which entitle us to the admiration of the present and of future ages. We want no Homer to be the herald of our praise; no poet to

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deck off a history with the charms of verse, where the opinion of exploits must suffer by a strict relation. Every sea hath been opened by our fleets, and every land been penetrated by our armies, which have every where left behind them eternal monuments of our enmity and our friendship.

In the just defence of such a state, these victims of their own valour, scorning the ruin threatened to it, have valiantly fought, and bravely died. And every one of those who survive is ready, I am persuaded, to sacrifice life in such a cause. And for this reason have I enlarged so much on national points, to give the clearest proof, that in the present war we have more at stake than men whose public advantages are not so valuable; and to illustrate by actual evidence, how great a commendation is due to them who are now my subjects, and the greatest part of which they have already received. For the encomiums with which I have celebrated the state, have been earned for it by the bravery of these, and of men like these. And such compliments might be thought too high and exaggerated, if passed on any Grecians, but them alone. The fatal period to which these gallant souls are now reduced, is the surest evidence of their merit—an evidence begun in their lives, and completed by their deaths: for it is a debt of justice to pay superior honours to men, who have devoted their lives in fighting for their country, though inferior to others in every virtue but that of valour. Their last service effaceth all former demerits—it extends to the public; their private demeanors reached only to a few. Yet not one of these was at all induced to shrink from danger, through fondness of those delights which the peaceful affluent life bestows; not one was the less lavish of his life, through that flattering hope attendant upon want, that poverty at length might be exchanged for affluence. One passion there was in their minds much stronger than these, the desire of vengeance on their enemies. Regarding this as the most honourable prize of dangers, they boldly rushed towards the mark, to seek revenge, and then to satisfy those secondary passions. The uncertain event they had already secured in hope; what their eyes shewed plainly must be done, they trusted their own valour to accomplish, thinking it more glorious to

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defend themselves, and die in the attempt, than to yield and live. From the reproach of cowardice, indeed, they fled, but presented their bodies to the shock of battle; when, insensible of fear, but triumphing in hope, in the doubtful charge they instantly drop; and thus discharged the duty which brave men owe to their country.

As for you, who now survive them, it is your business to pray for a better fate—but to think it yours duty also to preserve the same spirit and warmth of courage against your enemies; not judging the expediency of this from a mere harangue—where any man, indulging a flow of words, may tell you, what you yourselves know as well as he, how many advantages there are in fighting valiantly against your enemies—but rather making the daily increasing grandeur of this community the object of your thoughts, and growing quite enamoured of it. And, when it really appears great to your apprehensions, think again, that this grandeur was acquired by brave and valiant men; by men who knew their duty, and in the moments of action were sensible of shame; who, whenever their attempts were unsuccessful, thought it dishonourable their country should stand in need of any thing their valour could do for it, and so made it the most glorious present. Bestowing thus their lives on the public, they have every one received a praise that will never decay, a sepulchre that will be most illustrious.—Not that in which their bones lie mouldering, but that in which their fame is preserved, to be on every occasion, when honour is the employ of either word or act, eternally remembered. This whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men; nor is it the inscription on the columns in their native soil that alone shews their merit, but the memorial of them, better than all inscriptions, in every foreign nation, reposited more durably in universal remembrance than on their own tomb. From this very moment, emulating these noble patterns, placing your happiness in liberty, and liberty in valour, be prepared to encounter all the dangers of war. For, to be lavish of life is not so noble in those whom misfortunes have reduced to misery and despair, as in men who hazard the loss of a comfortable subsistence, and the enjoyment of all the blessings this world affords, by an unsuccessful enterprize. Adversity, after a series of

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ease and affluence, sinks deeper into the heart of a man of spirit, than the stroke of death insensibly received in the vigour of life and public hope.

For this reason, the parents of those who are now gone, whoever of them may be attending here, I do not bewail;—I shall rather comfort. It is well known to what unhappy accidents they were liable from the moment of their birth; and that happiness belongs to men who have reached the most glorious period of life, as these now have who are to you the source of sorrow; those, whose life hath received its ample measure, happy in its continuance, and equally happy in its conclusion. I know it in truth a difficult task to fix comfort in those breasts which will have frequent remembrances, in seeing the happiness of others, of what they once themselves enjoyed. And sorrow flows not from the absence of those good things we have never yet experienced, but from the loss of those to which we have been accustomed. They, who are not yet by age exempted from issue, should be comforted in the hope of having more. The children yet to be born will be a private benefit to some, in causing them to forget such as no longer are, and will be a double benefit to their country, in preventing its desolation, and providing for its security. For those persons cannot in common justice be regarded as members of equal value to the public, who have no children to expose to danger for its safety. But you, whose age is already far advanced, compute the greater share of happiness your longer time hath afforded for so much gain, persuaded in yourselves the remainder will be but short, and enlighten that space by the glory gained by these. It is greatness of soul alone that never grows old; nor is it wealth that delights in the latter stage of life, as some give out, so much as honour.

To you, the sons and brothers of the deceased, whatever number of you are here, a field of hardy contention is opened. For him, who no longer is, every one is ready to commend, so that to whatever height you push your deserts, you will scarce ever be thought to equal, but to be somewhat inferior, to these. Envy will exert itself against a competitor whilst life remains; but when death stops the competition, affection will applaud without restraint.

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If, after this, it be expected from me to say any thing to you, who are now reduced to a state of widowhood, about female virtue, I shall express it all in one short admonition:—It is your greatest glory not to be deficient in the virtue peculiar to your sex, and to give the men as little handle as possible to talk of your behaviour, whether well or ill.

I have now discharged the province allotted me by the laws, and said what I thought most pertinent to this assembly. Our departed friends have by facts been already honoured. Their children, from this day till they arrive at manhood, shall be educated at the public expense of the state, which hath appointed so beneficial a meed for these, and all future relics of the public contests. For wherever the greatest rewards are proposed for virtue, there the best of patriots are ever to be found. —Now, let every one respectively indulge the decent grief for his departed friends, and then retire.

XXXVIII. *Seneca's address to Nero, complaining of the envy of his enemies, and requesting a reduction of his circumstances, that he might no longer be an object of their malignity.*

May it please the imperial majesty of Cæsar, favourably to accept the humble submissions and grateful acknowledgments of the weak though faithful guide of his youth.

It is now a great many years since I first had the honour of attending your imperial majesty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with such affluence, as has drawn upon me, what I had reason to expect, the envy of many of those persons, who are always ready to prescribe to their prince where to bestow, and where to withhold his favours. It is well known, that your illustrious ancestor, Augustus, bestowed on his deserving favourites, Agrippa and Mæcenas, honours and emoluments, suitable to the dignity of the benefactor, and to the services of the receivers: nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your impe-

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rial majesty has, indeed, been purely domestic: I have neither headed your armies, nor assisted at your councils. But you know, sir, (though there are some who do not seem to attend to it,) that a prince may be served in different ways, some more, others less conspicuous: and that the latter may be to him as valuable as the former.

"But what!" say my enemies, "shall a private person, of equestrian rank, and a provincial by birth, be advanced to an equality with the patricians? Shall an upstart, of no name nor family, rank with those who can, by the statues which make the ornament of their palaces, reckon backward a line of ancestors, long enough to tire out the fasti? Shall a philosopher who has written for others precepts of moderation, and contempt of all that is external, himself live in affluence and luxury? Shall he purchase estates and lay out money at interest? Shall he build palaces, plant gardens, and adorn a country at his own expence, and for his own pleasure?"

Cæsar has given royally, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his prince bestowed; nor did he ever ask: he is only guilty of—not refusing. Cæsar's rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to despise the envious. As the overloaded soldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burthen, so I, in this last stage of the journey of life, now that I find myself unequal to the lightest cares, beg, that Cæsar would kindly ease me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beseech him to restore to the imperial treasury, from whence it came, what is to me superfluous and cumbrous. The time and the attention, which I am now obliged to bestow upon my villa and my gardens, I shall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Cæsar is in the flower of life; long may he be equal to the toils of government! His goodness will grant to his worn-out servant leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæsar's greatness, to have it said, that he bestowed favours on some, who, so far from being intoxicated with them, shewed—that they could be happy, when (at their own request) divested of them.

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XXXIX. *Invective of L. Junius Brutus against Tarquinius.*

CITIZENS,

MY intention being to speak to you concerning necessary and glorious things, I shall first mention a few circumstances relating to myself: for to some, rather indeed to many of you, I am very well assured that I shall appear disordered in my understanding, when I, a man of an unsound mind, and who, as such, stand in need of a guardian, attempt to speak to matters of the greatest importance. Know then, that the general opinion you all entertained of me, as of a fool, was false, and contrived by me, and me alone. The fear of my life compelled me to live in a manner derogatory both to my nature and condition, though agreeable to the desire of Tarquinius, and to my own security. For Tarquinius, having put my father to death at his accession to the government, that he might possess himself of his fortunes, which were very considerable; and having privately murdered my elder brother, who would have revenged his father's death if he had not been taken off, made it plain that he did not design to spare even myself, now left destitute of my nearest relations, if I had not counterfeited folly: this disguise finding credit with the tyrant, saved me from the same treatment they had experienced, and has preserved me to this day; and having worn it five-and-twenty years, the time I wished for and expected being come, I now, for the first time, throw it off.—So much concerning myself.

As to the affairs of the public, in relation to which I called you together, this is the situation of them. Tarquinius, having possessed himself of the sovereignty, contrary to the laws and customs of this nation, which sovereignty, howsoever acquired, he has not exercised either with reputation, or in a manner suitable to the royal dignity; but has surpassed, in haughtiness and excess, all the tyrants the world ever saw; we, the patricians assembled for that purpose, have resolved to deprive him of his dignity: this ought to have been done long ago; but having now a proper opportunity to effect it, we have called you together, citizens, to the end that, after we

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have declared our own resolution, we may desire your assistance in giving liberty to our country, which we have not hitherto been able to enjoy, since Tarquinius usurped the sovereignty: neither shall we hereafter enjoy it, if, upon this occasion, we want resolution. Had I as much time as I could wish, or was to speak to those who were unacquainted with the many acts of injustice the tyrant has been guilty of, I would enumerate them all, in order to convince every one of you that he has deserved, not only one, but many deaths: but, since the time afforded me by the present situation of affairs, is short, in which few things are to be said, and many to be done, and that I am speaking to those who are acquainted with his actions, I shall put you in mind of those only that are the most considerable, and the most obvious, and admit not of the least excuse.

This is that Tarquinius, citizens, this is the man, who, before he was in possession of the sovereignty, destroyed his own brother Aruns, by poison, because he would not be wicked; in which crime he was assisted by his brother's wife, the sister of his own, whom this enemy of the gods had long before debauched: this is the man, who at the same time, and by the same poison, took off his wife, a woman of virtue, and a parent of their common children, and did not even vouchsafe to disown the imputation of both these poisonings by a mourning habit, and a short affectation of grief; but presently after he had performed these wonderful achievements, and before the fires which had received their miserable bodies were extinguished, he gave an entertainment to his friends, celebrated his nuptials, and, leading the murderess of her husband, as a bride, to the bed of her sister, performed the abominable contract he had made with her; and was the first, and the only man, who ever introduced into the city of Rome such impious and execrable crimes, unknown to any nation in the world, either Greeks or Barbarians. But, in how infamous and dreadful a manner did he treat both his father and mother-in-law, when already near their end! He murdered Servius Tullius publicly, the mildest of all your kings, the greatest benefactor to you; and would not suffer his body to be honoured with the customary rites either of a funeral, or of burial; and Tarquinia, the wife of Tullius, whom, as she

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was the sister of his father, and had always shewn great tenderness for him, he was obliged in duty to honour as his mother, he caused to be strangled, in a miserable manner, without allowing her time to mourn her dead husband, or perform the customary sacrifices for him, when buried: thus he treated those, by whom he was preserved, by whom he was educated; and whom, after their death, he was to have succeeded, if he had staid but a short time, till nature had put an end to their lives.

But why do I censure these excesses, when I have so many others to accuse him of, (besides those he has been guilty of to his relations, and to his father and mother-in-law,) which he has committed against his country, and against us all?—if they ought to be called excesses, and not the subversion and extinction of all nations and all families. First, as to the sovereignty, that I may begin with that; how did he obtain it? Did he in this follow the example of the former kings? Far from it. They were all advanced to the sovereignty by us, according to the laws and customs of this nation; first by a decree of the senate, where, by our constitution, all resolutions concerning the public affairs must first be taken; then by the creation of the interreges, to whom the senate grants the power of distinguishing among those who are worthy; and, after both these, by a vote of the people in their election of magistrates, from which vote the law requires that all affairs of the greatest moment should receive their sanction; and, in the last place, by the approbation of the auguries, without which, human diligence and foresight are of no avail. But say which of you knows any one of these things to have been observed, when Tarquinius obtained the sovereignty? What previous order of the senate? What nomination of the interreges? What vote of the people? What favourable auguries? I do not ask whether all these were observed; (though it was necessary to a regular election that nothing founded either in custom or in law, should be omitted;) but, if it can be shewn that any one of them was observed, I will be contented not to insist upon those that were omitted. How, then, did he acquire the sovereignty? By arms, by violence, and the conspiracies of

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wicked men, according to the custom of tyrants; and drew from you, instead of your consent, your indignation. But, after he had possessed himself of the sovereignty, howsoever acquired, did he use it in a manner becoming a king, in imitation of his predecessors, the whole tenor of whose words and actions tended to aggrandize the city, and leave it more flourishing to posterity than they themselves had received it? What man in his senses can say this, when he sees in how miserable and cruel a manner we have all been treated!

I shall say nothing of the calamities we, who are patricians, suffer, which even our enemies could not hear without tears; since, from a numerous body, we are reduced to a few; from splendour to obscurity; and from affluent prosperity, to poverty, and extreme want. Of all those illustrious men, those formidable warriors, and great statesmen, by whose means our city once flourished, some are put to death, and others banished. But what is your condition, plebeians? Has not Tarquinius taken away your laws? Has he not abolished your meetings, on account of religion and sacrifices? Has he not put an end to your elections of magistrates, to your right of voting, and to your assemblies for the affairs of the public? Does he not force you, like slaves purchased with money, to labour in a shameful manner, to cut stones, saw timber, carry burthens, and waste your strength in deep pits and subterraneous caverns, without allowing you the least respite from your miseries? What, then, will be the end of our calamities? How long shall we submit to these things? And when shall we recover our native liberty? When Tarquinius dies? —To be sure! Shall we be in a better condition then? Shall we not be in a worse? for, instead of one Tarquinius, we shall have three; all far more abominable than their father. Since he, who, from a private man, became a tyrant, and began late to be wicked, is a perfect master in all tyrannical mischief; what kind of men may we expect these will prove, who are sprung from him; whose race is wicked, whose education is wicked, and who never had an opportunity of seeing or hearing any action that had the appearance of liberty or moderation? To this end, therefore, you may not guess at their accursed natures, but know with certainty what kind of

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whelps the tyranny of Tarquinius nurses up for your destruction, behold the action of one of them, the eldest of the three.

This lady is the daughter of Spurius Lucretius, whom the tyrant, when he went to the war, appointed governor of the city; and the wife of Tarquinius Collatinus, a relation of the tyrant's, who has undergone many hardships for their sakes. This lady, who desired to preserve her virtue, and loved her husband, as becomes a good wife, Sextus being last night entertained at her house, as a relation, and Collatinus then absent, and in the camp, could not escape the ungovernable insolence of the tyranny; but, like a captive, under the power of necessity, submitted to those things that ought not to be offered to a woman of free condition. Resenting this usage, and looking upon the abuse as intolerable, she acquainted her father, and the rest of her relations, with the necessity she had been reduced to; and having intreated and conjured them all, in the most earnest manner, to revenge the indignity she had suffered, she drew the dagger she had concealed in her bosom, and, in her father's sight, citizens, plunged it in her own bowels! O thou admirable woman! great are the praises you deserve for your generous resolution! You are gone—you are dead; you were unable to bear the tyrannical insult, and despised all the pleasures of life, to avoid being any longer exposed to the like abuse. After this, Lucretia, when you, who were formed a *woman*, have shewn the resolution of a brave *man*, shall we, who were born men, shew less courage than women? To you, after you were deprived of your spotless chastity, through force, by the tyranny of one night, death appeared more amiable, and to promise greater happiness than life; and shall not we adopt the same sentiments, whom Tarquinius, not by a tyranny of one day only, but of twenty-five years, has deprived of all the pleasures of life, in depriving us of our liberty? We cannot live under these miseries, citizens; we, who are the descendants of those men who thought themselves worthy to give laws to others, and exposed themselves to many dangers for the sake of power and fame: so that we have all no other choice, than that of life with liberty, or of death with glory. For the opportunity we wished for now presents itself: Tarqui-

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nius is absent from the city, the patricians are the authors of the enterprise,—and no want of any thing, if we enter upon the action with alacrity; not of men, money, arms, generals, nor of any other military preparation; for the city is full of all these. Consider, then, what a shame it would be for us, who aim at giving laws to the *Volsci*, the *Sabines*, and several other nations, to suffer ourselves to be the slaves of others; and to undertake many wars, to gratify the ambition of Tarquinius, and not one to recover our own liberty.

What support, therefore, what assistance can we promise ourselves in this enterprise? This remains to be explained. Our first support is derived from a dependance upon the gods, whose religion, temples, and altars, Tarquinius pollutes with hands stained with blood, and defiled with all the crimes he has committed against his subjects, every time he begins the sacrifices and libation. The next flows from our dependance upon ourselves, who are neither few in number, nor unskilled in war. Besides these advantages, we may expect the assistance of our allies; who, while they are not called upon by us, think it improper to enter into our affairs; but, if they see us acting the part of brave men, will cheerfully assist us in the war: for tyranny is odious to all who desire to be free. But, if any of you are afraid, lest the citizens who are in the camp with Tarquinius, should assist him, and make war upon us, they have no reason for that fear: for the tyranny is grievous to them also; and the desire of liberty is implanted by nature in the minds of all men, and every pretence for a change is sufficient for those who are compelled to bear hardships; and if you, by your votes, order them to assist their country, neither fear, nor favour, nor any other motives, that compel or persuade men to commit injustice, will retain them with the tyrants. But if the love of tyranny is rooted in any of them, through an evil disposition, or a corrupt education, as they certainly are not many, we will apply, even to these men, motives of so great force, as to transform them from wicked to good citizens: for we have here their children, wives, and parents, as hostages, which are dearer to every man than his own life: by engaging to restore these to them, if they will desert the tyrant, and by passing a vote for the

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impunity of the crimes they have been guilty of, we shall easily prevail upon them to join us. March, therefore, citizens, with confidence, and hopes of success, to this action, the most glorious you were ever engaged in. To your assistance, therefore, O gods of our ancestors! the propitious guardians of this land;—to yours, O genii! to whom the care of our fathers was allotted;—and to yours, O Rome! the most favoured by the gods of all other cities, in which we received our birth and education, we dedicate our counsels, our words, our actions, and our lives; ready to suffer every thing that heaven and fate shall decree. But I foresee that glorious enterprise will be crowned with success. May all here present, emboldened with the same confidence, and united in the same sentiments, both preserve you, and be preserved by you!

XI. *From the funeral Oration of Lysias, in praise of the Athenians, who fell in assisting the Corinthians, during their war with Lacedæmon.*

If it were within the reach of eloquence to do justice to the merit of those who lie here interred, the state, doubtless, would be blameable in allowing to the orators only a few days for their preparation. But since it is altogether impossible to compose a discourse adequate to so glorious a theme, I must rather admire the moderation of our magistrates, who by assigning a short time for the execution of a task which could never be completely accomplished, have thus endeavoured to save the reputation of the speakers, and to cover them from a multitude of reproaches. It is my ambition, therefore, to rival, not the glory which your warriors have acquired, but the eloquence with which your orators have displayed it. The actions of the former afford a subject of panegyric which all the praises of the latter can never fully exhaust; in every age, over seas and land, wherever mankind, subject to calamity and affliction, stand in need of tender sympathy and generous assistance, the virtues of the humane and the brave will be admired; their exploits will be recorded, and their name and glory will

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remain. But before I endeavour to do justice to such as have lately aspired at so distinguished a renown, I must, according to custom, relate the ancient dangers of our forefathers, not drawing my information from written record, but from venerable traditionary fame, treasured in the heart and memory of every good citizen. It is the duty of all mankind to be mindful of our ancestors, to celebrate them with odes, to extol them with panegyrics, to honour them especially on such occasions as the present, that by praising the actions of the dead they may excite the virtues of the living.

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But it is difficult for one speaker to do justice to so extensive a subject, or properly to describe in one day the accumulated glory of ages. For what time, what orator, or what panegyric is sufficient to display the virtue of those who lie interred here? By the most daring and splendid attempts, and with infinite fatigue and danger, they acquired liberty to Greece, and preeminence for Athens. During seventy years in which they continued masters of the sea, the fruits of their superiority were most conspicuous. No seditions in the Grecian cities; no attempts on the liberty of their allies; no state, I may say no individual, was allowed to dominere over his neighbour, but all were compelled to enjoy equal freedom and independence. They pursued no narrow scheme for augmenting their relative strength, but invigorating the absolute and common strength of Greece, displayed it before the tyrant of Asia, now no longer intoxicated with his plans of ambition, but resigning part of his dominions, and trembling for the remainder. During all this period no Persian vessel appeared in our seas; no tyrant reigned in Greece, no city was enslaved by the barbarians. Such was the moderation or respect with which the virtue of the Athenians inspired their neighbours; and so well did their justice deserve that superiority which their valour had acquired.

Even their misfortunes afford additional evidence of their merit. The loss of the Athenian fleet in the Hellespont, whether through the fault of the commanders, or by a fatality of circumstances, was equally felt over all

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Greece, the general safety of which seemed inseparably connected with the fortune of one state: for, soon after this miscarriage, the command of Greece was committed to other hands, and new leaders were appointed. These were worsted in a sea-engagement by an enemy who formerly had been compelled to abandon that element. The barbarians pass over, without opposition, into Europe; the face of Greece is changed and disfigured; its citizens carried into slavery, or subjected to tyrants at home. It becomes Greece to wear ensigns of mourning, and to pour forth her lamentations at this tomb. Here was her liberty interred with these victims. How unfortunate was she in losing them? How happy was the Persian monarch in having new leaders to contend with? Deprived of such friends, Greece had nothing left but the gloomy prospect of servitude; delivered from such enemies, the monarch of Persia saw his views of ambition open before him, and he was once more elevated with the proud hopes of executing his father's designs.

Nor, as citizens or as men, must we forget that band of patriots, who reviving our political constitution at the peril of their lives, re-established the democracy. Not compelled by law, but persuaded by reason, they marched forth into the Pireum, and maintaining the character of their ancestors, by preferring freedom and death, to life and slavery, they rendered the government, then engrossed by a few, a common good in which all the citizens were concerned. The injustice of their adversaries did not more excite their resentment, than their own wretched condition roused their indignation; and deprived of the first right of humanity, they determined to regain it, or to perish in the attempt. Virtuous oaths and engagements were their only allies, but added to their ancient and inveterate foes they had their fellow citizens to contend with. The sepulchres of the Lacedæmonians still remaining on the spot, are monuments of that victory, by which union and tranquillity were restored to a state, torn by seditions; by which a city, naked and defenceless, was fortified and secured; by which Athens, who had sunk into contempt, reassumed her former rank, and made good her former pretensions.

The same generous principles which had engaged the Athenians to undertake this expedition, still actuated

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those who survived it. Reinstated in the rank of citizens, their desires were gratified. They did not persecute their enemies with an unrelenting hatred, but, determined never to yield to the slavery to which these had basely submitted, they invited them to share the freedom which they themselves had so gloriously acquired.

The success of the present enterprize proves, that it was neither from their own misconduct, nor the valour of their foes, that the past misfortunes of this state had proceeded. If, while divided by factions at home, and surrounded by dangers from abroad, they yet made their way into the bosom of their country, notwithstanding the opposition of the Peloponnesians: how weak must this opposition have proved had they been united among themselves? But their virtue surely deserves immortal honour, and must excite the emulation of the brave in all succeeding ages.

Neither ought we to forget those strangers who fought in the cause of freedom, thinking virtue their native inheritance, and dying with so much glory, that they were lamented in public, buried at the expense of the state, and thought worthy to be afterwards distinguished with honours till then reserved for the citizens.

The Athenians now buried, fell in a similar cause, but still more glorious. They perished for the liberties of those who hated them. They assisted the Corinthians, their inveterate foes, when abandoned by their ancient allies, and endangered in their freedom. While the Lacedæmonians envied the prosperity of their friends, these generous Athenians pitied the distress of their enemies, and even died to relieve them. Not regarding their ancient variance with Corinth, or the injuries received from that state, they took the field in order that the Corinthians, instead of being subject to the yoke of Lacedæmon, might share in the liberties of Athens. To men actuated by so generous a motive, death was disarmed of all its terrors, dying or living their condition was worthy of envy. Early instructed in the glory of their ancestors, they shewed themselves determined to maintain it; and repairing by their present valour, the effects of past miscarriages, and removing the danger at a distance from their country, they died, as brave men ought, leaving trophies to the public, but woes to their kindred. It be-

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comes us then to honour the dead, and to lament the living. For what pleasure, what consolation remains to them? They are deprived of those who loved them, but who, preferring virtue to every connexion, have left them fatherless, widowed, and forlorn. Of all their relations, the children too young to feel their loss, are least to be lamented; but most of all the parents, who are too old ever to forget it. They nourished and brought up children to be the comforts of their age, but of these, in the decline of life, they are deprived, and with them of all their hopes. What can be more miserable? Is not death only to be wished for? Their children, who formerly rendered them the objects of envy, now render them the objects of compassion. The height of their merit, in which they used to glory, now plunges them into deeper distress. What circumstances can put a period to their sorrows?—When the state is unfortunate; public calamities will be added to private woes—When the state is successful; others will enjoy the fruits of their children's virtues.—In private dangers, the friends of their prosperity will avoid sharing in their wretchedness; and their enemies, swollen with insolence, will triumph in their misfortunes. We shall best honour the dead, then, by extending our protection to the living. We must assist and defend their widows, protect and honour their parents, embrace and cherish their orphans. Who deserve more honour than the dead? Who are entitled to more sympathy than their kindred?

XLI. *Invective of Marcus Æmilius Lepidus against Sylla.*

When I reflect, Romans, upon that clemency and probity of yours which have exalted you to the highest pitch of greatness and renown, over the face of the whole world, and, at the same time, carry my views to the usurpation of *Sylla*, I am filled with the utmost dread and horror: for I am apprehensive that your backwardness to believe any one guilty of such crimes as you cannot think of without the highest abhorrence, will lead you unawares into a fatal snare (especially since he

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places all his confidence in treachery and dissimulation, and draws his whole security from a persuasion, that if your apprehensions of him fall short of the blackness of his designs, he may thence be enabled to reduce you to so low a condition, as to give up the defence of your liberty);—or, if you should foresee the dangers that threaten you, I am afraid you will be more engaged in guarding against them, than in executing vengeance upon the authors of them.

The instruments of his dominion are not only men of rank and figure, but such as have before them worthy examples of illustrious ancestors to copy after:—and yet these very men are now purchasing the power of tyrannising over you, at the expense of their own liberty; and choose those conditions upon injurious terms, rather than freedom under the best system of equal laws.—Amazing degeneracy and baseness!—The illustrious offspring of the Emilii, the Bruti, and the Lutatii, born to demolish the virtuous acquisitions of their brave ancestors! For what was their motive to take up arms against Pyrrhus, against Hannibal and Antiochus, but the defence of liberty, and the secure enjoyment of each Roman's property,—and that the laws only, and not the will of any one man, might be the controller of our actions? But all these advantages this outrageous plunderer,—this Romulus, detains as a prey taken from a foreign foe;—and, unsatiated as he is with the destruction of so many armies, the slaughter of a consul and other commanders, who fell the victims of his triumphant arms, his successes add fuel to his rage,—contrary to other conquerors, whose prosperous fortune generally melts their fury into pity and compassion.—And yet he stops not here:—he has even decreed punishments to children yet unborn, whose unhappy lot it is, to have their misery fixed and determined before their birth. A singular instance of cruelty, not to be met with in any of the histories of mankind!—And this savage oppressor exults and rages hitherto with impunity;—impunity derived only from the enormous flagrancy of his crimes: whilst you are deterred from vindicating your liberty, by the impotent fear of adding to the weight of your bondage. But such apprehensions must not discourage Romans;—you must rouse to action, and resist the

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usurpation, or all you have will become the spoil of this oppressor:—think not of delay,—nor expect relief from prayers or wishes. But perhaps you flatter yourselves that now, at last, satiated with power, or ashamed of his tyranny, he will tamely resign what he has violently ravished from you.—Sylla resign!—that is too dangerous a step for him to take, who has proceeded so far as to esteem no measures glorious, but what conduce to his safety, and to account every action honourable, that can any way support his tyranny: from him, therefore, it is in vain to expect that sweet tranquillity and peace, which, when attended with liberty, many virtuous men prefer to the blaze of honours, acquired by a life of hurry and fatigue. Such is now your situation, my countrymen, that you must either resolve to hold the reigns of government, or submit to the yoke of slavery; —either awe and terrify your opposer, or be awed and terrified by him. What else remains?—Is there any thing, human or divine, that has escaped his pollution? —The people of Rome, not long since lords of the world, now robbed of their authority, their dignity and jurisdiction, reduced as they are to a state of insignificancy and contempt, are denied that small pittance of corn which is the usual allowance of slaves. Our numerous allies and friends of *Latium* are, by the tyranny of a single person, bereft of those privileges of Roman citizens which you thought fit to confer upon them, for their great services and brave exploits: and the minions of his power have seized, as the reward of their villainy, the paternal inheritances of the unoffending plebeians. Behold all law, all jurisdiction, the revenue, the provinces, and tributary kings, all brought under the sovereign arbitration of one man! Nay, even the life and death of every citizen are at his absolute disposal; and you have seen him offering human victims, and, at the tomb of his deceased friends, shedding the blood of Roman citizens.—

Are you men?—What then remains but resolutely to exterminate the tyranny, or bravely die in the virtuous attempt? since, by the decree of nature, all must die at last; nor can even bulwarks of iron secure us from the stroke of death; and none but a dastard, of the most effeminate spirit, would tamely yield to the extremity of

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misery, without making some effort to repel the calamity.

But whilst I lament to see my country become the spoil of a faction, Sylla represents me as a seditious man; he tells you that I love discord, and would promote wars and tumults:—and he has this reason for it, because I demand the restitution of the laws of peace!—Yes, it must be so; because there is no other way left to secure your authority, but to permit Vettius Picens, and Cornelius the scribe, with infamous profusion, to squander the substance which others have acquired with honour and reputation,—to give your approbation of the proscriptions of citizens, guiltless of all crimes, but that of having an affluent fortune,—to allow the torturing of so many illustrious men, the depopulation of the city by banishment and slaughter, and the exposing to sale the wealth of the miserable citizens; or lavishly bestow it on his creatures, as was the spoil taken from the people of Cimbria.

He farther objects against me, that I myself am in possession of a share of the goods of the proscribed.—Yes, I am:—but, that I am, is one of the highest instances of his tyranny;—for neither could I, nor any other Roman, have been secure, if, in this case, we had strictly adhered to the rules of equity. However, those things which, under the awe of his tyranny, I was constrained to purchase, I am ready to restore to the lawful owners: for it is far from my intention to enrich myself with the spoils of my fellow-citizens.—No;—let it suffice, that we have endured other dire effects of our tumultuous rage and infatuations:—Roman legions encountering Roman legions; and those weapons which were before employed only against foreign foes, now turned against ourselves. It is time, at last, to close the scene, and put an end to this tragical outrage and villainy.—But, tragical as it is, Sylla is so far from feeling any remorse, that he glories in the perpetration of it; and wants only more power, to proceed to higher acts of tyranny. But it is not so much my concern what opinion you entertain of his character; my fear is, lest you should want resolution to exert yourselves speedily; and, whilst you look upon each other in doubt and suspense, to see who will lead to the onset, you should

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unhappily be anticipated; not so much by his superior strength, which is greatly impaired, as through your own indolence and inactivity; and so fall absolutely under his power, before you attempt to reduce him under yours, and even before he has the confidence to flatter himself with the hopes of such success. For, except a few corrupted minions of his power, *who* approves of his measures? Nay, *who* does not wish a total change and revolution, except in that one instance of the spoils of victory?—The soldiers, perhaps you will say.—Yes, the soldiers, doubtless, whose blood was spilt to enrich Tarrula and Scyrrus, the vilest of slaves! Or, will those espouse his interest, to whom, in competition for magistracy, even Fusidius was by him preferred?—Fusidius, that detestable pathic, that infamous disgrace to every high office to which he has been elevated. These reflections give me room to hope for assistance from the victorious troops, who must at length be sensible, that they have got nothing by a long scene of hardships, by all their wounds and bruises, but an oppressive tyrant: unless they will say that they took the field to demolish the tribunitial power, that very power raised and supported by the virtue of their ancestors; or to divest themselves of all jurisdiction and authority.—Gloriously, indeed, they were recompensed for their past services, when, sent back to their woods and morasses, all the portion they could obtain was hatred and reproach, whilst the spoils of conquest were engrossed by a few!—

How comes it, then, that such numbers follow him; that he still appears with an exulting spirit, and confident mien?—How!—because success palliates his villainy. The moment fortune turns against him, he will become as much the object of contempt, as he is now of terror. There can be no other reason, unless his declaration of establishing peace and harmony; for those specious names has he given to treachery and parricide.—Nay, he has the assurance to affirm, that the Romans can never see an end of their civil wars, unless the expulsion of the plebeians from their paternal inheritances, the most cruel of all depredations that can be committed upon fellow-citizens, be confirmed;—unless all that judicial power and authority, which was once lodged in the Roman people, be vested in himself alone.—If you

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allow *this* to be establishing peace and harmony, why, then, give your assent to every method of embarrassing the commonwealth;—then, approve its downfall;—tamely submit to the terms of an imperious master;—embrace this peaceable settlement, on the easy condition of bondage and servility;—and, by no means, let posterity want a precedent to instruct them, how the people of Rome may be so wrought upon, as to purchase their own ruin with the price of their own blood!—

For myself, though the high authority with which I am invested, is sufficient to support the honour of my family, my own dignity, and the protection of my person; yet never has it been the aim and intention of my life, to pursue my own private interest only:—the liberty of my country, though attended with perils, is to me far more inviting, than a state of subjection, with all its allurements of tranquillity.

And, if now, my countrymen, you approve of my sentiments, come on;—and, with the help of the propitious gods, rise up and follow your chief;—follow Marcus Æmilius, your consul, and he will shew you the way to recover your liberty!—

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PART II.

DELIBERATIVE.

I. *Falconbridge encouraging King John to resist invasion.*

But wherefore do ye droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh! let it not be said!—Forage and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley and base truce
To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
A wicker'd silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

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II. *Lord Clifford exhorting Henry the Sixth to protect his crown, and transmit it to his son.*

My gracious liege, this too much lenity,
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd into their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault?
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
"What my great grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away"?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

III. *Henry the Fifth exhorting his Soldiers.*

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!
Or close the wall up with the English dead:

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In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of tigers;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood;
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height!—On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is set from fathers of war proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those whom you call'd fathers, did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit: and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

IV. *Duke of Vienna to Angelo, inculcating public virtue.*

ANGELO,

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste

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Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth with us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature ever lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise.
Hold, therefore, Angelo.
In our remove be thou at full ourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary;
Take thy commission.

V. *The Bishop of Carlisle dissuading the deposition of King Richard, and the crowning of Bolingbroke.*

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobleness would
Teach him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That in a christian climate, souls refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven, thus boldly for his king.

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My lord Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act:
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's sculls.
O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth;
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest children's children cry against you—woe!

VI. *Volumnia exhorting her son Coriolanus, to sooth and please the Plebeians.*

Pray, be counsel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.
You are too absolute:
Though therein you can never be too noble.
But when extremities speak, I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there?
If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which for your best ends,
You adopt as policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?
Now it lies with you to speak to the people:
Not by your own instruction, nor by the matter
Which your heart prompts you to; but with such words

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That are but roasted on your tongue, but bastards and
syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.———
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends, at stake, required
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles:
And you will rather shew our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.
I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)
Thy knee bussing the stone, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
With often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves: but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.
Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although I know, thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower.

VII. *The Prince of Verona exhorting old Capulet and Montague to restore the peace.*

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—

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That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast up their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate;
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

VIII. *Wolsey's advice to Cromwell, how to rise without ambition.*

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman,
Let's dry our eyes. And thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.

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Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!
My robe
And my integrity to heaven, are all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell! Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

IX. *French King's advice to Bertram, not to despise virtue and merit, though unallied to hereditary honours.*

'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so.
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignifi'd by the doer's deed:
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name: vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire. Honours best thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave
Debauch'd on ev'ry tomb; on ev'ry grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion are the tomb

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Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she,
Be her own dower: honour and wealth, from me.

X. *Hamlet's instruction to the Players.*

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robusteous perriwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod:—pray you avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as it were the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, (not to speak it profanely,) that neither having the accent of christian, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

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And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered. That is villainous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool who uses it.

XI. *Polonius to Laertes.*

THERE,—my blessings with you;
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee.

XII. *The Countess Roussillon to her son Bertram.*

BE thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners as in shape! Thy blood and virtue

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Contend for empire in thee! and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all; trust a few;
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.

XIII. *Exiled Duke's encouragement to exiles.*

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,—
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

XIV. *Friar Lawrence dissuading Romeo from committing suicide.*

Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:

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Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself;
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which like an usurer abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in the skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there too art thou happy:
A pack of blessings light upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But like a mis'hav'd and a sullen wench
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence, and comfort her;
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.

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XV. *Norfolk's advice to the Duke of Buckingham, to restrain resentment.*

I ADVISE you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
Your enemy's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he is revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge; it's long, and it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.
Let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.
Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd;
I say again, there is no English soul
Who's stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

XVI. *John of Gaunt encouraging his son Bolingbroke going into banishment.*

ALL places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;

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There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee;
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee: or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

XVII. *Cato's senate.*

Cato. FATHERS, we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him Rome: Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Lybia's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still fix'd
To hold it out and fight to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

Sempronius. My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slav'ry or death?
No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,

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Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! The corpse of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up for shame! Our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us!

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides:
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence entrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Lucius. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows, and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half-unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge, and wild despair,)
Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
Already have we shewn our love to Rome,
Now let us shew submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,

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But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further use: our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably shed; what men could do
Is done already: heav'n and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour, oft
Conceal a traitor——Something whispers me
All is not right——Cato, beware of Lucius.

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;
Immod'rate valour swells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desp'rate; we have bulwarks round us:
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last.
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Marcus. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius
The Roman knight: he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.
Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

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Enter Decius.

Decius. Cæsar sends health to Cato———
Cato. Could he send it
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?
Decius. My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.
Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato? Bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life, which he has power to offer.
Decius. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her gen'rals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?
Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd forbid it.
Decius. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend;
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours.
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.
Cato. No more:
I must not think of life on such conditions.
Decius. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.
Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.
Decius. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—
Cato. Nay more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from his people.
Decius. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

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Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.
Decius. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?
Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he 's a friend to virtue.
Decius. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.
Cato. Let him consider that who drives us hither.
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou 'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and covered with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar!
Decius. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares and proffer'd friendship?
Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul?
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.
Decius. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction:
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears.

XVIII. *Orestes' embassy to Pyrrhus.*

Before I speak the message of the Greeks,
Permit me, sir, to glory in the title
Of their embassador; since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' son.
Nor does the son rise short of such a father:
If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.

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But what your father never would have done,
You do. You cherish the remains of Troy;
And, by an ill-timed pity, keep alive
The dying embers of a ten-years' war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks remember his high brandish'd sword,
That fill'd their states with widows and with orphans;
For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove? Who knows
But he may brave us in our ports; and, fill'd
With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze?
You may yourself live to repent your mercy.
Comply, then, with the Grecians' just demands:
Satiate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.

Pyrr. The Greeks are for my safety more concern'd
Than I desire. I thought your kings were met
On more important counsel. When I heard
The name of their embassador, I hop'd
Some glorious enterprise was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's son dispatch'd for this?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renown'd in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate
To plot an infant's death?—What right has Greece
To ask his life! must I, must I alone,
Of all her sceptered warriors, be deny'd
To treat my captive as I please! Know, prince,
When Troy lay smoking on the ground, and each
Proud victor shar'd the harvest of the war,
Andromache, and this her son, were mine;
Were mine by lot, and who shall wrest them from me?
Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen;
Cassandra was your own great father's prize:
Did I concern myself in what they won?
Did I send embassies to claim their captives?

Orestes. But, sir, we fear for you and for ourselves.
Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes——

Pyrrhus. Let dastard souls be timorously wise:
But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
Far-fancy'd ills, and dangers out of sight.

Ores. Sir, call to mind the unrivall'd strength of Troy;
Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass;
Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies!

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Pyrrhus. I call them all to mind; and see them all
Confus'd in dust; all mix'd in one wide ruin;
All but a child, and he in bondage held.
What vengeance can we fear from such a Troy?
If they have sworn to extinguish Hector's race,
Why was their vow for twelve long months defer'd?
Why was he not in Priam's bosom slain?
He should have fall'n among the slaughter'd heaps
Whelm'd under Troy. His death had then been just,
When age with infancy, alike in vain
Pleaded their weakness; when the heat of conquest,
And horrors of the fight, rous'd all our rage,
And blindly hurry'd us through scenes of death.
My fury then was without bounds: but now,
My wrath appeas'd, must I be cruel still,
And, deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood—
An infant's blood?—No, prince—Go, bid the Greeks
Mark out some other victim; my revenge
Has had its fill. What has escap'd from Troy
Shall not be sav'd to perish in Epirus.

Orestes. I need not tell you, sir, Astyanax
Was doom'd to death in Troy; nor mention how
The crafty mother sav'd her darling son:
The Greeks do now but urge their former sentence:
Nor is 't the boy, but Hector they pursue;
The father draws the vengeance on the son:
The father, who so oft in Grecian blood
Has drench'd his sword: the father, whom the Greeks
May seek even here.——Prevent them, sir, in time.

Pyrrhus. No! let them come; since I was born to wage
Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
On him, who conquer'd for them: let them come,
And in Epirus seek another Troy.
'Twas thus they recompens'd my godlike sire;
Thus was Achilles thank'd. But, prince, remember,
Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.

Orestes. Shall Greece then find a rebel son in Pyrrhus?

Pyrrhus. Have I then conquer'd to depend on Greece?

Orestes. Hermione will sway your soul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt your father and yourself:
Her beauty will enforce my embassy.

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Pyrrhus. Hermione may have her charms, and I
May love her still, tho' not her father's slave.
I may in time give proofs that I am a lover;
But never must forget that I am a king.
Meanwhile, sir, you may see fair Helen's daughter:
I know how near in blood you stand ally'd.
That done, you have my answer, prince. The Greeks,
No doubt, expect your quick return.

XIX. *Satan's speech to his Angels at the opening the debate in Pandæmonium.*

Pow'rs and dominions! deities of heaven!
For (since no deep within her gulph can hold
Celestial vigour, though oppress and fallen)
I give not heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues *rising* will appear
More glorious, and more dread, than from *no fall*,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of heav'n,
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what beside, in council, or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit; yet this loss
Thus far, at least, recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe, un-envied throne
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the thund'rer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain. With this advantage then
To union and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper, than prosperity
Could have assur'd us, and by what best way,
Whether of open war, or covert guile,
We now debate. Who can advise, may speak.

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XX. *Moloch's oration for war.*

My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need; or when they need; not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay! No,—let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder; and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels: and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments.—But perhaps
The way seems difficult, and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low?—Th' ascent is easy then:—
Th' event is fear'd:—should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd.—What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge

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Inexorable, and the torturing hour
Call us to penance?—More destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we then?—what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the height enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being;
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are, at worst,
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroad to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

XXI. *The speech of Belial dissuading war.*

I SHOULD be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate, if what were urg'd
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me more, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge?—The tow'rs of heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft on the bord'ring deep
Encamp their legions: or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realms of night,
Scorning surprise.—Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels, all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heav'n's purest light; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would, on his throne,
Sit unpolluted; and th' etherial mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,

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Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair; we must exasperate
Th' almighty victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure
To be no more.—Sad cure!—for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,—
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide tomb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion?—And who knows
(Let this be good) whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless?—"Wherefore cease we then?"
Say they, "who counsel war; we are decreed,
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe:
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?" Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursu'd and struck
With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds! or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awak'd, should blow them into sev'nfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impending horrors, threatning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,

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Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeless end?—this would be worse.
War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades.

XXII. *Old Nestor's speech, endeavouring to reconcile Achilles and Agamemnon.*

Ye gods! great sorrow falls on Greece to-day.
Priam, and Priam's sons, with all in Troy—
Oh how will they exult, what triumph feel,
Once hearing of this strife aris'n between
The prime of Greece in council and in arms.
But be persuaded; ye are younger both
Than I, and I was conversant of old
With princes your superiors, yet from them
No disrespect at any time received.
Their equals saw I never; never shall;
Pirithous, Dryas, godlike Polypheme,
Exadius, Cæneus, and the hero son
Of Ægeus, mighty Theseus; warriors, all,
In force superior to the race of man.
Brave chiefs they were, and with brave foes they fought,
With the rude dwellers on the mountain-heights
The Centaurs, whom with havock such as fame
Shall never cease to celebrate, they slew.
With these men I consorted erst, what time
From Pylus, though a land from theirs remote,
They call'd me forth, and such as was my strength,
With all that strength I serv'd them. Who is he?
What prince or chief of the degen'rate race
Now seen on earth, who might with these compare?
Yet even these would listen to my voice,
Which hear ye also; for compliance proves
Ofttimes the safer and the manlier course.
Thou, Agamemnon, valiant as thou art,
Seize not the maid, his portion from the Greeks,
But leave her his; nor thou, Achilles, strive
With our imperial chief; for never king
Had equal honour at the hands of Jove
With Agamemnon, nor was thron'd so high.

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Say thou art stronger, and art goddess-born.
How then? His territory passes thine,
And he is lord of thousands more than thou.
Cease therefore, Agamemnon; calm thy wrath;
And it shall be mine office to entreat
Achilles also to a calm, whose might
The chief munition is of all our host.

XXIII. *Agamemnon's artful speech, proposing a return, in order to try the disposition of the army.*

Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Mars!
Hard is my lot, entangled as I am
By unpropitious Jove. He promised once,
And with a sign, that Troy should be our own;
But now, (that promise void) he sends me back
To Greece, ashamed and with diminish'd pow'rs.
So stands his sov'reign pleasure, who hath laid
Many a proud citadel in dust, and more
Hereafter shall, resistless in his might.
That such a numerous host of Greeks as we,
Warring with fewer than ourselves, should find
No fruit of all our toil, (and none appears,)
Will make us vile with ages yet to come.
For should we now swear truce, till Greece and Troy
Might number each her own, and were the Greeks
Distributed in bands, ten Greeks in each,
Our banded decads should exceed so far
Their units, that all Troy could not supply
For ev'ry ten, a man, to fill us wine;
So far the Grecians, in my thought, surpass
The native Trojans. But her walls include
Still others—men from various cities call'd,
Who much impede me, and defeat my wish
To desolate her streets with sword and fire.
Nine years have also pass'd, nine years complete;
Our ships are rotted, and our tackle marred,
And all our wives and little ones at home
Sit watching our return; meantime, the work
That brought us, is a work still unperform'd.
Accept ye then my counsel. Let us hence—

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Hence to our country—since in vain we wait
The fall of Troy, not yet to be subdu'd.

XXIV. *Mutinous harangue of Thersites.*

Whereof complains, what wants Atrides now?
Thy tents are fill'd with treasure, and contain
The choicest damsels, giv'n thee by the Greeks,
And taken in the towns that we have won.
Or is more gold thy wish? A ransom brought
By some rich Trojan for his son's release,
Whom I, or other valiant Greek may bind?
Or yet some new Chryseis, to be thine,
And thine for ever? Our Supreme, methinks,
Ought not have caus'd us that accursed plague.
Oh nerveless things! mere women as we are!
Why launch we not our barks, and leave him here
To brood his hoards alone, that he may learn
The value of a chief without his host?
For he hath dared to irritate a man
Far braver than himself, whose lovely prize
He even now detains. But as for *him*,
He sleeps; Achilles is an easy man
And gall hath none within him, or his hand
Would make this contumelious wrong thy last.

XXV. *Ulysses' indignant rebuke of Thersites.*

Thersites! railer!—peace—nor deem thyself,
Although thus eloquent, alone excused
The def'rence due to kings. Thou, least of all
Atrides' followers, being, as thou art,
So far the worst of all, shouldst dare to sport
With royal names, or take them on thy lips.
Nor art thou worthier to appoint the Greeks
Their time to voyage home. How soon, how late,
With what success, at last, we shall return,
Is dark and doubtful to the wisest here.
And whence thy spleen? and wherefore from thy seat

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Hast thou reviled the king? It is because
The Grecians nobly recompense his toils.
But mark me. If I find thee yet again
Raving and foaming at the lips as now,
May never man behold Ulysses' head
On these my shoulders more, and may my son
Prove the begotten of another sire,
If I not strip thee to that hide of thine
As bare as thou wast born, and whip thee hence
Home to thy galley, snivelling like a boy.

XXVI. *Agamemnon's reply to Nestor, his generous confession, and his spirited address.*

Oldest, and worthiest of Achaia's sons
To be consulted! Oh—I would to heav'n
That I had ten, in council wise as thou,
Then, soon should Priam's royal city fall,
And yield her spoils to our victorious hands.
But Jove afflicts me. From Saturnian Jove
My doom is altercation to no end;
Thence came, between Achilles and myself
That fiery clash of words, a girl the cause,
Myself aggressor.—Once that breach repair'd,
Troy's long reprieve thenceforth is at an end.
Go—take refreshment now, that we may march
Forth to our enemies. Let each whet well
His spear, brace well his shield, well feed his brisk
High-mettled horses, well survey and search
His chariot on all sides, that no defect
Disgrace his bright habiliments of war.
So will we give the day from morn to eve
To dreadful battle. Pause there shall be none
Till night divide us. Ev'ry buckler's thong
Shall sweat on the toil'd bosom, every hand
That shakes the spear shall ache, and every steed
Shall smoke that whirls the chariot o'er the plain.
Woe then to whom I shall discover here
Loitering among the tents; none such with ease
Shall 'scape due punishment. The vulture's maw
Shall have his carcase, and the dogs his bones.

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XXVII. *Hector's reprehension of Paris for avoiding Menelaus.*

Paris! poor maniac, bound in woman's chains,
Of matchless form, but false as thou art fair,
Oh that thy birth had fail'd, or that thy death
Had barr'd thy nuptials! thou hadst then escap'd
This ignominious gaze, this public shame.
Vain wish! but kind as can be felt for *thee.*
How loud the Grecians laugh! thy noble form
Promis'd them deeds as noble; but thy mind
Ill suits it, timid, feminine and frail.
Couldst thou be such, yet traverse, with thy friends,
The billowy deep into a foreign land,
Feast with the natives, bring the beauteous bride
Of valiant princes hither, and in her
Grief to thy father, mischief to us all,
Shame to thyself, and triumph to us our foes?
And dar'st not meet him? Ah! thou shouldst have known
How brave a chief thou didst not fear to wrong;
And that thy lyre, and all thy specious gifts
From Venus' hand, bright locks and beauteous form,
Would lose their charms once mingled with the dust.
A slavish awe restrains them, or the host
This moment, to requite thy many crimes,
Would new-attire thee in a suit of stone.

XXVIII. *Paris' reply to Hector.*

Hector! I merit it; thy blame is just;
And thy own heart is like the temper'd axe
That in the shipwright's hand divides the plank
Not else divisible. The steel defies
All opposition, and all danger thou.
Yet, let the gifts of Venus 'scape thy blame.
The gods are absolute, and what they give,
Or good, or ill, mere mortals must receive.
Now, therefore, if it please thee that I wage
This desp'rate conflict, bid the people sit,
Both Greeks and Trojans, and between them place

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The warlike Menelaus and myself
To fight for Helen and the wealth she brought.
The conqu'ror wins them both; if mine the palm,
I keep them, and if his, he bears them home.
Then peace confirm'd, the Greeks shall see again
The lovely women of their native land,
And ye in safety till the fields of Troy.

XXIX. *Agamemnon to his troops, exciting them to battle, and exhorting the leaders, by praises and reproofs.*

Argives! abate no spark of all your fire.
The faithless never have a friend in Jove.
Yon violaters of their sacred oath
Shall feed the vultures; Troy shall be our own;
And ev'ry wife, and ev'ry child in Troy,
Made captive, shall attend us home to Greece.

To the supine or remiss.

Dead marks for archers! shame ye thus your home,
And feel no shame? Why stand ye thus aghast
Like heartless fawns that after long pursuit
Stand terror-fixt? Such seems your fixt amaze,
And such your dread of battle. Or ye wait,
It may be, till the Trojans shall invade
Your gallies on the shore, in hope that Jove
To save you then, himself will interpose.

To Idomeneus of the Cretans.

In battle, in division of the spoil,
On all occasions I distinguish thee
Idomeneus! and when the mantling cup
Rewards the valour of the Grecian chiefs,
If others drink by measure, measure none
Thou know'st, but thy cup constantly as mine
Replenish'd stands, thy will thy sole restraint.
Haste then, and fight as thou hast ever fought.

To the Ajaces.

Brave leaders of the male-clad host of Greece!
I move not you to duty; ye yourselves

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Move others, and no lesson need from me.
Jove! Pallas! and Apollo!! Were but all
Courageous as yourselves, soon Priam's tow'rs
Should totter, and his Ilium storm'd and sack'd
By Grecian hands, a fearless ruin lie.

To Nestor.

Old chief!———thy dauntless spirit asks
As firm a knee. But time unhinges all.
Oh that the burthen of thy ears were laid
On one far younger, and his youth were thine!

To Menestheus, son of Peteos, and the wary chief Ulysses.

O son of Peteos, gallant prince! and thou
All trick, all subtlety and sly design!
Why stand ye trembling here, and from afar
Observing others? Foremost to defy
The burning battle's rage should ye be found,
Whom foremost I invite of all to share
The banquet, when the princes feast with me.
There ye are prompt; ye find it pleasant there
To eat your sav'ry food, and quaff your wine
Delicious, till satiety ensue;
But here, though ten embattled bands should wage
Fierce conflict first, ye could be well content.

To Diomede, son of Tydeus.

Ah son of Tydeus, the renown'd in war!
Why skulking here? why peering through the lines?
So did not Tydeus, but the foremost fight
Chose rather; as is testified by those
Who saw with wonder his heroic deeds.
He never met my view, but by report
Of all who knew him, none was brave as he.
For with the godlike Polynices once
He enter'd, but unarm'd and as a friend,
Mycenæ, seeking powerful aids to join
The host assembled for the siege of Thebes,
And earnestly they sued. We, well-inclined,
Had granted their request, but were deterr'd

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By unpropitious omens from above,
Departing, therefore, to the reedy banks
Of the Asopus, there thy sire received
An embassy to sacred Thebes in charge.
He went; and found in Eteocles' hall
Num'rous Cadmeans feasting. With a heart
Estranged from fear, unfriended as he was,
The noble Tydeus yet provok'd them forth
To proof of manhood, and such aid obtain'd
From Pallas, that with ease he foil'd them all.
Shamed and resentful, fifty of the town
Lay in close ambush waiting his return
Mæon and Lycophontes at their head,
Both dauntless warriors. These thy father slew,
Save Mæon, slew them all. A voice from heav'n
Bade spare the herald, therefore *him* he sent
To tell at Thebes that *he* alone surviv'd.
Such once was Tydeus; and he left a son
Less valiant, though more eloquent than he.

XXX. *Jove's prohibition of all interference of the Gods, convened in council, between the Greeks and Trojans.*

Hear, all ye gods and goddesses, my word
And purpose irreversible. Beware
That none presumptuously, of either sex,
Seek to rescind, but rather all promote
Its full accomplishment. Whom I shall see
Descending from Olympus to the aid
Of either host, or shamefully chastised
He shall return to the Olympian heights,
Or I will hurl him deep into the gulphs
Of gloomy Tartarus, where hell shuts fast
Her iron gates, and spreads her brazen floor,
As far below the shades, as earth from heav'n.
There shall he learn how much I pass in might
All others; which if ye incline to doubt,
Now prove me. Let ye down the golden chain
From heav'n, and pull at its inferior links
Both goddesses and gods. But me your king,
Supreme in wisdom, ye shall never draw

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To earth from heav'n, strive with me as ye may.
But I, if willing to exert my power,
The earth itself, itself the sea, and you
Will lift with ease together, and will wind
The chain around the spiry summit sharp
Of the Olympian, that all things upheaved
Shall hang in the mid heav'n. So much am I
Alone superior both to gods and men.

XXXI. *The embassy from Agamemnon to Achilles.*

HEALTH to Achilles! hospitable cheer
And well prepared, we want not at the board
Of royal Agamemnon, or at thine,
For both are nobly spread; but dainties now,
Or plenteous boards, are little our concern.
Oh godlike chief! tremendous are our themes
Of contemplation, while in doubt we sit
If life or death with loss of all our ships
Attend us, unless thou put on thy might.
For lo! the haughty Trojans, with their friends
Call'd from afar, beside the fleet encamp
Fast by the wall, where they have kindled fires
Num'rous, and threaten that no force of ours
Shall check their purpos'd inroad on the camp.
Jove grants them favourable signs from heav'n,
Bright lightnings; Hector glares revenge, with rage
Infuriate, and by Jove assisted, heeds
Nor God nor man, but, maniac-like, implores
Incessantly the morn at once to rise,
That he may hew away our vessel-heads,
Burn all our fleet with fire, and at their sides
Slay the Achaians panting in the smoke.
Dread overwhelms my spirit, lest the gods
His threats accomplish, and it be our doom
To perish here, from Argos far remote.
Up, therefore! if thou can'st at last relent,
Oh! rise and save Achaia's weary sons
From Trojan violence. Regret, but vain,
Shall else be thine hereafter, when no cure
Of such great ill, once suffer'd, can be found.

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Thou therefore, seasonably kind, devise
Means to preserve from such disastrous fate
The Grecians. Ah, my friend! when Peleus thee
From Phthia sent to Agamemnon's aid,
On that same day he gave thee thus in charge.
"Juno, my son, and Pallas, if they please,
"Can make thee valiant; but thy own big heart
"Thyself restrain. Sweet manners win respect.
"Cease from pernicious strife, and young and old
"Throughout the host shall honour thee the more."
Such was thy father's charge, which thou, it seems,
Remember'st not. Yet even now thy wrath
Renounce; be reconciled; for princely gifts
Atrides gives thee if thy wrath subside.
Hear, if thou wilt, and I will tell thee all,
How vast the gifts which Agamemnon made
By promise thine, this night within his tent.
Sev'n tripods never sullied yet with fire;
Of gold ten talents; twenty cauldrons bright;
Twelve steeds strong-limb'd, victorious in the race;
No man should need complain that he is poor,
Or shield be troubled with a want of gold,
Possessing what those steeds have won for him.
Sev'n well-born female captives he will give,
Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all,
Whom, when thou conquer'dst Lesbos, he received
His chosen portion, passing woman-kind
In perfect loveliness of face and form.
These will he give, and will with these resign
Her whom he took, Briseïs, with an oath
Most solemn, that unconscious as she was
Of his embraces, such he yields her back.
All these he gives thee now! and if at length
The blessed gods shall grant us to destroy
Priam's great city, thou shalt heap thy ships
With gold and brass, ent'ring and choosing first,
When we shall share the spoil; and shalt beside
Take twenty from among the maids of Troy,
Except fair Helen, loveliest of their sex.
And if once more we reach the milky land
Of pleasant Argos, thou shalt there become
His son-in-law, and shalt enjoy like state
With him, whom he in all abundance rears,

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His only son Orestes. At his court
He hath three daughters; thou may'st home conduct
To Phthia, her whom thou shalt most approve,
Chrysothemis, Laodice, or the young
Iphianassa; and from thee he asks
No dow'r; himself will such a dow'r bestow
As never father on his child before.
Sev'n strong well-peopled cities will he give;
Cardamyle and Enope; and rich
In herbage, Hira; Pheræ stately-built,
And for her depth of pasturage renown'd,
Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty towers,
And Pedasus impurpled dark with vines.
All these are maritime, and on the shore
They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd
Most rich in flocks and herds, who tribute large
And gifts presenting to thy sceptred hand,
Shall hold thee high in honour as a god.
These will he give thee, if thy wrath subside.
But shouldst thou rather in thine heart the more
Both Agamemnon and his gifts detest,
Yet oh compassionate th' afflicted host
Prepared to adore thee. Thou shalt win renown
Among the Grecians that shall never die.
Now strike at Hector—he is here—*himself*
Provokes thee forth; madness is in his heart,
And in his rage he glories that our ships
Have hither brought no Grecian brave as he.

XXXII. *Achilles' reply.*

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
I must with plainness speak my fixt resolve
Unalterable; lest I hear from each
The same long murmur'd melancholy tale.
For, as the gates of Ades I detest
The man, whose heart and language disagree.
So shall not mine. My most approved resolve
Is this; that neither Agamemnon me
Nor all the Greeks shall move; for ceaseless toil
Wins here no thanks; one recompense awaits

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The sedentary and the most alert,
The brave and base in equal honour stand,
And drones and heroes fall unwept alike.
I after all my toils, who have exposed
Life daily in the field, have earn'd no prize
Superior to the rest, but as the bird
Gives to her unfledged brood a morsel gain'd
After long search, though wanting it herself,
So have I worn out many a sleepless night,
And waded deep through many a bloody day
In battle for their wives. I have destroy'd
Twelve cities with my fleet, and twelve, save one,
On foot contending in the fields of Troy.
From all these cities, precious spoils I took
Abundant, and to Agamemnon's hand
Gave all the treasure. He within his ships
Abode the while, and having all received,
Little distributed, and much retained;
He gave, however, to the kings and chiefs
A portion, and they keep it. Me alone
Of all the Grecian host he hath despoil'd;
My bride, my soul's delight is in his hands,
And let him couch with her. What urgent need
Have the Achaians to contend with Troy?
Why hath Atrides gather'd such an host,
And led them hither? Was't not for the sake
Of beauteous Helen? And of all mankind
Can none be found who love their proper wives
But the Atridæ? There is no good man
Who loves not, guards not, and with care provides
For his own wife, and, though in battle won,
I loved the fair Briseis at my heart.
But having dispossess'd me of my prize
So foully, let him not essay me now,
For I am warn'd, and he shall not prevail.
Let him advise with thee and with thy peers,
Ulysses! how the fleet may likeliest 'scape
Yon hostile fires; since many an arduous task
He hath accomplish'd without aid of mine;
So hath he now this rampart and the trench
Which he hath sunk around it, and with stakes
Contiguous planted—puny barriers all
To hero-slaught'ring Hector's force opposed.

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While, present with the host of Greece, I waged
Myself the battle, Hector never fought
Far from his walls, but to the Scæan gate
Advancing and the beech-tree, there remain'd.
Once, on that spot he met me, and my arm
Escaped with difficulty even there.
But, since I feel myself not now inclined
To fight with noble Hector, yielding first
To Jove due worship, and to all the gods,
To-morrow will I launch, and give my ships
Their lading. Look thou forth at early dawn,
And, if such spectacle delight thee aught,
Thou shalt behold me cleaving with my prows
The waves of Hellespont, and all my crews
Of lusty rowers, active in their task.
So shall I reach (if ocean's mighty god
Prosper my voyage) Phthia the deep-soil'd
On the third day. I have possessions there,
Which hither roaming in an evil hour
I left abundant. I shall also hence
Convey much treasure, gold and burnish'd brass,
And glittering steel, and women passing fair
My portion of the spoils. But he, your king,
The prize he gave, himself, himself resumed,
And taunted at me. Tell him my reply,
And tell it him aloud, that other Greeks
May indignation feel like me, if arm'd
Always in impudence, he seek to wrong
Them also. Let him not henceforth presume,
Canine and hard in aspect though he be,
To look me in the face. I will not share
His counsels, neither will I aid his works.
Let it suffice him, that he wrong'd me once,
Deceived me once, henceforth his glozing arts
Are lost on me. But let him rot in peace
Crazed as he is, and by the stroke of Jove
Infatuate. I detest his gifts, and him
So honour, as the thing which most I scorn.
And would he give me twenty times the worth
Of this his offer, all the treasured heaps
Which he possesses, or shall yet possess,
All that Orchomenos within her walls,
And all that opulent Ægyptian Thebes

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Receives, the city with an hundred gates,
Whence twenty thousand chariots rush to war,
And would he give me riches as the sands,
And as the dust of earth, no gifts from him
Should sooth me, till my soul were first avenged.
For all the offensive licence of his tongue.
I will not wed the daughter of your chief,
Of Agamemnon. Could she vie in charms
With golden Venus, had she all the skill
Of blue-eyed Pallas, even so endow'd:
She were no bride for me. No. He may choose
From the Achaians some superior prince,
One more her equal. Peleus, if the gods
Preserve me, and I safe arrive at home,
Himself, erelong, shall mate me with a bride.
In Hellas, and in Phthia may be found
Fair damsels many, daughters of the chiefs
Who guard our cities; I may choose of them,
And make the loveliest of them all my own.
There, in my country, it hath ever been
My dearest purpose, wedded to a wife
Of rank convenient, to enjoy in peace
Such wealth as ancient Peleus hath acquired.
For life, in my account, surpasses far
In value, all the treasures which report
Ascribed to populous Ilium, ere the Greeks
Arrived, and while the city yet had peace;
Those also which Apollo's marble shrine
In rocky Pytho boasts. Fat flocks and beeves
May be by force obtain'd; tripods and steeds
Are bought or won; but if the breath of man
Once overpass its bounds, no force arrests
Or may constrain th' unbodied spirit back.
Me, as my silver-footed mother speaks
Thetis, a twofold consummation waits.
If still with battle I encompass Troy,
I win immortal glory, but all hope
Renounce of my return. If I return
To my beloved country, I renounce
Th' illustrious meed of glory, but obtain
Secure and long immunity from death.
And truly I would recommend to all
To voyage homeward, since ye shall not see

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The down-fall yet of Ilium's lofty tow'rs,
For that the thund'rer with uplifted arm
Protects her, and her courage hath revived.
Bear ye mine answer back, as is the part
Of good ambassadors, that they may frame
Some happier plan, by which both fleet and host
May be preserved; for, my resentment still
Burning, this project is but premature.
Let Phœnix stay with us, and sleep this night
Within my tent, that, if he so incline,
Embarking on the morrow we may seek
Our home together; but I leave him free.

XXXIII. *The Trojan council admonished by Polydamus and by Hector, on the appearance of Achilles.*

In council one excell'd,——
And one still more in feats of high renown.

Polydamus.

My friends! weigh well the occasion. Back to Troy
E'en now by my advice, nor wait the morn
Here, on the plain, from Ilium's walls remote.
Long as resentment of his wrongs sustain'd
From Agamemnon, fired Achilles' breast,
Our task was easier, and well-pleased I slept
Fast by the ships, for I could hope that soon
Success should make them ours; but terror, now,
Lest Peleus' mighty son come forth again
To battle, seizes me, and I despair.
A spirit proud as his will scorn the plain
On which the adverse hosts prevail by turns,
And will at once strike at your citadel,
Impatient till he make your wives his prey.
Haste—let us home—else thus shall it befall;
Night's balmy influence in his tent detains
Achilles now, but rushing arm'd abroad
To-morrow, should he find us ling'ring here,
None shall mistake him then; then happiest he
Who soonest shall escape to sacred Troy,
For dogs shall make and vultures on our flesh

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Plenteous repast. Oh spare mine ears the tale!
But if, though troubled, ye can yet receive
My counsel, here assembled we will hold
The host all night; meantime, her gates and tow'rs
With all their mass of solid timbers, smooth
And cramp'd with bolts of steel, will keep the town.
But early on the morrow we will stand
All arm'd on Ilium's tow'rs. Then, if he choose,
His galleys left, to compass Troy about,
He shall be task'd enough; his lofty steeds
Shall have their fill of coursing to and fro
Beneath, and gladly shall to camp return.
But waste the town he shall not, nor attempt
With all the utmost valour that he boasts
To force a pass; dogs shall devour him first.

Hector.

Polydamus, I like not thy advice
Who wouldst confine the Trojan host again
Within their bulwarks. Is confinement there
So pleasant then, that still ye covet more?
Time was, when in all regions under heav'n
Men prais'd the wealth of Priam's city stored
With gold and brass; but all our houses now
Stand emptied of their hidden treasures rare.
Jove in his wrath hath scatter'd them; our wealth
Is marketted, and Phrygia hath a part
Obtain'd, and part Mœonia's lovely land.
But since the son of wily Saturn old
Hath giv'n me glory now, and to inclose
The argives where the ocean hems them in,
Fool! taint not with such talk the public mind.
For not a Trojan here will thy advice
Pursue, or shall; it hath not my consent.
But thus I counsel. Take we, band by band,
Throughout the host our supper, and let all
Prepared against nocturnal danger, watch.
And if a Trojan here be rack'd in mind
Lest his possessions perish, let him cast
His golden heaps into the public maw,
Far better so consumed than by the Greeks.
Then, with the morrow's dawn, all fair array'd
In battle, we will give them at their fleet

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Sharp onset, and if Peleus' noble son
Have ris'n indeed to conflict for the ships,
The worse for him. I shall not for his sake
Avoid the deep-toned battle, but abide
His force, undaunted. Either *he* shall gain
Or I, great glory. Mars his favours deals
Impartial, and the slayer oft is slain.

XXXIV. *Agamemnon's apology for his behaviour to Achilles.*

Friends! Grecian heroes! ministers of Mars!
Arise who may to speak, he claims your ear.
Even the ablest orator is wrong'd
And hurt by interruption. Who can hear
Amid the roar of tumult, or who speak?
The clearest voice, best utt'rance, both are vain.
I shall address Achilles. Hear my speech,
Ye argives, and with understanding mark.
This censure is not new; the Greeks have oft
Condemn'd me thus; yet am not I to blame;
But Jove, and fate, and she who roams the shades
Erynnis, made me furious on that day
In council, when I seized Achilles' prize.
For what could I? All things obey the gods.
Jove's daughter, Ate, most pernicious pow'r!
By whom all suffer, challenges from all
Rev'rence and fear. Delicate are her feet
Which scorn the ground, and over human heads
She glides, injurious to the race of man,
Of *two* who strive, at least entangling *one*.

XXXV. *Achilles exhorting the Greeks to battle.*

Ye sons
Of the Achaians! stand not now aloof;
My noble friends! but foot to foot let each
Fall on courageous, and desire the fight.
The task were difficult for me alone,

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Brave as I boast myself, to chase a foe
So num'rous, and to combat with them all.
For though immortal, neither Mars himself,
Nor even Pallas could suffice, at once
To chase and slaughter multitudes like these.
With hands, with feet, with spirit, and with might,
All that I can I will; right through I go,
And not a Trojan who shall chance within
Spear's reach of me, shall, as I judge, rejoice.

XXXVI. *Hector animating the Trojans to oppose Achilles.*

Fear not this chief, ye valiant men of Troy!
I dare oppose with words, though not in arms,
For they are mightier far, the gods themselves;
Nor shall Achilles full performance give
To all his vaunts, but, if he some fulfil,
Shall others unaccomplish'd leave and vain.
I will assail him, though his hands be fire,
Though fire his hands, and hammer'd steel his heart.

XXXVII. *Entreaties of Priam and Hecuba to persuade Hector to retreat within the walls of Troy.*

Priam.

Hector, my son! Oh wait not there, alone,
Yon dreadful chief lest, all thy friends remote,
Thou perish, for his strength surpasses thine.
Would that the gods so valued him as I!
Soon then should dogs and vultures with his flesh
Their hunger sate, and all my sorrow cease.
He hath unchilded me of many a son,
All valiant youths, whom he hath slain or sold
To distant isles; nor, searching, can I find
Lycaon, even now, within the walls,
Or Polydorus, youngest of my sons,

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And children by Laothoë the fair.
But if they still in yonder camp survive
I will redeem them with the gold and brass
By noble Altes to his daughter giv'n,
Large store, and still reserved. Or should they both,
Already slain, have journey'd to the shades,
We, then, from whom they sprang have cause to mourn
And mourn them long; but shorter shall the grief
Of other Trojans prove, if thee, at least,
Achilles slay not. Enter then, my child!
Save young and old, save all of either sex
In Ilium; nor thy future happy years
Resign but to enhance Achilles' fame.
Commis'rate also thy unhappy sire
Ere yet distracted; whom Saturnian Jove
Ordains to perish overwhelm'd with woe
In the extremity of age; to see
Sons slaughter'd, daughters captive, torn and stripp'd
The matrimonial chamber, infants dash'd
Against the ground in dire hostility,
And matrons dragg'd by ruthless Grecian hands.
Me, haply, last of all, shall dogs devour
In my own vestibule, when once the spear
Or faulchion of some Greek hath laid me low.
The very dogs that sat beside my board,
My portal-guards, drinking their master's blood
To drunkenness, shall wallow in my courts.
Fair falls the warlike youth in battle slain,
And when all mangled by the spear he lies
His death becomes him well; he rests secure,
Though dead, from shame, whatever next befalls.
But when the silver locks and silver beard
Of an old man slain by the sword, from dogs
Receive dishonour, of all ills that wait
On miserable mortals, that is worst.

Hecuba.

My Hector! rev'rence *this*, and pity me.
If ever, drawing forth this breast, thy griefs
Of infancy I sooth'd, oh now, my son!
Acknowledge it, and from within the walls
Repulse this adversary; stand not there

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To cope with *him*, for he is savage-fierce,
And should he slay thee, neither I, my child,
Who bore thee, nor thy noble spouse shall weep
Upon thy body, but remote from us
Dogs shall devour it in the fleet of Greece!

XXXVIII. *Mr. Walpole against Mr. Pitt, (the late Lord Chatham,) reflecting on his youth and theatrical manner.*

SIR,

I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate while it was carried on, with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardour of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred to answer the gentleman who declaimed against the bill, with such fluency of rhetoric, and such vehemence of gesture,—who charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed, with having no regard to any interest but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly, and their ignorance. Nor, sir, do I now answer him for any other purpose than to remind him how little the clamours of rage, and petulancy of invectives, contribute to the purposes for which this assembly is called together;—how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the nation established by pompous diction, and theatrical emotions. Formidable sounds and furious declamations, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and unexperienced; and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory, by conversing more with those of his own age, than with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments. If the heat of his temper, sir, would suffer him to attend to those whose age, and long acquaintance with business, give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn, in time, to reason

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rather than declaim, and to prefer justness of argument, and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets, and splendid superlatives, which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression on the mind. He will learn, sir, that to accuse and prove are very different, and that reproaches unsupported by evidence, affect only the character of him that utters them. Excursions of fancy, and flights of oratory, are indeed pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak, (that of depreciating the conduct of the administration,) to prove the inconveniences and injustice of this bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.

XXXIX. *Mr. Pitt's reply.*

Sir, the atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate, nor deny,—but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining;—but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have past away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail, when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation;—who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a

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theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned, to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction, or his mein, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply, that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator, and a villain;—nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves,—nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment;—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice,—whoever may protect them in their villainy,—and,—whoever may partake of their plunder.

XL. *Sir Robert Walpole, on a motion that the house do censure, as a malicious libel, a certain paper which had been previously circulated among the members.*

MR. SPEAKER,

SIR, whether the question be proper or not, it seems to me unnecessary to debate; because, however it be answered, it cannot be of great importance;—the man has already confessed himself the author of the libel,

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and may, therefore, be punished, without farther examination.

That he is the real author, sir, I am not indeed convinced by his assertion, with whatever confidence it was made; for, so far as his appearance enables me to judge of his education and sphere of life, it is not probable that he should be much versed in political enquiries, or that he should engage in the discussion of questions like this.

There appears, sir, in the paper before us, a more extensive knowledge of facts, a more accurate attention to commerce,—most artful reasoning, and a more elevated style, than it is reasonable to expect from this man, whom, without pretending to determine the limits of his capacity, or the compass of his knowledge, I am, for my part, inclined to look upon as an agent to some other person of higher station, and greater accomplishments.

It is not uncommon, sir, for gentlemen to exercise their abilities, and employ their pens, upon political questions; and when they have produced any thing, which their complaisance for themselves equally hinders them from owning and suppressing, they are known to procure some person of inferior rank to take upon him in public the character of the author, and to stand the danger of the prosecution, contenting themselves with the applause and admiration of their select friends, whom they trust with the important secret, and with whom they sit and laugh at the conjectures of the public, and the ignorance of the ministry.

This, sir, is a frequent practice, not only with those who have no other employment, but, as I have sufficient reasons to believe, among some gentlemen who have seats in this house; gentlemen whose abilities and knowledge qualify them to serve the public in characters much superior to that of lampooners of the government.

XLI. *Mr. Pulteney's answer.*

MR. SPEAKER,

SIR, whether the man who confessed himself the author of the paper has accused himself of what he did not commit, or has ingenuously and openly discon-

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ered the truth, it is beyond my penetration absolutely to decide. The frankness and unconcern with which he made the declaration, give it, at least, the appearance of truth; nor do I discover any reason for doubting his sincerity. Is there any improbability in the nature of the fact, that should incline us to suspect his veracity? Is there any apparent advantage to be gained by assuming a false character? Neither of those circumstances can be produced against him; and, an assertion is to be admitted, for its own sake, when there is nothing to invalidate it.

But the honourable gentleman, sir, appears to have a very particular reason for his doubts; a reason which will, I hope, have no weight with any but himself. By denying the paper to this man, he gives room for conjecture and suspicion to range far and wide, and wanton with whatever characters he shall think proper subjects for his amusement. An author is now to be sought; and many diverting arguments may be brought by the dullest enquirer for fixing it upon one man, or denying it another.

The honourable gentleman, sir, has given us a bold specimen of this kind of wit, by insinuating that it is the production of some one of the members of this house; a conjecture of which I am not able to find the foundation, and, therefore imagine, that raillery rather than argument was intended. But, let the honourable gentleman recollect that the chief excellence of raillery is politeness, to which he has surely paid little regard, in supposing that what has been unanimously condemned as a libel, has one of those who censured it for its author.

If I am particularly hinted at in this sagacious conjecture, I take this opportunity of declaring that I am equally ignorant of the whole affair with any other gentleman in this house;—that I never saw the paper, till it was delivered to me at the door, nor the author till he appeared at the bar. Having thus cleared myself, sir, from this aspersion, I declare it as my opinion, that every gentleman in the house can safely exculpate himself in the same manner; for I cannot conceive, that any of them can have written a libel like this. There are, indeed, some passages which would not disgrace the greatest abilities, and some maxims true in themselves,

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though perhaps fallaciously applied; and at least such an appearance of reasoning and knowledge, as sets the writer far above the level of the contemptible scribblers of the ministerial vindication:—a herd of wretches whom neither information can enlighten, nor affluence elevate; low drudges of scurrility, whose scandal is harmless for want of wit, and whose opposition is only troublesome from the pertinaciousness of stupidity.

Why such immense sums are distributed amongst these reptiles, it is scarce possible not to enquire; for it cannot be imagined that those who pay them expect any support from their abilities. If their patrons would read their writings, their salaries would quickly be withdrawn; for a few pages would convince them, that they can neither attack nor defend, neither raise any man's reputation by panegyric, nor destroy it by their defamation.

XLII. *Sir Robert Walpole's reply.*

I HOPE it is not expected, sir, that the heat with which one class of our political writers have been attacked by the honourable gentleman, should engage me to undertake their defence with the same earnestness. I have neither interest enough in the question to awaken my passions, nor curiosity or leisure sufficient for such an examination of the writings on each side as is necessary, before the superiority of any author above his brethren can be justly asserted.

It is no part, sir, of my employment or amusement to compare their arguments, or to balance their abilities;—nor do I often read the papers of either party, except when I am informed by some that have more inclination to such studies than myself, that they have risen by some accident above their common level.

Yet, that I may not appear entirely to desert the question, I cannot forbear to say, that I have, never, from these accidental inspections of their performances discovered any reason to exalt the authors who write against the administration, to a higher degree of reputation than their opponents. That any of them deserve loud ap-

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plauses, I cannot assert, and am afraid that all which deserves to be preserved of the writings on either side, may be contracted to a very few volumes.

The writers for the opposition appear to me to be nothing more than the echoes of their predecessors; or, what is still more despicable, of themselves; and to have produced nothing in the last seven years, which had not been said seven years before.

I may, perhaps, be thought by some gentlemen of each class, to speak contemptuously of their advocates, nor shall I think my own opinion less just for such a censure; for the reputation of controversial writers arises generally from the prepossession of their readers, in favour of the opinions which they endeavour to defend. Men easily admit the force of an argument which tends to support notions that it is their interest to diffuse, and readily find wit and spirit in a satire pointed at characters which they desire to depress. But to the opposite party, and even to themselves when their passions have subsided, and their interest is disunited from the question, those arguments appear only loud assertions, or empty sophistry; and that wit which was clamorously praised, discovers itself to be only impudence or low conceits; the spirit evaporates, and the malignity only remains.

If we consider, sir, what opposition of character is necessary to constitute a political writer, it will not be wondered that so few excel in that undertaking. He that will write well, in politics, must, at the same time, have a complete knowledge of the question, and time to digest his thoughts into method, and polish his style into elegance; which is little less than to say, he must be at once a man of business, and a man of leisure; for political transactions are not easily understood, but by those who are engaged in them; and the art of writing is not attainable without long practice and sedentary application.

Thus it happens that political writings are generally defective; for they are drawn up by men unacquainted with public business, and who can therefore only amuse their readers with fallacious recitals, specious sophistries, or an agreeable style: or, they are the hasty productions of busy negociators, who, though they cannot but

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excel the other class of writers in that which is of most importance, the knowledge of their subject, are yet rarely at leisure to display that knowledge to advantage, or add grace to solidity.

Writers of the latter sort appear but seldom; and most of our political papers are the amusements of leisure, or the expedients of want.

Whether the paper now before us be the produce of ease, or of necessity, I shall not determine. I have already offered my opinion, that the man who claims it is not the author; nor do I yet discover any reason for changing my sentiments: the question is a question merely of conjecture, since neither I nor the honourable gentlemen attempt to offer any demonstrative proofs of our opinion. If he has any to produce in favour of his own notions, let him lay them before you; but, let him always forbear to impute to me assertions which I never uttered, and beware of representing me as declaring that I believe this paper the composition of some member of this house.

XLIII. *Lord Chatham, on American affairs.*

My Lords,

There are two things which ministry have laboured to deceive the people in, and have persuaded them to; first, that it was an affair of Boston only, and that the very appearance of one single regiment there, would quiet every thing. I have foretold the falsehood of both;—I was conversant with that country more, more years, perhaps, than any man;—I knew the cause of Boston would be made the cause of America;—I knew the mode of the military would not be effectual.

The manner of proceeding against Boston, was a proscription of a people unheard;—unheard in any court, either in the common courts of justice, or the higher, of parliament, in both of which, evidence of facts are stated in proof of criminality:—but the Americans were denied to be heard. The people of America condemned, and not heard, have a right to resist.

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By whose advice vindictive counsels were pursued,—by whose advice false representations were made,—by whose advice malice and ill-will were made principles of governing a free people;—all these are questions that will be asked. I mean no personal charge on any man farther than his misdoings call for.

There ought to be some instant proceeding towards a settlement, before the meeting of the delegates. My object is to put the foot on the threshold of peace, and to shew an intention of reconciling:—I will, unless I am fixed to a sick-bed,—I will attend this business throughout, till I see America obtain what I think satisfaction for her injuries,—still attentive that she shall own the supremacy of this country. It would be my advice to his majesty, to end this quarrel the soonest possible; his repose is our duty. Who by misadvice had planted a thorn in his side, by a contest with a people determined on their purpose?

I wish to offer myself, mean as I am;—I have a plan, a plan of a settlement, solid, honourable, and lasting.—America means only to have safety in property, and personal liberty. These, and these only, were her objects. Independency was falsely charged on her.—I disclaim all metaphysical distinctions. The declaratory act leaves you a right to take their money when you please.

I mean to meddle with no man's opinion; and leaving all men to follow the plan of their own opinions of former professions, my plan is to establish for the American an unequivocal, express right of not having his property taken from him, but by his own consent, and in his own assembly.

Eight weeks' delay admits no farther hesitation, no, not of a moment;—the thing may be over;—a drop of blood renders it *immedicabile vulnus*.

Whether it can ever now be a true reconciliation, must be owing to the full compensation that America shall receive. Repeal the mutual ill-will that subsists, for it is not the repeal of a little act of parliament that will work peace. Will the repeal of a bit of parchment avail? Will, think you, three millions of people in arms be satisfied by such a repeal? It must be a repeal on the principle of justice.—There must be no procras-

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tination; you are to a moment,—now,—instantaneously. Every hour, that a beginning is not made towards softening, towards healing—(the very news of which might work wonders)—endangers the fixed liberty of America, and the honour of the mother country.

The success and permanent effect of the best measures may arise from mutual good-will.

My motion is part of a plan;—and I begin with a proof of good-will. My motion is, "to address the king to remove the forces from the town of *Boston*."

The congress, they are more wise, and more prudent than the meeting of ancient *Greece*. Your lordships have read *Thucydides*. He mentions nothing of ancient story, more honourable, more respectable, than this despised meeting.

The congress is treated harshly;—I wish we would imitate their temper;—firm indeed, if you please:—but congress is conducted with firmness and moderation. I wish our house of commons as freely and uncorruptly chosen.

The proceedings from hence arise from ignorance of the circumstances of America.—The idea of *coercion* by troops, where they were not the natural resource, was wanton and idle. Anger was your motive in all you did. "What! shall America presume to be free!—Don't hear them;—chastise them!" This was your language. *Castigat auditque*;—the severest judge, though he chastises, also hears the party.

All the mischief has arisen from your anger; for your not adopting your means to your ends:—troops and violence were ill means to answer the ends of peace.

I understand government is not altogether satisfied with the commander of your troops; he has not been quick enough to shed blood; his moderation is ridiculed:—but I know that gentleman, an officer of long service, has acted prudently; it was want of wisdom to place an army there.—I have heard of armies of observation; but this is an army of irritation.

In the civil war of Paris, where those great men, the prince of Condé and marshal Turenne, commanded the two parties,—marshal Turenne was said often to have been near the prince.—The queen was angry; she did

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not see why, when he was so near the prince, he should not take him; she was offended, and with some warmth asked him, "*Quand vous étiez si près, pourquoi n'avez-vous pas pris le prince?*" That great officer, who knew his business, answered coolly, "*J'avois peur, madame, qu'il ne m'eût pris.*"

The ministry tell you, that the Americans will not abide by the congress;—they are tired of the association.—True,—many of the merchants may be;—but it does not now depend on the merchants, nor do the accounts come even from the principal merchants, but from the runners of ministry. But, were the dissatisfaction among the merchants ever so great, the account is no way conformable to the nature of America.

The nation of America, who have the virtues of the people they sprung from, will not be slaves. Their language is: If trade and slavery are companions, we quit the trade;—let trade and slavery go where they will,—they are not for us.

Your anger represents them as refractory and ungrateful, in not submitting to the parent they sprang from: but they are, in truth, grown an accession of strength to this country; they know their importance; they wish to continue their utility to you; but though they may be sick of the association, those sons of the earth will never be dissuaded from their association.

After the repeal of the stamp act, two years after, I was in the country, an hundred miles off:—a gentleman who knew the country, told me, that if regiments had landed at that time, and ships had been sent to destroy the towns, they had come to a resolution to retire back into the country.—It is a fact.—A noble lord smiles: if I were to mention the gentleman's name, it would not increase his smile.

I wish the young gentlemen of our time would imitate those Americans that are misrepresented to them;—I wish they would imitate their frugality; I wish they would imitate that liberty, which the Americans love better than life; imitate that courage, which a love of liberty produces.——One word more.—I will send my plan, if the state of a miserable constitution stretches me on a sick-bed. It is to put an end to the quarrel. "What before you know whether they will come to

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terms?" Yes, let my expectations be what they will, I should recall the troops; it partakes of a nullity to accept submission under the influence of arms.

I foretell these bills must be repealed:—I submit to be called an idiot, if they are not.—Three millions of men ready to be armed, and talk of forcing them!

There may be dangerous men, and dangerous councils, who would instil bad doctrines, advise the enslaving of America: they might not endanger the crown, perhaps; but they would render it not worth the wearing.

The cause of America is allied to every true whig. They will not bear the enslaving of America. Some whigs may love their fortunes better than their principle: but the body of whigs will join; they will not enslave America. The whole Irish nation, all the true English whigs, the whole nation of America, these combined, make many millions of whigs averse to the system. France has her full attention upon you; war is at your door; carrying a question here, will not save your country in such extremities.

This being the state of things, my advice is, to proceed to allay heats: I would at the instant begin and do something towards allaying and softening resentment.

My motion, you see, respects the army, and their dangerous situation. Not to undervalue general Gage, who has served with credit,—he acts upon his instructions; if he has not been alert enough to shed blood;—

Non dimicare quam vincere maluit.

And he judged well.—The Americans too have acted with a prudence and moderation that had been worthy of our example, were we wise:—to their moderation it is owing, that our troops have so long remained in safety.

Mal-administration has run its line,—it has not a move left,—it is a check-mate. Forty thousand men are not adequate to the idea of subduing them to your taxation. Taxation exists only in representation: take them to your heart;—who knows what their generosity may effect?

I am not to be understood as meaning a naked, unconditional repeal;—no, I would maintain the superiority of this country at all events.—But you are an-

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rious who shall disarm first. That great poet, and, perhaps, a wiser and greater politician than ever he was a poet, has given you wisest counsel;—follow it:

> Tuque prior, tu parce; genus qui ducis Olympo.
> Projice tela manu.

Who is this man that will own this system of force as practicable? And is it not the height of folly to pursue a system that is owned to be impracticable?—I therefore move, that an humble address be presented to his majesty, most humbly to advise and beseech his majesty, that in order to open the way towards a happy settlement of the dangerous troubles in America, by beginning to allay ferments, and soften animosities there; and above all, for preventing, in the mean time, any sudden and fatal catastrophe at Boston, now suffering under the daily irritation of an army before their eyes, posted in their town, it may graciously please his majesty, that immediate orders may be dispatched to general Gage, for removing his majesty's forces from the town of Boston, as soon as the rigour of the season, and other circumstances, indispensable to the safety and accommodation of the said troops, may render the same practicable.

XLIV. *Mr. Fox, on American affairs.*

You have now two wars before you, of which you must choose one, for both you cannot support. The war against America has hitherto been carried on against her alone, unassisted by any ally whatever: notwithstanding she stood alone, you have been obliged uniformly to increase your exertions, and to push your efforts in the end to the extent of your power, without being able to bring it to an issue; you have exerted all your force hitherto without effect, and you cannot now divide a force found already inadequate to its object. My opinion is for withdrawing your forces from America entirely, for a defensive war you can never think of there of any sort; a defensive war would ruin this nation at any time, and in any circumstances: offensive war is pointed out as proper for this country; our situation

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points it out, and the spirit of the nation impels us to attack rather than defence: attack France then, for she is your object. The nature of the wars is quite different: the war against America is against your own countrymen, you have stopped me from saying against your fellow-subjects; that against France is against your inveterate enemy and rival. Every blow you strike in America is against yourselves; it is against all idea of reconciliation, and against your own interest, though you should be able, as you never will, to force them to submit. Every stroke against France is of advantage to you: the more you lower the scale in which France lays in the balance, the more your own rises, and the more the Americans will be detached from her as useless to them. Even your own victories over America are in favour of France, from what they must cost you in men and money: your victories over France will be felt by her ally. America must be conquered in France; France never can be conquered in America.

The war of the Americans is a war of passion; it is of such a nature as to be supported by the most powerful virtues, love of liberty and of their country; and, at the same time, by those passions in the human heart which give courage, strength, and perseverance to man; the spirit of revenge, for the injuries you have done them; of retaliation, for the hardships you have inflicted on them; and of opposition to the unjust powers you have exercised over them. Every thing combines to animate them to this war, and such a war is without end; for whatever obstinacy, enthusiasm ever inspired man with, you will now find it in America: no matter what gives birth to that enthusiasm, whether the name of religion or of liberty, the effects are the same; it inspires a spirit that is unconquerable, and solicitous to undergo difficulty, danger, and hardship: and as long as there is a man in America, a being formed such as we are, you will have him present himself against you in the field. The war of France is a war of another sort; the war of France is a war of interest: it was her interest first induced her to engage in it, and it is by that interest that she will measure its continuance. Turn your face at once against her, attack her wherever she is exposed, crush her commerce whatever you can, make her feel heavy and im-

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mediate distress throughout the nation: the people will soon cry out to their government. Whilst the advantages she promises herself are remote and uncertain, inflict present evils and distresses upon her subjects: the people will become discontented and clamorous; she will find it a bad bargain, having entered into this business; and you will force her to desert any ally that brings so much trouble, and distress, and misfortune, the advantages of whose alliance may never take effect; or if they should be subject always to disturbance from this country, which it always ought to be, and which I know you are able to give, if you once get your hands clear of America. What is become of the ancient spirit of this nation? Where is the national spirit that ever did honour to this country? Have the present ministry spent that too, with almost the last shilling of your money? Are they not ashamed of the temporizing conduct they have used towards France? Her correspondence with America has been clandestine: compare that with their conduct towards Holland, some time ago;—but it is the characteristic of little minds to be exact in little things, whilst they shrink from their rights in great ones.

The conduct of France is called clandestine: look back but a year ago to a letter from one of your secretaries of state to Holland; "it is with surprise and indignation" your conduct is seen, in something done by a petty governor of an island, while they affect to call the measures of France clandestine. This is the way that ministers support the character of the nation, and the national honour and glory. But look again how that same Holland is spoke of to-day; even in your correspondence with her your littleness appears:

> ——————Pauper & exul uterque,
> Projecit ampullas, & sesquipedalia verba.

From this you may judge of your situation, from this you may know what a state you are reduced to. How will the French party in Holland exult over you, and grow strong! She will never continue your ally, when you meanly crouch to France, and do not dare to stir in your defence! But it is nothing extraordinary that she should not, while you keep the ministers you have

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no power in Europe is blind; there is none blind enough to ally itself with weakness, and become partner in bankruptcy; there is no one blind enough to ally themselves to obstinacy, absurdity, and imbecility.

XLV. *Mr. Fox, on parliamentary reform.*

After the many occasions on which I have before expressed what my sentiments are on the subject of a reform in representation of the people in parliament, I shall not consider myself under any great necessity of troubling the house: but there have been extraordinary circumstances attending the introduction of the present question. That I have always been a friend to the principle of the bill, is a fact which does not require to be now repeated. Whether the means taken to effect that principle are such as are most unexceptionable, must remain for future discussion, but cannot provoke my opposition to the motion. There remain ample opportunities in the future stages of the bill, to examine and correct it; opportunities which in themselves will be the highest acquisition. In the review which has been taken of the question there are means used to implicate the American war in the subject now under discussion, by suggesting that it was supported by the influence of burgage tenures, and that if they had been withdrawn, that war would have had a more speedy termination. I acknowledge that it would have been in the power of the parliament to bring that war to a period, had they considered it as an improper one; but the manner in which it must have been done, would be such as I should little expect to hear recommended from the gentlemen on the other side of the house. When the delay of a few days in passing the supplies was represented last year as the most heinous proceeding, what would have been the enormity of stopping, not the ordnance supply, as was the case, but all the other supplies also, as would be the case in the event which might here take place! This would be a conduct worthy of a parliament in certain situations, and would shew them to be sensible of their due weight and importance in the scale of the constitution, and not the instruments

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of a superior power, kept for no other purpose but to register edicts, and perform an annual routine. Much has been said of the merit of dissolving that cohesion which has been said to subsist in the parties in this house. That cohesion does subsist, is a truth in which I take too much pride, to think of denying, and from which this country derives too much advantage to be an enemy to: my connections were formed on liberal and systematic principles, and could not be dissolved by any regulations, while the same union in sentiments and principles continued to cement them. When an honourable gentleman said, that parties on one side of the house occasioned similar engagements on the other, he should have considered, that it equally applied to one as to the other: but there might be some circumstances which might induce that honourable gentleman to look forward with eagerness to the dissolution of such attachments, if they obliged him to support and defend measures in which his opinions did not correspond; if they forced him to act one way, and think another. Under such circumstances, it was perfectly natural that he should pant to be disengaged from such connections, and resign the load which seemed so much to oppress him. To that principle, which, by a diminution of the members of boroughs, tended to increase the proportion of representatives for counties, I am sincerely and cordially a friend. But while I am thus explicit on the subject of my approbation, it is but just to mention, that there is another point to which I totally disagree. With all respect, which I always pay to the house of commons, and among the rest to the present house, I can perceive in it no superlative excellence, no just superiority which can justify the suspension of the operation of this bill. To defer for a period of years any system of reform, however partial and inadequate, is by no means complying with the declared wishes of the majority of the electors of this country, whose voice, though by no means to be acknowledged as that to which the house of commons must conform, when they are directed by any sudden impulse, as the opinions of a moment, should always be obeyed on points which the experience and consideration of years have taught them finally to decide on. The people, notwithstanding all that has been said, have no pe-

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culiar obligations to this parliament for uncommon instances of that propriety of conduct which could warrant so implicit a reliance in it. No very flattering proofs of extraordinary attention to the rights of the people have been given by his majesty's present ministers, in their support of that excellent measure, the *Westminster scrutiny;* and no very splendid testimony of their prudence in financial concerns, could be drawn from the *commutation tax.* This is a proceeding, the hardship of which they have already felt; and there are some others now in agitation, which are not likely to turn out much more favourable. These only are the reasons the people can have for a reliance in their present parliament. I do not, however, mean to say any thing which can be construed into invective against them. I have before been accused of insulting them. I do not know that I did so; but if heat should have led me, at any time, to say any thing which could have that appearance, I am exceedingly sorry for it. There was nothing in any of these circumstances which could impress them on my memory; but I have observed, that nothing I have ever said in my warmest moments have ever drawn forth so much passion and ill-temper on the other side of the house, as when I have attempted to praise them. The right honourable gentleman has, in this instance, receded from those opinions which, on two former occasions, he seemed to maintain; and the alteration which he has now made, for the purpose of a specific plan, is infinitely for the worse. It is in vain that he endeavours to qualify the objections which the idea of innovation raises in the minds of some, by diminishing the extent and influence of reformation. From the earliest periods of our government, that principle of innovation, but which should more properly be called amendment, is neither more nor less than the practice of the constitution. In every species of government (for I will put absolute monarchy out of the question, as one which ought never to take place in any country) democracy and aristocracy are always in a state of gradual improvement, when experience comes to the aid of theory and speculation.

In all these, the voice of the people, when deliberately and generally collected, is invariably sure to succeed. There are moments of periodical impulse and delusion,

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in which they should not be gratified; but when the views of a people have been formed and determined on the attainment of any object, they must ultimately succeed. On this subject the people of this country have petitioned from time to time, and their applications have been made to their parliament. For every reason, therefore, they should be gratified, lest they may be inclined to sue for redress in another quarter, where their application will have every probability of success, from the experience of last year. Failing in their representatives, they may have recourse to the prerogative. It has been urged, that now, while this business is in agitation, the people of *Birmingham* and *Manchester* have not petitioned to be represented. This is an argument which at this time, of all others, can have but little weight; for while they are alarmed for their trade and their subsistance, it is no time for them to set about making improvements in that constitution, in which they are not certain how long they may have any share. On the eve of emigration, they are to look for this in another country, to which their property and business are soon to be transferred. The different parts of this plan would certainly, in a committee, be submitted to modification and amendments; but, as it now stands, admitting only the first principle, every other part, and the means taken to attain the principle, are highly objectionable. I shall not hesitate to declare, that I will never agree to admit the purchasing from a majority of the electors the property of the whole. In this I see so much injustice, and so much repugnance to the true spirit of our constitution, that I cannot entertain the idea one moment.—On the other hand, when the property of a borough is in one man, there is no chance of his disposing of it on the terms this day mentioned; for when a particular sum is laid down for a certain purchase, and interest suffered to accumulate on that sum, the man must be a fool who could be in haste to get the possession of it. There is something injurious in holding out pecuniary temptations to an Englishman to relinquish his franchise on the one hand, and a political principle which equally forbids it on another. I am uniformly of an opinion, which, though not a popular one, I am ready to aver, that the

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right of governing is not a property, but a trust; and that whatever is given for constitutional purposes, should be resumed when those purposes shall no longer be carried into effect. There are instances of gentlemen offering to sacrifice the interest they may have in boroughs, to the public good. It is strange that none of them now come forward, when the occasion has presented itself. I am averse to the idea of confining parliamentary situations to men of large fortunes, or those who have distinguished themselves in public professions. Should this be the case, there is scarcely any man so little acquainted with the history of parliament, as not to know that the house would lose half its force. It is not from men of large and easy fortunes that attention, vigilance, energy, and enterprise, are to be expected. Human nature is too fond of gratifications not to be somewhat attentive to it, when the means are at hand; and the best and most meritorious public services have always been performed by persons in circumstances removed from opulence. The right honourable gentleman need not be ashamed to take some of those regulations formed in the time of the protector *Oliver Cromwell;* for though a character too odious ever to be the object of praise or imitation, his institutions, confirmed afterwards by his successor Charles II, bear strong marks of genius and ability; for his political disposition was as good as that of his successor, and his genius infinitely more powerful. I shall conclude with earnestly entreating all sides of the house to concur in the question now before them. I am sorry the honourable gentleman who spoke last (Mr. Powys) did not, in all the warmth he professed on the occasion, take the most conciliatory mode of acquiring strength to it. Instead of reproaching the noble lord (North) for confining himself to old arguments and observations, he should rather tremble for the success with which these old observations have been applied by his noble friend, and the contrary fate which has before attended the novel and more variable style of the minister.

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XLVI. *Mr. Fox, against Lord North.*

Supposing any remonstrance with the noble lord (lord North) against the American war, what will the noble lord say? "Why, you know that this war is a matter of necessity, and not of choice; you see the difficulties to which I am driven, and to which I have reduced my country: and you know also, that in my own private character I am a lover of peace. For what reason then do I persist in spite of conviction? For your benefit alone! For you I have violated the most sacred engagements! for you, neglected the suggestions of conscience and reason! for you, forfeited a thousand times my honour and veracity in this business! and for you I must still persist! Without the American war I shall have no places, no emoluments to bestow, not a single loan to negociate; nor shall I be able to retain the poor situation of mine that I have so long held disinterestedly. You see me now in the most elevated situation, with the disposal of places and pensions, and with the whole power of the nation in my hands; but make peace with America to-day, and to-morrow I shall be reduced to the level of private life, retaining nothing but what is merely personal of all my present advantages.

"If you do not vote with me (says the noble lord) against a peace with America, how am I to give you any thing? It is true that my situation, as minister, is a respectable and elevated situation; but it is the American war that enables me to give douceurs, and to put into your pockets eight or nine hundred thousand pounds by a loan. Put an end to that, and you undo all. My power will be miserably lessened, and your pay as miserably reduced. As to myself, why, I am perfectly indifferent about that; I get a little, and it is my happiness that a little, thank heaven, contents me. I cannot therefore be supposed to care if a peace takes place with America to-morrow, as far as I am personally concerned; but for your own sakes do not let such a thing come to pass. Nay, were I to go out of office, a situation I never coveted, always disliked, and heartily wished to be rid of, still I hope the American war will be continued." Such pathetic reasoning cannot fail having its effects; and thus

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it is the noble lord induces the members of this house to sacrifice the interest of their constituents, by proving that their own interest is essentially connected with the American war. Was it possible, therefore, that a peace could be obtained with America? "O spare my beautiful system! (the noble lord would cry). What, shall I part with that! with that which has been the glory of the present reign, which has extended the dominions, raised the reputation, and replenished the finances of my country! No, for God's sake, let this be adhered to; and do with all the rest what you please: deprive me, if you please, of this poor situation; take all my power, all my honour and consequence; but spare my beautiful system, oh! spare my system!!!"

XLVII. *Mr. Sheridan, against Mr. M. A. Taylor.*

We have this day been honoured with the counsels of a complete gradation of lawyers. We have received the opinion of a judge (Kenyon), of an attorney-general *in petto* (Bearcroft), of an ex-attorney-general (Lee), and of a practising barrister (Taylor). I agree with the learned gentleman (Mr. Bearcroft) in his admiration of the abilities of my honourable friend (Mr. Fox). What he has said of his quickness and of his profoundness, of his boldness and his candour, is literally just and true, which the mental accomplishment of my honourable friend is, on every occasion, calculated to extort even from his adversaries. The learned gentleman has, however, in this insidious eulogium, connected such qualities of mind with those he has praised and venerated, as to convert his encomiums into reproach, and his tributes of praise into censure and invective. The boldness he has described is only craft, and his candour hypocrisy. Upon what grounds does the learned gentleman connect those assemblages of great qualities and of cardinal defects? Upon what principles either of justice or of equity does he exult with one hand, whilst he insidiously reprobates and destroys with the other? If the wolf is to be feared, the learned gentleman may rest assured, it will be the wolf in sheep's clothing, the masked pre-

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fender to patriotism. It is not from the fang of the lion, but from the tooth of the serpent, that reptile that insidiously steals upon the vitals of the constitution, and gnaws it to the heart ere the mischief is suspected, that destruction is to be feared.

With regard to the acquisition of a learned gentleman (Mr. Taylor) who has declared that he means to vote with us this day, I am sorry to acknowledge, that, from the declaration the learned gentleman has made at the beginning of his speech, I see no great reason to boast of such an auxiliary. The learned gentleman, who has with peculiar modesty styled himself a *chicken lawyer*, has declared, that, thinking us in the right with respect to the subject of this day's discussion, he shall vote with us; but he has at the same time thought it necessary to assert, that he has never before voted differently from the minister and his friends, and perhaps he never shall again vote with those whom he means to support this day. It is rather singular to vote with us, professedly because he finds us to be in the right, and, in the very moment that he assigns so good a reason for changing his side, to declare, that in all probability he never shall vote with us again. I am sorry to find the chicken is a bird of ill omen, and that its augury is so unpropitious to our future interests. Perhaps it would have been as well, under these circumstances, that the chicken had not left the barn-door of the treasury, but continued side by side with the old cock (Mr. Kenyon), to pick those crumbs of comfort which would, doubtless, be dealt out in time, with a liberality proportioned to the fidelity of the feathered tribe.

XLVIII. *Mr. Beaufoy, for the repeal of the test and corporation acts.*

PART I.

MR. SPEAKER, I am happy in the outset of our deliberations, to declare, that the grievances of which the dissenters complain, are of a *civil*, and not of an ecclesiastical nature.—They humbly solicit a restoration of their *civil rights*, not an enlargement of their *ecclesiastical*

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privileges. It is of consequence that this fact should be distinctly stated, and clearly understood;—for the very word *dissenter* leads so naturally to the supposition that their complaints are of an ecclesiastical kind, and their acknowledged merit as citizens, so naturally excludes the idea of its being possible that the law should have deprived them of any of their civil rights, that I feel myself under a necessity of stating, at the very threshold of the business, that their prayer has *nothing ecclesiastical* for its object. They wish not to diminish the provision which the legislature has made for the established church; nor do they envy her the revenue she enjoys, or the ecclesiastical privileges of dignity and honour with which she is invested. If their aim had been to attack the rights of others, and not merely to recover their own, they would not have chosen a member of the church of England for their advocate, nor could I have accepted such a trust. So far are they, indeed, from trespassing on the rights of *others*, that even the restitution of their *own* they did not solicit till the public tranquillity was completely restored,—and till a season of leisure from other avocations had afforded the legislature a convenient opportunity of considering the hardships by which they are aggrieved. That men of acknowledged merit, as citizens, of known attachment to the constitution, and of zealous loyalty to the sovereign, should at no time solicit relief from unmerited disabilities, and undeserved reproach, is not to be expected from the dissenters, for it is not to be expected from human nature;—but, in praying for that relief, they have chosen the time which they thought the most convenient to parliament, and the mode which they deemed the most respectful to the house. United in sentiment, on this occasion, to a degree which I believe unexampled in any other body of men, and hitherto unknown among themselves, and forming in most of the towns of England a large proportion of the inhabitants, they did not choose to crowd your table with petitions; they wished to owe their success, not to the number of the claimants, but to the equity of the claim;—and, they have observed that justice never pleads more powerfully with the house, than when she approaches them accompanied only by her own complete perfections.

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In most of the enlightened nations of *Europe*, the principles for which I contend are no longer a subject of dispute. In Scotland, and in Holland, no religious test, as a qualification for a civil office, has at any time existed. In the Prussian dominions, and in those of the empress of Russia, no traces of such a test are to be found. In Ireland, and in the dominions of the emperor, all civil disqualifications, on account of religious opinions, are completely done away. In France, a similar relief was extended by the edict of Nantes, which, if public report may be credited, is likely to become, in the present reign, a permanent part of the policy of that kingdom; for an opinion prevails there, of its not being necessary that a Frenchman should be a catholic, in order to have the privilege of shedding his blood in the service of his country.—Shall then England alone adhere to an exploded system, which all the other enlightened nations of Europe, upon a full conviction of its weakness, have already abandoned, or are now preparing to abandon? Shall foreigners still be employed to fight her battles? Shall the Hessian sword again be called upon to protect her from invasions, while so many thousands of her own people, willing to bleed in her cause, and impatient to hazard their lives in her defence, are excluded from her service?

One proof of the absurdity, of the incredible folly of these inhuman statutes, presses so strongly on my thoughts, that I cannot refrain from submitting it to the consideration of the house. The benevolent Mr. Howard; he upon whom every kingdom in Europe, England excepted, would gladly confer, at least, the common privileges of a citizen, and whom the proudest nation might be happy to call her own; he of whom a right honourable member of this house has said, "He has visited all Europe,—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur; not to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or to collate manuscripts;—but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the guage and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to

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the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries." He, even he, is denied in England the common rights of a subject; he is incapable of legal admission into any office: and the consequence is, that his zeal for his country having led him, a few years since, to brave the penalties of the law, and to serve her in a troublesome and expensive civil employment, without the sacramental qualification, which his religious persuasions would not permit him to take, the penalties of the *test act* are still hanging over him: and I fear that, even now, on his return to his native country, amidst the plaudits of an admiring world, it is in the power of any desperate informer, who is willing to take that road to wealth and damnation which the legislature has pointed out and recommended to his choice,—I fear it is in the power of every such informer, to prosecute him to conviction, and to bring upon him those dreadful penalties which constitute the punishment of an *outlaw*. God forbid, that in the view of all Europe, such indelible dishonour should be brought upon the British name!

Thus I have stated (too much at large, perhaps, but the importance of the subject will plead my excuse) the merits of the dissenters' case. I have shewn the nature of those provisions, in the test and corporation acts, from which they supplicate relief; and have described the dreadful penalties which these acts impose. I have shewn at what periods, and under what circumstances, these afflictive laws were passed: I have proved, that of the test act the dissenters were not the objects; and that of the corporation act, which, for the space of three years, established despotism by law, the alledged necessity has no longer the pretence of truth. I have also proved, that, after the proposed repeal, all those who cannot take the abjuration oath, which operates as a bar to all but christians, and make the declarations, which excludes the catholics, will continue as completely rejected as before; and that even their willingness to give these pledges of attachment to the laws will avail them nothing, unless in the estimation of their sovereign their merit shall be such as to render them worthy of an employment in his service. I have likewise shewn, that the repeal will increase the strength of the kingdom, by

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enabling his majesty to bring into action the talents and affections of all his protestant subjects; and that it will also give additional security to the church. Whoever, then, shall be of opinion, that the general voice of all the enlightened nations of Europe is deserving of regard,—whoever shall admit, that the exertions of the whole kingdom will have greater avail than its mutilated strength,—whoever is convinced, that union is better than separation, that power is preferable to weakness, and that national justice is the surest ground of national prosperity—will agree with me in thinking, that the law which excludes the dissenters from civil and military employments, ought to be repealed. The grievances of two other descriptions of persons, whose importance in the community cannot be disputed, and the reasonableness of whose plea is too obvious to require any length of discussion, still remain to be mentioned.

By the test and corporation acts, no native of Scotland, who is of the established church of that country, can be admitted to any office in England, or to the army or navy, in any part of Great Britain, unless he will publicly profess a different religion from his own. Yet the offices of the state are the offices of Great Britain; for the salaries of the persons who fill them are paid by taxes levied on Great Britain. The army, too, and the navy, are the army and navy of Great Britain; for in the burthen of their payment, Scotland undoubtedly bears her part. Hence it is evident, that by the test act, an English restriction is imposed on a British office; an English restriction is imposed on the British navy; an English restriction is imposed on the army of Great Britain. Englishmen, residing in Scotland, are entitled to all the privileges of Scotchmen; for neither the late chief baron Ord, who presided in the court of exchequer there, nor Mr. Wharton, who is one of the present commissioners of excise in North Britain, nor any other Englishman in that country, was obliged to renounce the church of England, in order to qualify himself for the trust: it is justly considered as a British trust, and upon it therefore no Scotch restriction is imposed. Why, then, should the naval or the military service of the united kingdom be fettered with English restraints? or, why

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should English conditions be annexed to the possession of a British office? There is neither common justice, nor common sense, in the measure.

XLIX. *Mr. Beaufoy, for the repeal of the test and corporation acts.*

PART II.

I HAVE heard it said, from a confusion of ideas which is scarcely credible, that to grant a remission, in favour of Scotland, of the test and corporation acts, would be a breach of the union; an opinion which supposes, that because, by the articles of the union, nothing can be taken from Scotland but what was then stipulated, therefore nothing can be given. It supposes, that if, in a private bargain, I have engaged to concede certain points to my neighbour, I am therefore bound, by that bargain, to concede to him nothing more: it supposes, that if my agreement with him gives me a right of common on his manor, that I violate my compact, if I afterwards voluntarily offer him a right of common upon mine.

Are we told, that the test and corporation acts are among the statutes which secure the doctrines, discipline, worship, and government of the established church of England, and are therefore, by the act of union, declared to be unalterable? Sir, the government and discipline, the doctrines and the worship of the English church, were the same before the statutes were enacted, and would continue the same if those statutes were repealed; and consequently do not derive their security from them: whereas the act which relates to the patronage of the church of Scotland, and which did seem to affect its discipline, was held to be no breach of the articles of union; neither was that union understood to be weakened by the subsequent act, which gave a complete toleration in Scotland to episcopal dissenters.

When the articles of union were under the consideration of parliament, a proposal was made in the house of lords, that the perpetual continuance of the test act, and in the house of commons, that the perpetual continuance

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of the act of corporation, should be declared a fundamental condition of the intended union; but the motions were both rejected: a proof that the legislature did not mean to give to them the same perpetual existence as to the act of uniformity, and to the statute that was passed in the 13th of Elizabeth; both of which were specifically named as conditions of the compact, and expressly declared irrevocable.

If the test and corporation laws are deemed unalterable parts of the articles of union, it follows, of course, that every alteration in those laws must be deemed a breach of the union, and that every suspension of those laws must be considered as a suspension of the union. Now both these acts are altered, and in part repealed, by subsequent statutes, and, for six months in almost every year, are wholly suspended: but who will assert that the articles of union are dissolved, or that their obligation on the two countries is suspended for six months in every year? or, who will deny that the same power which alters a part, may alter the whole of these laws? Who will deny, that the same authority which suspends a law for six months may abolish it for ever?

That many of the natives of *North Britain*, who are members of its established church, have taken the sacrament, as a qualification for naval or military employments, I readily admit; for those men who consider the service of their country as the first of all duties, and their obligation to their sovereign as the first of all bonds, will make great sacrifices indeed, rather than forego the right of bearing their part in the general defence of the kingdom. But does it therefore follow, that the necessity of making these sacrifices is no hardship? Does it therefore follow, that he who renounces the religion rather than renounce the service of his country, has no reason to complain of the alternative? Others of the natives of that kingdom, too much attached to their religious profession to abandon it on any consideration, yet much too ardent for their country to relinquish the satisfaction of engaging in her service, are, at this very hour, exposed to the penalties of the law; exclusion from the right of receiving a legacy; exclusion from the right of acting as the guardian of a child; exclusion from

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the right of suing in any court, or on any occasion, for justice.

Am I asked, How often, of late years, has the law been enforced? My answer is, the lethargy of the law gives no security to the subject; for an hungry informer may, at any time, rouse it to exertion, and direct it to its prey. But though the fierceness of the statute should not be called into action, yet, in the insult which is offered to the Scots, in the dishonour of being placed on the same level with men whose claim to confidence is blasted by the crime of perjury, established in proof against them—in that dishonour, in that insult, there is no intermission, there is no pause. It is time that these odious distinctions—these hateful signs of difference between the two countries which compose Great Britain, should entirely be done away; that every scar and seam which marks the lip of her ancient wound, should disappear for ever; and that her offspring should have leave to consider themselves as one nation, and one people.

Nothing now remains, but that I should briefly mention the hardships imposed by the test act on the ministers of the established church; a class of our fellow-subjects, to whose concerns the members of this house cannot be indifferent. The law, which declares that every man who accepts a commission in the army, or is appointed to a civil office, shall take the sacrament of the Lord's supper, compels the clergyman to administer this sacrament to every person who shall demand it upon that ground; for, if he refuses, a ruinous prosecution for damages is the obvious and inevitable consequence. The very expense of the trial would, probably, exhaust his scanty means, and leave him nothing but his body, to answer by imprisonment the adverse judgment of the court. Since, then, the law, by menaces too terrible to be resisted, compels him to administer the holy sacrament to every man who shall demand it, as a qualification for an office; in what manner must he proceed? Shall he give the invitation in the usual words of the service: "All you that do truly and earnestly repent of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbours, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in his

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holy ways, draw near, with faith, and take his holy sacrament to your comfort."—Considering the motives which bring them to the holy table, such an address might be deemed an insult to their feelings.—Or shall he tell them, with a better chance of speaking in unison with their thoughts, "All you that are lately appointed to offices under his majesty, that do truly and earnestly desire your continuance therein, and are in love with the profits thereof; you that are lately become excise-officers, or custom-house-officers, or salt-officers, or officers of the stamps, and have a charitable hope of enriching yourselves with the spoils of the illicit trader, draw near, in faith, and take this holy sacrament to your comfort, that you may have a legal title to your places."

L. *Lord North, in reply to Mr. Beaufoy, against repealing the corporation and test acts.*

If the present motion went no farther than for the fair and free exercise of the rights of conscience, I should be the last man upon earth to deliver an opinion against it; but my motive for rising, is to act the part of a good citizen, and not to lay an heavy burthen upon the conscience of any individual whatsoever. I have heard reports, that the dissenters wish to gain *more* than civil privileges; but, as this suggestion has been contradicted by the two honourable members who have spoke upon the subject, my doubts on that point are done away, and I can give every belief to the assertions of these honourable gentlemen.—I should have been glad if the dissenters had proceeded in a more regular manner, and stated the grievances under which they labour, by petition to the house.—Yet I am not insensible that great and liberal minds should shew a virtuous eagerness to relieve unasked,—to anticipate the wishes of fellow-subjects, and,—that when a natural way to act thus laudably is known, it ought undoubtedly to be always adopted.—The doors of this house stand open to all petitioners; and, if a petition had been delivered, stating their grievances, I doubt not but the justice of the house would have redressed them, if they really proved so

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troublesome in their nature.—They have, however, chosen to adopt another mode of bringing their case before the house;—and they seem rather to depend upon the weight and abilities of the honourable mover and seconder of the motion, than on the justice of their cause. But I wish, before the house resolve on a vote, to see on what grounds the motion stands. It prays for the repeal of an act which is the great bulwark of the constitution, and to which we owe those inestimable blessings of freedom which we now so happily enjoy. It recommends procedures contrary to the happy experience of a century.—The dissenters appear desirous of having such and such privileges granted to them, and a line drawn which they are not to exceed: that line (I am glad to say) is already drawn;—and, concerning what relates to the worship of God, in their own way, they have no grievance to state; but their entreaty is, to have the restriction from being able to fill offices taken off.—In the year 1778, a finishing stroke was put to restriction; a general toleration was then granted. If there remains any thing which can operate as a burthen on any man's conscience, in the name of heaven let it be done away;—but let not the admitting of persons of particular persuasions into the offices of the state be confounded with the restriction of conscience. If this government finds it prudent and necessary to confine the admission to public offices to men of particular principles, it has a right to adhere to such restriction; it is a privilege belonging to all states; and all have exercised it—all do exercise it—and all will continue to exercise it. If dissenters claim it as their undoubted, their natural right, to be rendered capable of enjoying offices, and that plea be admitted, the argument may be admitted to all men. The vote of a freeholder for a representative to parliament is confined to those who possess a freehold of 40*s.* or upwards; and those not possessing that qualification, may call it an usurpation of their natural right, by preventing them from voting also.

We are told that other countries have no test acts, and that their established churches are not endangered for the want thereof.—*France* has *protestants* at the head of her army and her finances; and *Prussia* employs *catholics* in her service: but it must be considered, that those are arbitrary governments, that the king alone in

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those countries is to be served, and can, at pleasure, remove or advance whom he pleases. The king of *England*, being a limited monarch, can do no such thing; he is bound by those restrictive laws, as much as his subject. *Holland* admits men of all religions into her army, because, not having subjects enough of her own, she is obliged to have recourse to foreign troops;—but there is no place where they restrain their civil offices more to the established principles of the country. The same may be said of *Sweden*. It has been urged, that by the corporation and test acts, any man who refuses to submit thereto, is subject to the same punishment with those who may be convicted of great and heinous crimes:—but that is not the fact;—no man, because he does not choose to receive the sacrament of the *Lord's supper*, is subjected to any punishment whatever. The act holds out punishment to those who fill offices;—and they are punished for wilfully flying in the face of an act of the legislature. If the act went to force every other man to take the sacrament, or inflict a penalty upon him, it would indeed be a grievance; and I would most readily concur in having it repealed.

Have not the country resolved that no king or queen should sit on the throne of the British empire, who refuses to comply with the test act? If the throne was offered to any prince who would not comply, from motives of conscience, the refusal of the throne to him would be offering him no indignity,—no insult. Gentlemen should not, then, lightly talk of insults and stigmas thrown on any set of men who do not choose to comply with any particular forms.—If all were to be admitted, on the principles of national right, there would be an end to all rules and orders;—for no rules could be drawn by the legislature, but what would be broken through.—The corporation act was made at a time when many disturbances were occasioned by the dissenters, who were principally instrumental in all the consequences that followed. All who then wished for peace, and for the preservation of the constitution, in church and state, called for the measure which was then taken, and which I now consider, as a wise and political measure; it was and is necessary to confine offices in corporations to those who are well-wishers to the established church.

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We are called upon, by an honourable gentleman, to proceed as France has done;—but I would rather proceed according to the experience of England, which has enjoyed peace and harmony in the church by those acts. —It has been said, that when the test act was made, the king himself was suspected of being a catholic;—and the presumptive heir had openly avowed himself a catholic; —that it was not meant to act against the dissenters, but against the papists: but I will venture to say, that the parliament who passed it, knew how far it extended,— they knew that it included both.

The corporation act clearly meant to exclude the sectaries, and was not meant to extend to the papists: but it did not exclude both;—and when the parliament passed both those acts, they knew both papists and dissenters were included. Charles the second, we are told, prevented, by dishonourable means, the repeal of those acts; he thought that the repeal was wisely and patriotically refused. It has been the general means of princes, who had particular objects to attain, which they could not do while every sect remained as it was, to endeavour to confound all sects, that when the door of innovation was once opened, they might pass on till their object was gained.—What was the opinion of parliament at the revolution? That parliament was sharpened by the miseries they had experienced, and by the horror of danger; they deliberately went through all the acts, and repealed every one except the test act, which they considered as a mere civil and political regulation; they preserved it, and they thought it necessary for the safety of the church, and for the preservation of the constitution. By that parliament a just line was drawn, to the relief of conscience, on the one hand, and for the safety of the church, on the other. The test act was the corner-stone of the constitution, which should have every preservation. King James, when he wished to gain the prince and princess of Orange to his views, desired to have their opinion on the propriety of repealing the test and corporation acts. The answer of the prince of Orange was, that he agreed to the removal of the corporation act, but not to the test act; and he declared it to be the practice of Holland to confine all civil employments to those who professed the principles of the state;

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but that the army could not be so restrained, on account of the want of troops. Nothing brought James so speedily to the crisis of his fate as the test act, which restrained him, and rendered it impossible for him to fill all offices, civil and military, with those of his own sect; which he hoped to be enabled to do, by gaining the repeal of the test act; and then there would have been an end to all liberty. Tyranny would have stolen silently on, until it had been so deeply rooted, as to render all endeavours against it vain.

I conceive it to be the duty of every member of this house, to prevent that which may, in a future period, subject the nation to the same dangers which it has before experienced. If the Scots had any hardships, if they had any grievances, they would have been ready enough to have laid complaints before the house; and there are many gentlemen of that country, in the house, who would be ready enough to state those complaints to the house, if any existed. The union with Scotland I look upon as a most sacred compact, and which ought not to be touched with a rash hand. The church is established on a sacred basis, and those who wish for no innovation on the union, should guard against any attacks on the church. With respect to the clergy of the church being *forced* to give the sacrament to all who desire it; that so far from its being the wish of the clergy of England to gain a repeal of the test act, they are all alarmed at the intention of proposing the repeal, and are determined to resist it with their greatest strength. Every minister is bound, by his holy office, to refuse the communion to any unworthy person. If he refuses according to law, by law he will be justified: the fear of an action should not prevent a man from doing his duty: if he is right, where can be the fear of an action? He will gain honour, and the person bringing the action will have a considerable expense and dishonour. The clergy are situated now in the same manner that they were before the test act; they could then, and they may now, upon proof, refuse the administering the holy sacrament of the *Lord's supper* to an unworthy or bad character. The sacrament is administered, as a test of being well affected to the church. Some test is necessary, and must be taken. If the sacrament, in many instances, is taken unworthily,

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I fear that many false oaths are taken; and can that operate as a reason for the abolition of oaths, which in many cases, are absolutely necessary? The legislature is not to be answerable for the consequences of the sacrament being taken unworthily, or for false oaths; and, if any other test could be devised, to answer the same purposes, I would willingly adopt it. If the plea of birth-right is argued, on that ground may catholics also claim admission. It hath been contended, that times have changed: that then a papist was on the throne. Yes, thanks to heaven! they are changed: but may not they be changed again? It may be said, that there is now no danger of *jacobitism*:—the family is reduced to two brothers, one of whom, being in priest's orders, can have no legitimate offspring, and the other is very old. But there may be danger in breaking down the barrier which has hitherto guarded the constitution. We all know the perilous nature of a cry, "The church is in danger!" and, an incendiary watching his opportunity, may cause as great a tumult, and as much mischief by that cry, as by the cry of "No popery!" Though we owe much to the *Brunswick line*, for the blessings of that liberty which we enjoy, much is also owing to the church for its promotion of harmony, by its submission to the government, and its liberal principles,—principles which have encouraged bringing forward the present motion. We find no complaint of ecclesiastical tyranny, no church persecution; let us not then confound toleration of religious principles, with civil and military appointments.—Universal toleration is already established:—let us be upon our guard against any innovation in the church:—the constitution is always in danger, when the church is deprived of its rights.

LI. *Lord Thurlow, on the East-India bill.*

My Lords,

The noble and learned lord has not yet given any solution to my difficulties. I ask the noble and learned lord (lord Loughborough), if he can reconcile the principle of the present bill to the principles of

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the British constitution, admitting even, what we have not as yet the smallest cause to admit, that the necessity of an immediate interference by parliament is apparent. The noble and learned lord fills so high an office in two of his majesty's courts, that I should naturally expect to see him the champion of our glorious constitution. It is not fitting that so great a character should muddle in the dirty pool of politics. The present East-India bill means evidently to create a power which is unknown to the constitution, an *imperium in imperio*;—but, as I abhor tyranny in all its shapes, I shall oppose most strenuously this strange attempt to destroy the true balance of our constitution. The present bill does not tend to increase the influence of the crown; but it tends to set up a power in the kingdom, which may be used in opposition to the crown, and to the destruction of the liberties of the people. I wish to see the crown great and respectable; but, if the present bill should pass, it will be no longer worthy of a man of honour to wear. The king will, in fact, take the diadem from his own head, and place it on the head of Mr. Fox. Your Lordships have heard much of the ninth report of the select committee. That extraordinary performance has been in every body's hands. The ingenious author states, that "The East-India company is in possession of a vast empire, with such a boundless patronage, civil, military, marine, commercial, and financial; in every department of which such fortunes have been made, as could be made no where else."—This, my lords, is the true description of that vast and boundless patronage, which this bill means to throw into the hands of the minister of the present day. I speak the language of the late marquis of Rockingham, for whom I had the highest respect and regard, and to whom I have been much obliged, when I say, that every minister of this country will naturally strengthen his party, by increasing his friends, and disposing of every office of honour or of emolument amongst those who will support his measures: with this explanation of the system on which the present ministers act, and, indeed, on which all ministers must act, let me conjure your lordships to weigh well the consequences which will result to the constitution of this country, should the present bill pass into a law. By the funda-

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mental principles of this constitution, the executive power of the state is placed in the hands of the crown. We have heard much, my lords, of late years, of the alarming increase of the influence of the crown: I will candidly confess to your lordships, that I have never seen the influence of the crown too great. I wish to see the crown great and respectable; and, if the boundless patronage of the east must be taken from the company, if regulations wisely adopted and steadily enforced, will not be sufficient to remedy existing evils, let the boundless patronage of the east be placed where only with safety to the constitution of this country it can be placed—in the hand of the executive government. In the last year, we passed an act to prevent contractors from sitting in parliament; but, by the present bill, Mr. Fox's contractors do not even vacate their seats. Such is the distinction between the crown and a subject.

In the last year, we passed an act to prevent custom-house officers from voting for members of parliament, so cautious were we to preserve the purity of the house of commons, and to diminish the influence of the crown; but, in defiance of every principle which was then professed, no jealousy is expressed of the man who is to have in his possession the boundless patronage of the east. The doctrine advanced by the noble and learned lord is indeed extraordinary. He tells you that the act of 1773 was an infringement of the charter of the East-India company, but that his objection was, that it did not go far enough, and therefore he would totally destroy the charter. The noble and learned lord will recollect the doctrine of the king's attorney-general, sir Robert Sawyer, in the unconstitutional and infamous reign of Charles II, as detailed to us in that ministerial gazette, that receptacle of all true intelligence, Mr. Woodfall's paper; yet, my lords, how was the doctrine of sir Robert Sawyer reprobated by the chief justice of that day! The charter of the city of London was taken away, not because, according to sir Robert Sawyer's opinion, it was for their good, but because the court was induced to declare it had been forfeited. At the revolution, however, it was restored, and the strongest marks of abhorrence were expressed at so atrocious a deed, perpetrated under the semblance of justice. But before the house can consider

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this very important bill on that ground (to which every Englishman must naturally object to it, that it is directly subversive of our venerable constitution, and on that ground I challenge the noble and learned lord to meet my argument fully and fairly), it will be necessary to consider the real state of the East-India company. Let us not be misled by reports from committees of another house, to which, I again repeat, I pay as much attention as I would to the history of *Robinson Crusoe*. Let the conduct of the East-India company be fairly and fully enquired into; let it be acquitted or condemned by evidence brought to the bar of the house. Without entering very deep into the subject, let me reply in a few words, to an observation which fell from a noble and learned lord, that the company's finances are distressed, and that they owe, at this moment, a million sterling to the nation. When such a charge is brought, will parliament, in its justice, forget that the company is restricted from employing that credit which its great and flourishing situation gives to it? Will parliament, in its justice, forget that all the bill-holders of the company are willing to extend the period of payment? Will parliament, it its justice, forget that so high is the credit of this company, that if the restrictions were taken off tomorrow morning, every demand due to the state would be discharged? Will parliament, in its justice, forget, that not all the wisdom of his majesty's councils, nor the united wisdom of this country, has prevented us from being involved in a long, a dangerous, and an expensive war? Will parliament, in its justice, forget, that though we have met with loss, misfortune, and disgrace, in every other quarter of the globe, this delinquent East-India company has surmounted the most astonishing difficulties in India?

Will the justice of parliament forget, that when peace was at last restored to this unfortunate country, the conquests of this delinquent company were given up, to prevent farther sacrifices in the west? Will parliament, in its justice, forget that this delinquent company, by the additional expense of freight, or captures at sea, has sustained a loss of two millions seven hundred thousand pounds, in consequence of our national war? Will parliament, in its justice, forget, that when this country

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has increased its debt above one hundred millions sterling, this delinquent company wants but a little time to pay all it owes to the exchequer, or privilege to use its flowing credit? Will parliament, its its justice, forget, that at a former period, when its commerce was circumscribed, when it had not an empire to support, this delinquent company was allowed to issue bonds to the amount of three millions sterling, though now limited, at the close of an expensive and calamitous war, to the sum of fifteen hundred thousand pounds? These are circumstances which must be recollected, when we mean to violate private property—an injury which must cut every Englishman to the bone, and which nothing but the strongest necessity fully and fairly proved, can ever justify.

The noble and learned lord has mentioned the depopulation of fertile provinces in India, the expulsion of a king from his palace, and the cruelties exercised upon an old woman. These, my lords, are sounding words; but I call upon the noble and learned lord to prove the facts.

It is something singular, that when the character of Mr. Hastings is thus held up to public detestation. his name should be cautiously suppressed. Whence, my lords, this remarkable degree of delicacy towards Mr. Hastings? If he is a desolator of provinces, if he is a plunderer, and an enemy to the human race, let him be punished for his crimes; but let the facts be proved.—The little, low, dirty attempts of malice and faction, which have been long employed to destroy the character of that great man (as I think him), can have no weight with your lordships. How industriously, my lords, has every transaction of Mr. Hastings's long government, that could tend to criminate him, been circulated! The reports of a committee have been sold as pamphlets.—The ingenuity of some men, the industry and warm imagination of others, have been long employed to sully the well-earned reputation of Mr. Hastings. To my mind, my lords, Mr. Hastings is one of the most extraordinary characters this country has ever produced. He has served the East-India company thirty-three years in the most important situations, twelve years as governor or governor-general of Bengal. He is a man, my lords,

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whose integrity, whose honour, whose firmness of mind, and whose perseverance, are not only very generally acknowledged in this kingdom and in Asia, but throughout the continent of Europe. He is a man, my lords, who possesses a most extensive knowledge of the languages, the politics, the customs, and the revenues of Indostan. He is a man, my lords, who infused the spirit which animated his own mind, and rose superior to the astonishing difficulties he had to encounter, into the breasts of our brave and intrepid countrymen who have so nobly distinguished themselves in Asia. Mr. Hastings, my lords, is a man who has re-established peace in India, who furnished resources for the war, while it lasted, by an increase of revenues in Bengal, and has preserved the provinces under his more immediate controul in peace and tranquillity. Mr. Hastings is a man, my lords, who has held a bold and consistent language throughout. When the government of this country sent three men to thwart and to oppose all his measures, he desired either to be recalled or confirmed. Would to God those men had never arrived there! When I consider the scene of confusion that ensued, the factions, personal and party spirit, by which they were actuated from the very hour of their landing, I am astonished that Mr. Hastings has been able to surmount so arduous a trial. What have been the means, my lords, to which Mr. Hastings has had recourse to preserve his power? Has he employed the low and dirty arts of intrigue, which have heretofore been practised?

No, my lords, he has been supported by the voice of the public, by great and meritorious actions! This being my opinion of Mr. Hastings, I shall support him until evidence of his delinquency shall be produced. Whence, my lords, this extreme desire to avoid a full and pure discussion of this question? I again repeat it; if Mr. Hastings is guilty, recall him, punish him; but do not, my lords, let us be deluded by tales fabricated for the purpose of the hour, and circulated with a degree of industry which disgraces the honour and dignity of the British nation. I cannot help adding, my lords, that, to my mind, the late dispatches from India contain such convincing proofs of the vigour of our government in Bengal, of the regulations formed for the collection

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of the revenues, and the administration of justice, throughout the provinces, added to the œconomical arrangements, formed in the civil and military departments, that I do believe it will not be in the power of any clerk in office, that Mr. Fox's directors may send out, to throw Bengal into confusion again in less than two or three years.

LII. *Mr. Fox, on East-India affairs.*

I AM really surprised, that notwithstanding the various objections that have been stated to this bill, on a former day, I find myself this day attacked upon a ground which I had least expected. The violation of charters, the despotism and oppression of the bill, were topics which I apprehended would have been principally dwelt on this day: but I find that these grounds are nearly abandoned, and that now I am to be attacked on that side where I felt myself most strong: yet I will confess that I am sorry I am so strong there, for my strength must be founded on the weakness of the company. It was an old and a politic custom with ministers, in talking in parliament in the time of war, of the strength and resources of the different bodies of the community, to describe them as if they were in the most prosperous and flourishing condition; and perhaps I should myself conform to that custom, if the country was now involved in war. The situation of the country, however, is such, as would not now allow the practice of those deceptions. We could only assist the nation, by knowing and declaring what the amount of its distress was. Had not this been the case;—had not the most urgent necessity impelled, I never would have brought in such a bill as that under discussion. The bill was a child, not of choice, but of necessity. In like manner the answer I was about to give to the directors state of the company's affairs, was not a matter of option, but a matter which I could not avoid, in justice to the company,—in justice to myself,—and, in justice to the world. I assure the house at the same time, that though my defence must arise from that weakness, I wish

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most sincerely that I had no such ground of defence; the weakness of a company so connected with the public, is not a theme which can afford any satisfaction: but as I would state my reputation on the necessity of the measure I proposed, so it affords me, as far as my character is concerned, some satisfaction, that I can find in the company's own accounts, substantial proofs of the necessity of a parliamentary interposition. But I confess, that while an honourable and learned gentleman, who sits opposite to me now, and who is likely to do so on all occasions, [*Mr. Dundas, the late lord advocate of Scotland, who sat on the opposition side of the house, close by Mr. Pitt,*] and other honourable gentlemen in this house, could be appealed to as evidence of the alarming state of the affairs of the company, I had not imagined that any long or elaborate proof, that they were not in a prosperous condition, would be necessary. Gentlemen will find that there was no occasion for them to lament, that the account which had been delivered in at the bar, by the East-India company's accountant, had not been read by the clerk, as I shall, in the course of my speech, be obliged to touch upon most of the points that it contains. In this account I find many things inserted which ought to have been omitted, and many things omitted which ought to have been inserted.—Through these insertions, and these omissions, the company's affairs are made to appear in a much more favourable point of view, than I believe they will be seen in, when I shall have stated the different exceptions that I have to their account: but I beg leave again to call to the recollection of the house, that I did not stand pledged to prove that these were actual errors in the account. It might be regularly calculated, and the sums very properly cast up. I do not venture to say that there are positive falsehoods in the statement; all that I said, and all that I pledged for, was, that I would state rational objections to articles in this account, to the amount of more than twelve millions. These objections may not convince the house—they convince me. I beg that gentlemen will go along with me in the statement, and put down the articles as I enumerate them; for in so complicated a matter, they cannot follow me with memory.

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The first article in the account, held out as the property of the company, is 4,200,000*l.*, as the debt due to the company from government, at three per cent. interest. To this article I do not object: but I must make this observation; that this sum is to be considered as property held in the funds of the country, as not otherwise available to the individual than in respect to the annual interest, for there is no obligation of payment; they could not force the production of it; they could not make government come to a settlement with them; but they stand exactly like the other creditors of the public, secure of the interest, but not armed with powers to come when they please at the principal. Another observation too occurs on this. They take and state this sum with evident error. Surely it is no otherways to be estimated, than as they can carry their stock to market. They are not to set it down in this statement of their property at the nominal amount, but at the marketable value of the commodity. The marketable value of the commodity is three-fifths of the nominal value, and at no more ought they to have stated this sum of property, because for no more is the principal available in their present circumstances. It is very true, that this money was to be repaid to the company, if government should ever put an end to the monopoly which the company enjoyed of the trade to India. In that case, the full sum of 4,200,000*l.* must of course be paid; but as the money was lent, and that government was never to repay the principal, if they chose, while they continued the monopoly, I must say, it was not so very fair to state the sum lent at the full value of 4,200,000*l.*; for if the monopoly should, in any case, be annihilated, without the will of government, then the money could not be called for; and if the company wished to sell their interest in that loan, which was sunk in the three per cents., they would of course lose about two-fifths of the whole; and therefore the account should, in candour, have stated, that towards paying their debts, they had in the three per cent. stock a property that would sell for 2,520,000*l.*

The next article is of a very singular nature indeed, and gives the house a specimen of the principle on which

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this account is made up. A charge is made on government of 260,687*l.* for the subsistance of prisoners in the war which concluded in 1763. To this article I did not mean to object, as a debt desperate, and to be altogether struck out: but, in their present emergency, is it to be considered as an article of available property? This claim was made on France immediately on the conclusion of the war in 1763, and for fifteen years in succession, that is, until the commencement of the last war. The payment of the sum was constantly sought for, and as stedfastly denied. Now, though I for my own part would promise and pledge myself to the company, that I would exert every effort of my mind and power to accomplish this payment, though there is a negociation at this instant going on at Paris for the payment of it, and though I would pledge myself also for the exertion and activity of the noble duke now at Paris on the subject, still I ask if a sum which had been contended for in vain for so long a time, is to be assumed in such an account as available property?

The next article of 139,877*l.* for expenses on the Manilla expedition, and of 21,447*l.* for hospital expenses, bear the same complexion. They are all sums which have been in contention for so long a time, that, though they may be fairly due, they cannot be estimated as property at hand, in fund, or come-atable; they have been disallowed by every succeeding treasury, including even that of the earl of Shelburne. I therefore beg to ask the house, whether these three sums, making 422,011*l.*, ought to have been brought forward in the present statement as property applicable to the discharge of their debts?

The next article is under the head of cash, which is stated in money, in bonds paid in at the sales, and again to be issued, and in debentures and custom notes, to amount to 609,954*l.* Now to this I have an objection. The bonds are here stated as cash; and no notice is taken of a very material article, which is the discount on their being issued again. They bear a very considerable discount; and an allowance should have been made for this discount, which they must suffer, on their being again issued. They cannot take any advantage of them but by issuing them anew, and they must be issued at a

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discount: instead, therefore, of stating them on this side of the account as cash, and charging them on the other side as debts against themselves, they ought to have stated merely the amount of the discount as an *item* against themselves on the debtor side of the account.

The next sum is stated to be due for goods sold, but not delivered, 553.258*l.* To this I have no objection. The next article is the value of the goods in the warehouses, of which the freights and duties are paid, 2,500,000*l.* This I did not consider as proper to be taken in the way which they have taken it. It is to be enquired, whether they can dispose of this property, and then whether they can make it productive, and to the amount at which they have taken it:—though I do not believe that they can, yet I do not object to this article. At the same time it might have been proper for them to have stated the amount, without the customs. They charge themselves with the customs on the other side, indeed; but, to have made the account regular, the sum should have been regularly stated here without the double entry.

The next is the merchandise exported to India, but not included in the property here, as not being yet arrived, 1,219,091*l.* When a man is making out a state of accounts, to prove that he has in hand a sufficient quantity of goods, which he could immediately, or in a reasonable time, convert into money, one might be a little surprised to find him enumerating articles which, in their nature, could not be converted into money; and yet the company have acted precisely in this manner; for they state, that merchandise to the amount of 1,219,091*l.* has been exported to India, but not included in the accounts of property there, not being arrived when they were made up. Now, in this account are included military stores, to the amount of about half that sum, which were not to be used for any mercantile purpose, but were to be, if they had not already been consumed by the army. To the sum, therefore, of at least 600,000*l.* in this article, I would certainly except: it forms no part of the means of the company to pay their present debts, and therefore ought not to have been included in an account of ways and means. They could not bring them to any market, and they were not to be

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taken as available property. On this article, therefore, I take 600,000*l.* The next sum is for silver remaining in the treasury, 1,090*l.* The only notice which I mean to take of this article is, to declare my astonishment, or rather indeed not my astonishment, but to point it out as a fact which proves my statement of their finances to be right. After enumerating their millions afloat, their millions in the warehouse, they come to the calculation of their specie, and it amounts to the sum of 1000*l.* This reminds me of an article in one of our great bard's best plays, where, speaking of one of his best characters, it is said—so much for sack; so much for sugar; so much for burnt hock; so much for this, and so much for that: but for the solid—the substantial—the staff of life—bread, *one halfpenny*. So it is with this flourishing company: they have millions of bonds, of debts; but of silver they have one solitary thousand pounds.

The next article is for the advance of freight, to be deducted on the arrival of the ships, 172,334*l.* To this article I have very great and solid objections: it is a piece of complete and most unpardonable fallacy. They state, in their favour, the advanced freight which they have paid; but they have not taken against them, on the other side, the sum of freight and demurrage which they will have to pay. To shew the fallacy of this article, I would suppose that I had 1000*l.* to pay on my note next Monday, of which, however, I had already advanced 100*l.*: in estimating this account I took to my favour the 100*l.* which I had paid, but took no notice, nor made any provision for the 900*l.* which I had to pay. The company have advanced the freight on fifty-three ships: of these, fourteen have come home, and there are still thirty-nine ships behind; but of these, two have been burnt and blown up: so that there remain thirty-seven ships in India, and coming home, on which the remaining freight and demurrage is to be paid; and this is to be estimated at 50,000*l.* a ship. So that, instead of this sum which they have taken to their credit, they are to be charged in this account with 1,850,000*l.*, for which they are bound, and which they must pay. This I call a very unpardonable fallacy. I desire to know what parliament would think of any responsible minister, paymaster, or servant, who should act in this manner.

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Or is it possible, that any man appointed under the present bill, and accountable to this house, could present an account so miserably deficient as this is.

The next sum is a small charge for their shipping in England; it is only 12,300*l.*; and I might say, *de minimis non curat prætor*: but still I must say a few words on the subject, as it shews to what shift the company thought themselves driven, when they would suffer such an article to be brought into an account; it could be merely for the purpose of swelling, at all events, the total. This sum is estimated to be the value of ships and vessels employed by the company in England. The meaning of this is, that the sale of these vessels would produce that sum: but as such a sale could be thought of only in case the company were going to sell off all their stock, and give up business, I would object to the article; because as nothing could be farther from my intention than to dissolve the company, so no such sale can take place while they exist. The article of 253,616*l.* is exceptionable on the same ground: the company's houses and buildings in London are estimated at that sum; but, as they are not to be sold, I would object to the carrying of that sum to the account of ways and means of the company. If brought forward, it is to be brought forward on the presumption of their bankruptcy: a presumption which I never made, and which could not be taken.

To the article of 703,824*l.*, taken at the prime cost of four cargoes on their passage from Bengal, I object in part. It ought to have been stated, what was very well known, that the company suffered a considerable loss by Bengal goods; and this loss ought to have been deducted from the prime cost of the four cargoes.

LIII. *Mr. Fox, in support of his East India bill.*

PART I.

The honourable gentleman, who opened the debate (Mr. Powys) first demands my attention; not indeed for the wisdom of the observations which fell from him this night, (though he is acute and judicious upon most oc-

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casions,) but from the natural weight of all such characters in this country, the aggregate of whom should, in my opinion, always decide upon public measures: but his ingenuity was never, I think, more effectually exerted, upon more mistaken principles, and more inconsistent with the common tenor of his conduct, than in this debate.

He charges me with abandoning that cause, which, he says, in terms of flattery, I had once so successfully asserted; I tell him, in reply, that if he were to search the history of my life, he would find that the period of it, in which I struggled most for the real substantial cause of liberty, is this very moment that I am addressing you. Freedom, according to my conception of it, consists in the safe and sacred possession of a man's property, governed by laws defined and certain; with many personal privileges, natural, civil, and religious, which he cannot surrender without ruin to himself; and of which to be deprived by any other power, is despotism. This bill, instead of subverting, is destined to stabilitate these principles; instead of narrowing the basis of freedom, it tends to enlarge it;—instead of suppressing, its object is to infuse and circulate the spirit of liberty.

What is the most odious species of tyranny? Precisely that which this bill is meant to annihilate.—That a handful of men, free themselves, should execute the most base and abominable despotism over millions of their fellow-creatures; that innocence should be the victim of oppression; that industry should toil for rapine; that the harmless labourer should sweat, not for his own benefit, but for the luxury and rapacity of tyrannic depredation; in a word, that thirty millions of men, gifted by providence with the ordinary endowments of humanity, should groan under a system of despotism, unmatched in all the histories of the world.

What is the end of all government? Certainly the happiness of the governed.—Others may hold other opinions; but this is mine, and I proclaim it.—What are we to think of a government, whose good fortune is supposed to spring from the calamities of its subjects, whose aggrandizement grows out of the miseries of mankind! This is the kind of government exercised under the East-India company upon the natives of Indostan;

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and the subversion of that infamous government, is the main object of the bill in question. But in the progress of accomplishing this end, it is objected that the charter of the company should not be violated; and upon this point, sir, I shall deliver my opinion without disguise. A charter is a trust to one or more persons, for some given benefit. If this trust be abused; if the benefit be not obtained, and that its failure arises from palpable guilt, or (what, in this case, is full as bad) from palpable ignorance or mismanagement; will any man gravely say, that trust should not be resumed, and delivered to other hands; more especially in the case of the East-India company, whose manner of executing this trust, whose laxity and languor produced, and tend to produce, consequences diametrically opposite to the ends of confiding that trust, and of the institution for which it was granted!—I beg of gentlemen to be aware of the lengths to which their arguments upon the intangibility of this charter may be carried. Every syllable virtually impeaches the establishment by which we sit in this house, in the enjoyment of this freedom, and of every other blessing of our government. These kind of arguments are batteries against the main pillar of the British constitution. Some men are consistent with their own private opinions, and discover the inheritance of family maxims, when they question the principles of the revolution; but I have no scruple in subscribing to the articles of that creed which produced it. Sovereigns are sacred, and reverence is due to every king: yet, with all my attachments to the person of a first magistrate, had I lived in the reign of James the second, I should most certainly have contributed my efforts, and borne part in those illustrious struggles which vindicated an empire from hereditary servitude, and recorded this valuable doctrine, that "*trust abused was revocable.*"

No man will tell me, that a trust to a company of merchants stands upon the solemn and sanctified ground by which a trust is committed to a monarch; and I am at a loss to reconcile the conduct of men who approve that resumption of violated trust, which rescued and re-established our unparalleled and admirable constitution, with a thousand valuable improvements and advantages, at the revolution; and who, at this moment, rise up the

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champions of the East-India company's charter, although the incapacity and incompetence of that company to a due and adequate discharge of the trust deposited in them by that charter, are themes of ridicule and contempt to all the world; and although, in consequence of their mismanagement, connivance, and imbecility, combined with the wickedness of their servants, the very name of an Englishman is detested, even to a proverb, through all Asia, and the national character is become degraded and dishonoured. To rescue that name from odium, and redeem this character from disgrace, are some of the objects of the present bill; and gentlemen should indeed gravely weigh their opposition to a measure which, with a thousand other points, not less valuable, aims at the attainment of these objects.

Those who condemn the present bill, as a violation of the chartered rights of the East-India company, condemn, on the same ground, I say again, the revolution, as a violation of the chartered rights of king James II. He, with as much reason, might have claimed the property of dominion. But what was the language of the people? No, you have no property in dominion; dominion was vested in you, as it is in every chief magistrate, for the benefit of the community to be governed: it was a sacred trust delegated by compact; you have abused the trust; you have exercised dominion for the purposes of vexation and tyranny—not of comfort, protection, and good order; and we therefore resume the power which was originally ours: we recur to the first principles of all government, the will of the many; and it is our will that you shall no longer abuse your dominion. The case is the same with the East-India company's government over a territory, as it has been said by Mr. Burke, of 280,000 square miles in extent, nearly equal to all christian Europe, and containing 30,000,000 of the human race. It matters not whether dominion arises from conquest, or from compact. Conquest gives no right to the conqueror to be a tyrant; and it is no violation of right, to abolish the authority which is misused.

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LIV. *Mr. Fox, in support of his East-India bill.*

PART II.

HAVING said so much upon the general matter of the bill, I must beg leave to make a few observations upon the remarks of particular gentlemen; and first of the learned gentleman over against me (Mr. Dundas). The learned gentleman has made a long, and, as he always does, an able speech; yet, translated into plain English, and disrobed of the dexterous ambiguity in which it has been enveloped, what does it amount to? To an establishment of the principles upon which this bill is founded, and indirect confession of its necessity. He allows the frangibility of charters, when absolute occasion requires it; and admits that the charter of the company should not prevent the adoption of a proper plan for the future government of India, if a proper plan can be atchieved upon no other terms. The first of these admissions seems agreeable to the civil maxims of the learned gentleman's life, so far as a maxim can be traced in a political character so various and flexible: and to deny the second of these concessions was impossible, even for the learned gentleman, with a staring reason upon your table to confront him, if he attempted it. The learned gentleman's bill, and the bill before you, are grounded upon the same bottom, of abuse of trust, mal-administration, debility, and incapacity in the company and their servants; but the difference in the remedy is this: the learned gentleman's bill opens a door to an influence a hundred times more dangerous than any that can be imputed to this bill, and deposits in one man an arbitrary power over millions; not in England, where the evil of this corrupt ministry could not be felt; but in the East-Indies, the scene of every mischief, fraud, and violence. The learned gentleman's bill afforded the most extensive latitude for malversation; the bill before you guards against it with all imaginable precaution. Every line in both the bills, which I have had the honour to introduce, presumes the possibility of bad administration, for every word breathes suspicion. This bill supposes that men are but men; it confides in no integrity, it trusts no character; it inculcates the wisdom of a jealousy of

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power, and annexes responsibility, not only to every *action*, but even to the *inaction*, of those who are to dispense it. The necessity of these provisions must be evident, when it is known that the different misfortunes of the company resulted not more from what the *servants did*, than from what the *masters did not*.

To the probable effects of the learned gentleman's bill, and this, I beg to call the attention of the house. Allowing, for argument sake, to the governor general of India, under the first named bill, the most unlimited and superior abilities, with soundness of heart, and integrity the most unquestionable; what good consequences could be reasonably expected from his extraordinary, extravagant, and unconstitutional power, under the tenure by which he held it? Were his projects the most enlarged, his systems the most wise and excellent which human skill could advise; what fair hope could be entertained of their eventual success, when, perhaps, before he could enter upon the execution of any measure, he may be recalled in consequence of one of those changes in the administrations of this country, which have been so frequent for a few years, and which some good men wish to see every year? Exactly the same reasons, which banish all rational hope of benefit from an Indian administration, under the bill of the learned gentleman, justify the duration of the proposed commission. If the dispensers of the plan of governing India (a place from which the answer of a letter cannot be expected in less than twelve months) have no greater stability in their situations than a British ministry—adieu to all hopes of rendering our eastern territories of any real advantage to this country;—adieu to every expectation of purging or purifying the Indian system,—of reform, —of improvement,—of reviving confidence,—of regulating the trade upon its proper principles,—of restoring tranquillity,—of re-establishing the natives in comfort, and of securing the perpetuity of these blessings, by the cordial recompilement of the Indians with their former tyrants, upon fixed terms of amity, friendship, and fellowship. I will leave the house and the kingdom to judge which is best calculated to accomplish those salutary ends; the bill of the learned gentleman, which leaves all to the discretion of one man; or the bill before

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you, which depends upon the duty of several men, who are in a state of daily account to this house, of hourly account to the ministers of the crown, of occasional account to the proprietors of East-India stock, and who are allowed sufficient time to practise their plans, unaffected by every political fluctuation.

But the learned gentleman wishes the appointment of an Indian secretary of state, in preference to these commissioners: in all the learned gentleman's ideas on the government of India, the notion of a new secretary of state for the Indian department springs up, and seems to be cherished with the fondness of consanguinity; but that scheme strikes me as liable to a thousand times more objections than the plan in agitation. Nay, the learned gentleman had rather, it seems, the affairs of India were blended with the business of the office which I have the honour to hold. His good disposition towards me, upon all occasions, cannot be doubted; and his sincerity in this opinion is unquestionable. I beg the house to attend to the reason which the learned gentleman gives for this preference; and to see the plights to which men, even of his understanding, are reduced, who must oppose. He laughs at the responsibility of the commissioners to this house, who, in his judgment, will find means of soothing, and softening, and meliorating the members into an oblivion of their mal-administration. What opinion has the learned gentleman of a secretary of state? Does he think *him* so inert, so inactive, so incapable a creature, that, with all this vaunted patronage of the seven in his own hands, the same means of soothing, and softening, and meliorating, are thrown away upon him? The learned gentleman has been, for some years, conversant with ministers; but his experience has taught him, it seems, to consider secretaries, not only untainted and immaculate, but innocent, harmless, and incapable. In his time secretaries were all purity—with every power of corruption in their hands; but so inflexibly attached to rigid rectitude, that no temptation could seduce them to use that power for the purpose of corrupting, or, to use his own words, for soothing, or softening, or meliorating. The learned gentleman has founded his opinion of the simplicity and inaction of secretaries, from that golden age of political

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probity, when his own friends were in power, and when he himself was every thing but a minister. This erroneous humanity of opinion arises in the learned gentleman's unsuspecting, unsullied nature, as well as in a commerce with only the best and purest ministers of this country; which has given him so favourable an impression of a secretary of state, that he thinks this patronage, so dangerous in the hands of seven commissioners, perfectly safe in *his* hands. I leave to the learned gentleman that pleasure which his mind must feel under the conviction with which he certainly gives this opinion; but I submit to every man who hears me, what would be the probable comments of the other side of the house, had I proposed either the erection of an Indian secretary, or the annexation of the Indian business to the office which I hold.

In the assemblage of the learned gentleman's objections, there is one still more curious than those I have mentioned. He dislikes this bill, because it establishes an *imperium in imperio*. In the course of opposition to this measure, we have been familiarised to hear certain sentiments, and particular words, in this house—but directed, in reality, to *other* places. Taking it, therefore, for granted, that the learned gentleman has not so despicable an idea of the good sense of the members, as to expect any more attention, within these walls, to such a *dogma*, than has been shewn to the favourite phrase of his honourable friend near him (Mr. William Pitt), who calls a bill, which backs this sinking company with the credit of the state, a *confiscation* of their *property*, I would wish to ask the learned gentleman, if he really holds the understanding, even of the multitude, in such contempt, as to imagine this species of argument can have the very slightest effect! The multitude know the fallacy of it, as well as the learned gentleman himself: they know that a dissolution of the East-India company has been wished for, scores of years, by many good people in this country, for the *very reason* that it was an *imperium in imperio*. Yet the learned gentleman, with infinite gravity of face, tells you he dislikes this bill, because it establishes this novel and odious principle. Even a glance of this bill, compared with the present constitution of the company, manifests the

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futility of this objection, and proves that the company is, in its present form, a thousand times more an *imperium in imperio* than the proposed commissioners. The worst species of government is that which can run counter to all the ends of its institution with impunity. Such exactly was the East-India company. No man can say, that the directors and proprietors have not, in a thousand instances, merited severe infliction; yet who did ever think of a legal punishment for either body? Now, the great feature of this bill is, to render the commissioners amenable, and to punish them upon delinquency.

The learned gentleman prides himself that his bill did not meddle with the commerce of the company; and another gentleman, after acknowledging the folly of leaving the government in the hands of the company, proposes to separate the commerce entirely from the dominion, and leave the former safe and untouched to the company itself. I beg leave to appeal to every gentleman conversant in the company's affairs, whether this measure is, in the nature of things, practicable at this moment. That the separation of the commerce from the government of the east, may be ultimately brought about, I doubt not; but when gentlemen reflect upon the immediate state of the company's affairs; when they reflect that their government was carried on for the sake of their commerce, that both have been blended together for such a series of years; when they review the peculiar, perplexed, and involved state of the eastern territories, their dissimilitude to every system in this part of the globe, and consider the deep and laborious deliberation with which every step for the establishment of a salutary plan of government, in the room of the present odious one, must be taken—the utter impossibility of instantly detaching the governing power from interference with the commercial body, will be clear and indubitable.

A gentleman has asked, Why not choose the commissioners out of the body of directors; and why not leave the choice of the assistant directors in the court of proprietors? That is to say, why not do that which would infallibly undo all you are aiming at? I mean no general disparagement when I say, that the body of the

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directors have given memorable proofs, that they are not the sort of people to whom any man can look for the success or salvation of India. Amongst them there are, without doubt, some individuals, respectable both for their knowledge and integrity; but I put it to the candour of gentlemen, whether they are the species of men whose wisdom, energy, and diligence, would give any promise of emancipating the East-India concerns from their present disasters and disgraces. Indeed, both the questions may be answered in two words. Why not choose the directors, *who have ruined the company?* Why not leave the power of election in the proprietors, *who have thwarted every good attempted by the directors?*

The last point adverted to by the learned gentleman relates to *influence;* and upon his remarks, combined with what fell from some others, upon the same subject, I beg leave to make a few observations. Much of my life has been employed to diminish the inordinate influence of the crown. In common with others, I succeeded; and I glory in it. To support that kind of influence which I formerly subverted, is a deed of which I shall never deserve to be accused. The affirmation with which I first introduced this plan, I now repeat; I re-assert that this bill as little augments the influence of the crown, as any measure which can be devised for the government of India, that presents the slightest promise of solid success; and that it tends to increase it in a far less degree than the bill proposed by the learned gentleman. The very genius of influence consists in hope or fear; fear of losing what we have, or hope of gaining more. Make these commissioners removable at will, and you set all the little passions of human nature afloat. If benefit can be derived from the bill, you had better burn it than make the duration short of the time necessary to accomplish the plans it is destined for. *That* consideration pointed out the expediency of a fixed period; and, in that respect, it accords with the principle of the learned gentleman's bill; with this superior advantage, that instead of leaving the commissioners liable to all the influence which springs from the appointment of a governor-general, removeable at *pleasure*, this bill invests them with the power for *the time specified*, upon

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the same tenure that British judges hold their station; removeable upon delinquency, punishable upon guilt, but fearless of power, if they discharge their trust; liable to no seducement, and with full time and authority to execute their functions for the common good of the country, and for their own glory. I beg of the house to attend to this difference, and then judge upon the point of increasing the influence of the crown, contrasted with the learned gentleman's bill.

LV. *Mr. Fox, in defence of his East-India bill.*

PART III.

THE state of accusations against me on this subject of *influence* is truly curious. The learned gentleman (Mr. Dundas), in strains of emphasis, declares that this bill diminishes the influence of the crown beyond all former attempts; and calls upon those who formerly voted with him in support of that influence, against our efforts to reduce it, and who now sit near me, to join him in opposing my attempts to diminish that darling influence. He tells them that I OUT-*Herod Herod;* that I am out-doing all my former out-doings; and proclaims me as the merciless and insatiate enemy of the influence of the crown.

Down sits the learned gentleman, and up starts an honourable gentleman with a charge against me, upon the same subject, of a nature the direct reverse. I have fought under your banners, cries the honourable gentleman (Mr. Martin), against that fell giant, the influence of the crown; I have bled in that battle which you commanded, and have a claim upon the rights of soldier-ship. You have conquered through us; and now that victory is in your arms, you turn traitor to our cause, and carry over your powers to the enemy. The fiercest of your former combatants in the cause of influence falls far short of you at this moment; your attempts in re-erecting this monster exceed all the exertions of your former foes. This night you will make the influence of the crown a colossus, that will bestride the land, and crush every impediment. I impeach you for treachery

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to your ancient principles—Come, come, and divide with us!

This honourable gentleman, after a thrust or two at the coalition, sits down: and whilst the house is perplexing itself to reconcile these wide differences, the right honourable gentleman (Mr. W. Pitt) over the way confounds all past contradictions, by combining, in his own person, these extravagant extremes. He acknowledges that he has digested a paradox; and a paradox well he might call it; for never did a grosser one puzzle the intellects of a public assembly. By a miraculous kind of discernment he has found out, that the bill both *increases* and *diminishes* the influence of the crown.

The bill diminishes the influence of the crown, says one: you are wrong, says a second, it increases it: you are both right, says a third, for it both increases and diminishes the influence of the crown. Now, as most members have one or other of these opinions on the subject, the honourable gentleman can safely join with all parties upon this point; but few, I trust, will be found to join him.

Thus, sir, is this bill combated; and thus am I accused. The nature and substance of these objections, I construe as the strongest comment upon the excellence of the bill. If a more rational opposition *could* be made to it, no doubt it would. The truth is, it increases the influence of the crown, and the influence of party as little as possible; and if the reform of India, or any other matter, is to be postponed until a scheme be devised, against which ingenuity, or ignorance, or caprice, shall not raise objections, the affairs of human life must stand still.

LVI. *Mr. Burke, on India affairs.*

PART I.

The rights of man, that is to say the natural rights of mankind, are indeed sacred things; and if any public measure is proved mischievously to affect them, the objection ought to be fatal to that measure, even if no charter at all could be set up against it. If these natu-

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ral rights are further affirmed and declared, by express covenants; if they are clearly defined, and secured against chicane, against power, and authority, by written instruments, and positive engagements, they are in a still better condition: they partake, not only of the sanctity of the object so secured, but of that solemn public faith itself, which secures an object of such importance. Indeed, this formal recognition, by the sovereign power, of an original right in the subject, can never be subverted, but by rooting up the holding, radical principles of government, and even of society itself. The charters which we call, by distinction, *great*, are public instruments of this nature; I mean the charters of king John and king Henry the third. The things secured by these instruments may, without any deceitful ambiguity, be very fitly called the *chartered rights of men.*

These charters have made the very name of a charter dear to the heart of every Englishman. But, sir, there may be, and there are, charters, not only different in nature, but formed on principles the *very reverse* of those of the great charter. Of this kind is the charter of the East-India company. *Magna Charta* is a charter to restrain power, and to destroy monopoly: the East-India charter is a charter to establish monopoly, and to create power. Political power and commercial monopoly are *not* the rights of men: and the rights to them derived from charters, it is fallacious and sophistical to call "the chartered rights of men." These chartered rights (to speak of such charters, and of their effects, in terms of the greatest possible moderation) do at least suspend the natural rights of mankind at large, and, in their very frame and constitution, are liable to fall into a direct violation of them.

It is a charter of this latter description (that is to say, a charter of power and monopoly) which is affected by the bill before you. This bill, sir, without question, does affect it; it does affect it essentially and substantially. But, having stated to you, of what description the chartered rights are which this bill touches, I feel no difficulty at all in acknowledging those chartered rights in their fullest extent. They belong to the company in the surest manner; and they are secured to that body, by every sort of public sanction. They are stamped by

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the faith of the king; they are stamped by the faith of parliament: they have been bought for money—for money honestly and fairly paid: they have been bought, for a valuable consideration, over and over again.

I therefore freely admit to the East-India company, their claim to exclude their fellow-subjects from the commerce of half the globe. I admit their claim to administer an annual territorial revenue of seven millions sterling, to command an army of sixty thousand men, and to dispose (under the controul of a sovereign, imperial discretion, and with the due observance of the natural and local law) of the lives and fortunes of thirty millions of their fellow-creatures. All this they possess by charter, and by acts of parliament, in my opinion, without a shadow of controversy.

Those who carry the rights and claims of the company the farthest, do not contend for more than this; and all this I freely grant. But, granting all this, they must grant to me, in my turn, that all political power which is set over men, and that all privileges, claimed or exercised in exclusion of them, being wholly artificial, and for so much a derogation from the natural equality of mankind at large, ought to be, some way or other, exercised ultimately for their benefit.

If this is true with regard to every species of political dominion, and every description of commercial privilege, none of which could be original, self-derived rights, or grants for the mere privilege or benefit of the holders, then such rights or privileges, or what else you choose to call them, are all, in the strictest sense, a *trust;* and it is the nature and essence of every trust, to be rendered *accountable*, and even totally to *cease*, when it substantially varies from the purposes for which alone it could have a lawful existence.

This, I conceive, sir, to be true of trusts of power invested in the highest hands, and of such as seem to hold of no human creature. But about the application of this principle to subordinate, *derivative* trusts, I do not see how a controversy can be mentioned. To whom, then, would I make the East-India company accountable? Why, to parliament, to be sure: to parliament, from whom their trust was derived; to parliament, which alone is capable of comprehending the magnitude of its

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object, and its abuse; and alone capable of an effectual legislative remedy. The very charter which it held out to exclude parliament from correcting malversation with regard to the high trust vested in the company, is the very thing which at once gives a title, and imposes a duty on us to interfere, with effect, wherever power and authority, originating from ourselves, are perverted from their purposes, and become instruments of wrong and violence.

If parliament, sir, had nothing to do with this charter, we might have some sort of *epicurean* excuse to stand aloof, indifferent spectators of what passes in the company's name in India and in London. But if we are the very cause of the evil, we are in a special manner engaged to the redress: and for us passively to bear with oppressions committed under the sanction of our own authority, it is in truth and reason for this house to be an active accomplice in the abuse.

That the power notoriously, grossly abused, has been bought from us, it is very certain: but this circumstance which is urged against the bill, becomes an additional motive for our interference, lest we should be thought to have sold the blood of millions of men, for the consideration of money. We sold, I admit, all that we had to sell; that is, our authority, not our controul. We had not a right to make a market of our duties.

I ground myself therefore, on this principle; that if the abuse is proved, the contract is broken, and we re-enter into all our rights, that is into the exercise of all our duties. Our own authority is, indeed, as much a trust originally as the company's authority is a trust derivatively; and it is the use we make of the resumed power, that must justify or condemn us in the resumption of it. When we have perfected the plan laid before us by the right honourable mover, the world will then see what it is we destroy, and what it is we create. By that test we stand or fall; and by that test, I trust, that it will be found in the issue, that we are going to supercede a charter, abused to the full extent of all the powers that it could abuse and exercise in the plenitude of despotism, tyranny, and corruption; and that, in one and the same plan, we provide a real chartered security for the *rights of men* cruelly violated under that charter.

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LVII. *Mr. Burke, on India affairs.*

PART II.

THIS bill, and those connected with it, are intended to form the *Magna Charta* of *Hindostan*. Whatever the treaty of *Westphalia* is to the liberty of the princes and free cities of the empire, and to the three religions there professed—whatever the great charter, the statute of Tallage, the petition of right, and declaration of right, are to Great Britain—these bills are to the people of India. Of this benefit I am certain their condition is capable; and when I know that they are capable of more, my vote shall most assuredly be for our giving to the full extent of their capacity of receiving; and no charter of dominion shall stand as a bar in my way to their charter of safety and protection.

The strong admission I have made of the company's rights, I am conscious of it, binds me to do a great deal. I do not presume to condemn those who argued, *a priori*, against the propriety of leaving such extensive political powers in the hands of a company of merchants. I know much is, and much more may be, said against such a system; but with my particular ideas and sentiments, I cannot go that way to work. I feel an insuperable reluctance in giving my hand to destroy any established institution of government, upon a theory, however plausible it may be. My experience in life teaches me nothing clear upon the subject. I have known merchants with the sentiments and abilities of great statesmen; and I have seen persons in the rank of statesmen, with the conceptions and character of pedlars. Indeed, my observations have furnished me with nothing that is to be found in any habits of life or education, which tends wholly to disqualify men for the functions of government, but that by which the power of exercising those functions is very frequently obtained, I mean a spirit and habit of low cabal and intrigue; which I have never in one instance seen united with a capacity for sound and manly policy.

To justify us in taking the administration of their affairs out of the hands of the East-India company, on my

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principles, I must see several conditions. 1st, The object affected by the abuse should be great and important; 2d, the abuse of effecting this great object, ought to be a great abuse; 3d, it ought to be habitual, and not accidental; 4th, it ought to be utterly incurable in the body, as it now stands constituted. All this ought to be made as visible to me as the light of the sun, before I should strike off an atom of their charter. A right honourable gentleman (Mr. Pitt) has said, and said, I think, but once, and that very slightly, (whatever his original demand for a plan might seem to require,) that "there are abuses in the company's government." If that were all, the scheme of the mover of this bill, the scheme of his learned friend, and his own scheme of reformation, (if he has any,) are all equally needless. There are, and must be, abuses in all governments. It amounts to no more than a nugatory proposition. But before I consider of what nature these abuses are, of which the gentleman speaks so very highly, permit me to recall to your recollection the map of the country which this abused chartered right affects. This I shall do, that you may judge whether in that map I can discover any thing like the first of my conditions; that is, whether the object affected by the abuse of the East-India company's power, be of importance sufficient to justify the measure and means of reform applied to it in this bill.

With very few, and those inconsiderable intervals, the British dominion, either in the company's name, or in the name of princes absolutely dependent upon the company, extends, from the mountains that separate India from Tartary, to Cape Comorin, that is, one-and-twenty degrees of latitude!

In the northern parts, it is a solid mass of land, about eight hundred miles in length, and four or five hundred broad. As you go southward, it becomes narrower for a space: it afterwards dilates. But narrower or broader, you possess the whole eastern and north-eastern coast of that vast country, quite from the borders of *Pegu*.—*Bengal*, *Bahar*, and *Orissa*, with *Banares*, (now unfortunately in our immediate possession,) measure 161,978 square English miles; a territory considerably

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larger than the whole kingdom of France. *Oude*, with its dependent provinces, is 53,286 square miles; not a great deal less than *England*. The *Carnatic*, with *Tanjore* and the *Circars*, is 65,948 square miles, very considerably larger than *England*; and the whole of the company's dominion, comprehending *Bombay* and *Salsette*, amounts to 281,412 square miles; which forms a territory larger than any European dominion, *Russia* and *Turkey* excepted. Through all that vast extent of country, there is not a man who eats a mouthful of rice, but by permission of the East-India company.

So far with regard to the extent. The population of this great empire is not easy to be calculated. When the countries of which it is composed came into our possession, they were all eminently peopled, and eminently productive; though at that time considerably declined from their ancient prosperity. But since they are come into our hands!——However, if we take the period of our estimate immediately before the utter desolation of the *Carnatic*, and if we allow for the havoc which our government had even then made in those regions, we cannot, in my opinion, rate the population at much less than thirty millions of souls; more than four times the number of persons in the island of Great Britain.

My next enquiry to that of the number, is the quality and description of the inhabitants. This multitude of men does not consist of an abject and barbarous populace, much less of gangs of savages, like the *Guaranies* and *Chiquotos*, who wander on the waste borders of the river of *Amazons* or the *Plate*; but a people for ages civilised and cultivated; cultivated by all the arts of polished life, while we were yet in the woods. There have been (and still the skeletons remain) princes, once of great dignity, authority, and opulence. There are to be found the chiefs of tribes and nations. There is to be found an antient and venerable priesthood, the depository of their laws, learning, and history, the guide of the people whilst living, and their consolation in death; a nobility of great antiquity and renown; a multitude of cities, not exceeded in population and trade by those of the first class in Europe; merchants and bankers, individual houses who have once vied in capital with the bank of England, whose credit had often supported a

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tottering state, and preserved their government in the midst of war and desolation; millions of ingenious manufacturers and mechanics; millions of the most diligent, and not the least intelligent, tillers of the earth.—Here are to be found almost all the religions professed by men; the *braminical*, the *musselmen*, the *eastern* and the *western christians*. If I were to take the whole aggregate of our possessions there, I should compare it, as the nearest parallel I can find, with the empire of *Germany*. Our immediate possessions I should compare with the *Austrian* dominions, and they would not suffer in the comparison. The nabob of *Oude* might stand for the king of *Prussia*. The nabob of *Arcot* I would compare as superior in territory, and equal in revenue, to the elector of *Saxony*. *Cheyt Sing*, the rajah of *Banares*, might well rank with the prince of *Hesse*, at least; and the rajah of *Tanjore* (though hardly equal in extent of dominion, superior in revenue) to the elector of *Bavaria*. The *polygars*, and the northern *zemindars*, and other great chiefs, might well class with the rest of the princes, dukes, counts, marquisses, and bishops, in the empire; all of whom I mention to honour, and surely without disparagement to any or all of those most respectable princes and grandees.

All this vast mass, composed of so many orders and classes of men, is infinitely diversified by manners, by religion, by hereditary employment, through all their possible combinations. This renders the handling of India a matter in a high degree critical and delicate. But oh! it has been handled cudgly indeed. Even some of the reformers seem to have forgot, that they had any thing to do but to regulate the tenants of a manor, or the shopkeepers of the next country town.

It is an empire of this extent, of this complicated nature, of this dignity and importance, that I have compared it to Germany and the German government; not for an exact resemblance, but as a sort of a middle term, by which *India* might be approximated to our understandings, and, if possible, to our feelings; in order to awaken something of sympathy for the unfortunate natives, of which, I am afraid, we are not perfectly susceptible, whilst we look at this very remote object through a false and cloudy medium.

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LVIII. *Lord North, on addressing his majesty, and on the coalition.*

I AM sorry to differ, in many points, from my honourable friend who spoke last, who undoubtedly may be said to be independent, as far as a person's standing singular in his opinion is independent of every person who has argued on either side of the question. My honourable friend has conceived that a right honourable gentleman on the floor (Mr. Fox) intends to cram the India bill, under another name, down the throats of the house of lords. The honourable gentleman is mistaken in calling him the right honourable secretary; for, sorry I am to say, that, to the misfortune of this country, it is a name which no longer belongs to him. But I will call him by a name which, I trust, will ever belong to him—a name which it is my pride to boast of, since I knew him best. I will henceforth call him by the name of my right honourable friend; by that word I mean in future to describe him, and I hope that by that name he will in future be known in the house. Our intimate connection was founded on principles of honour. When the great points on which we differed were no more, we thought we might act together with cordiality, and without inconsistency: we were not mistaken; we tried the experiment, and it succeeded; no meanness, no dishonour, no jealousy discovered itself: all was inviolable adherence to honour and good faith, on one part;—all was confidence, on the other. No mean concessions were made on either side. I appeal to my right honourable friend, if I ever sacrificed any one opinion which I formerly seriously held upon principle, unless when reason and argument might have pointed out the propriety of it: and, in justice to my right honourable friend, I must declare, that he never sacrificed to me any principle which he ever held when in opposition to my government. The necessity of the state called for that which has been so often called a cursed coalition; nay, the very circumstances of the present day demonstrate that necessity; for where could an administration be formed without a coalition? There are at present two cabinet ministers; and if coalition was a cursed thing, then this ministry of

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two men is a cursed ministry; for it is formed in a coalition of two persons who differed formerly on essential points. The difference, however, of the two coalitions is this: the coalition between my right honourable friend and myself, was a coalition of whole parties blended into one, for the purpose of forming a stable and permanent government; whereas the coalition between the present first lord of the treasury, and the lord president (earl Gower), is a coalition of shreds, of ends, and remnants; a coalition of small parts of parties, but not of the parties themselves. Why, then, is it the fashion to call the one a cursed coalition, and yet take no notice of the other? I cannot tell, unless it is that one is sufficiently strong to form a strong government; while the former cannot muster more, as yet, than two cabinet ministers. The experience of time has justified the coalition, and rendered it a blessing to the country. When parliament put an end to my administration, by the address against the American war, it was succeeded by another, which appeared to be strong: but it carried in its own bosom the seeds of its own weakness, in the disunion which appeared in several parts of it, which soon shewed itself by their splitting asunder, and a secession of part of it from the cabinet. The next administration was but weak, because it was ill connected; and it had lost the support of those who formerly acted with it: the members of it, therefore, fell off one after another, till losing the confidence of the house, the poor remnant of it was obliged to yield to the voice of the parliament, and retire. From this experience it appeared necessary, for the good of the state, that a permanent government should be formed; and it was clear that it could not possibly be formed, unless a coalition should take place among those who, though once enemies upon points which could no longer come into debate, might act together, very cordially, in every other respect. Such a coalition was formed; but then it was charged with having seized upon government: this is, indeed, a charge that I do not understand; for the public waited for six weeks for a ministry; and every means were tried for a new one, without the assistance of the coalition: but failing in every attempt, the ministers all quitted the cabinet before the coalition were sent for. The cabinet

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was then empty; so that, if we seized upon it, it was by marching in after the garrison which ought to have defended it had fled, and who, as they were going out, cried, "What a terrible cursed thing is this coalition, that is driving us from our situations." But if we became possessed of government, we are at worst charged with having carried it by storm, bravely, in the face of the enemy, not by sap; we carried on our advances regularly, and above ground, in view of the foe; not by mining in the dark, and blowing up the fort, before the garrison knew there was an intention to attack it. It has been said, on a former day, that a starling ought to be brought, placed in this house, and taught to speak the words, "Coalition! coalition! cursed coalition!" Now, for my part, I think that, while there is in this house an honourable gentleman who never fails, let what will be the subject of debate, to take an opportunity to curse the coalition, I think there will be no occasion for the starling: and while he continues to speak by rote, and without any fixed idea, I think what he says will make just as much impression as if the starling himself was to utter his words. As to the coalition, and the abuse which was so often thrown upon it, they always bring to my mind two persons, for whom I felt no inconsiderable share of concern; these were two men who were shut up in the Eddistone light-house, to mind the fire. They were both of different principles; and therefore, though they were shut in from all intercourse with the rest of mankind, and though they might, by their conversation, have amused one another, yet they never exchanged a word with each other for six weeks; and they had rather let the fire go out, and see all the navy of England dashed to pieces under them, than that one should consent to give up the most trivial point to the other. The enemies of the coalition would have had my honourable friend and me resemble the two men in the light-house: but we have acted more wisely for the public good; we considered the safety of the public our principal care and duty; and, in order to save the ship of state from running ashore, or dashing against the rocks, we all agreed, at all events, that the fire in the light-house should not be extinguished; but that, let who would stir it, it was to be kept in: thus, what

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some affected to call a curse, was, in reality, a blessing to the nation. I will not charge the right honourable gentleman at present at the head of his majesty's affairs, with being an enemy to coalitions; on the contrary, he likes them so well, that he has formed one himself with the noble lord who sits with him in the cabinet. The right honourable gentleman has endeavoured to imitate our coalition, but he has bungled the business; for, as I said before, he has coalesced with the remnant of parties, and not with the parties themselves: therefore I may apply to them the expression of the Roman orator, *Placuisse, sed non tetigisse.* But to return from my digression, my honourable friend behind me (governor Johnstone) says that my right honourable friend means to cram down the throats of the house of lords, a bill which they had already rejected: but surely he cannot be in earnest, for he knows my right honourable friend is no longer in a situation to cram any thing down their throats; and the honourable member over the way (Mr. Banks) says that a bill, totally different from that which was rejected, inasmuch as it is free from all those objections which are said to have made so many enemies to the bill that is lost, is to be presented by the new minister: and therefore, as one person has it not in his power to present the same bill again, and another person will present a totally different one, there is no danger that the old bill will be crammed down the throats of the house of lords; and, consequently, there is no danger that the event should take place, which, in my honourable friend's opinion, would justify a dissolution of the present parliament. My honourable friend has been mistaken in another point: he says, that my right honourable friend said, before he resigned, that he would bring in again the same bill. This is, indeed, a capital mistake; for my right honourable friend did not resign, he was turned out; I was turned out; we were all turned out: not the merit of having voted against the bill, could preserve the lord president of the council from the mortification of being turned out, with all his. As to the assurances given to the committee, on the part of the right honourable gentleman now at the head of his majesty's affairs, that no dissolution or prorogation will take place through his advice, I am very well in-

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clined to say, that in his honour and integrity I have a great reliance: but what security can he give that secret influence in the lords of the bed-chamber will not defeat his intentions, and produce a dissolution, not only without his advice, but even contrary to it?—I value highly the character of that right honourable gentleman; and though he is my political enemy, still I always feel myself disposed to treat him with more respect than I ever experienced from him: but highly as I value that character, I cannot trust to it upon the present occasion, because the events to which that character is pledged, may not be within the control of the right honourable member. At present there are only two ministers in the cabinet; but when the number is completed, who can answer to the house of commons that a dissolution may not be proposed in the cabinet—the right honourable gentleman outvoted, and the question carried? This is upon the supposition that the event will depend upon the cabinet; but the difficulty will be still greater, if the committee will reflect on the power of secret influence, which can put an end to the strongest administration, as has been experienced within this few days. I therefore must declare, that, as the address is couched in the strongest terms of respect, duty, affection, and loyalty to his majesty, I think it ought to be carried, as the only effectual means of preventing those calamities which would flow from a dissolution of parliament, in the present critical situation of affairs.

LIX. *Mr. Pultney, on a motion for continuing the army.*

Sir,

We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year. I always have been, sir, and always shall be, against a standing army of any kind; to me it is a terrible thing, whether under that of parliamentary, or any other designation; a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it be called by; they are a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws, and blind obedience and an entire

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submission to the orders of their commanding officer is their only principle. The nations around us, sir, are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means; by means of their standing armies they have every one lost their liberties; it is, indeed, impossible that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our measures from the examples of our neighbours? No, sir; on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

It signifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by such gentlemen as cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country. It may be so; I hope it is so; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe they would not join in any such measures; but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command; they may be all dismissed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Besides, sir, we know the passions of men; we know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæsar? Where was there ever an army that had served their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country; yet that army enslaved their country. The affections of the soldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under-officers, are not to be depended on; by the military law, the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishments so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander; he must not consult his own inclinations; if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this house, he must do it; he dares not disobey; immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling. And if an officer were sent into the court of requests, accompanied by a body of musketeers with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this house; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby:

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but, sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in this house, or in any house of commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things; I talk of what has happened to an English house of commons, and from an English army; not only from an English army, but an army that was raised by that very house of commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by authority of parliament will always be submissive to them: if an army be so numerous as to have it in their power to overawe the parliament, they will be submissive as long as the parliament does nothing to disoblige their favorite general; but when that case happens, I am afraid that, in place of the parliament's dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of the parliament, or of that army, alter the case; for with respect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the parliament dismissed by them was a legal parliament; they were an army raised and maintained according to law; and at first they were raised, as they imagined, for the preservation of those liberties which they afterwards destroyed.

It has been urged, sir, that whoever is for the protestant succession, must be for continuing the army: for that very reason, sir, I am against continuing the army. I know that neither the protestant succession in his majesty's most illustrious house, nor any succession, can ever be safe, as long as there is a standing army in the country. Armies, sir, have no regard to hereditary succession. The first two Cæsars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable subjection, because the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their successors? Was not every one of them named by the army, without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right? A cobler, a gardener, or any man who happened to raise himself in the army, and could gain their affections, was made emperor of the world. Was not every succeeding emperor raised to the throne, or tumbled headlong into

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the dust, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the soldiers?

We are told this army is desired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How absurd is this distinction! Is there any army in the world continued for any term of years? Does the most absolute monarch tell his army, that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months? How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continues, wherein will it differ from the standing armies of those countries which have already submitted their necks to the yoke? We are now come to the rubicon; our army it now to be reduced, or it never will; from his majesty's own mouth we are assured of a profound tranquillity abroad; we know there is one at home; if this is not a proper time, if these circumstances do not afford us a safe opportunity for reducing, at least, a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to see any reduction; and this nation, already overburthened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with a heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army, and remain for ever exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future king or ministry who shall take it in their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

LX. *Sir John Barnard, on manning the fleet.*

MR. SPEAKER,

I THINK myself obliged, by my duty to my country, and my gratitude to those by whose industry we are enriched, and by whose courage we are defended, to make, once more, a declaration, not against particular clauses,—not against single circumstances, but against the whole bill; a bill unjust and oppressive, absurd and ridiculous; a bill to harrass the industrious, and distress the honest; to puzzle the wise, and add power to the cruel: a bill which cannot be read without astonishment, nor passed without the violation of our constitution, and an equal disregard of policy and hu-

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manity. All these assertions will need to be proved only by a bare perusal of this hateful bill; by which the meanest, the most worthless reptile, exalted to a petty office, by serving a wretch only superior to him in fortune, is enabled to flush his authority, by tyrannising over those who every hour deserve the public acknowledgements of the community; to intrude upon the retreats of brave men, fatigued and exhausted by honest industry; to drag them out with all the wantonness of groveling authority, and chain them to the oar, without a moment's respite; or perhaps oblige them to purchase, with the gains of a dangerous voyage, or the plunder of an enemy lately conquered, a short interval to settle their affairs, or bid their children farewell. Let any gentleman in this house, let those, sir, who now sit at ease, projecting laws of oppression, and conferring upon their own slaves such licentious authority, pause a few moments, and imagine themselves exposed to the same hardships, by a power superior to their own;—let them conceive themselves torn from the tenderness and caresses of their families, by midnight irruptions, dragged in triumph through the streets, by a despicable officer, and placed under the command of those by whom they have, perhaps, been already oppressed and insulted. Why should we imagine that the race of men for whom these cruelties are preparing, have less sensibility than ourselves? Why should we believe that they will suffer without complaint, and be injured without resentment? Why should we conceive that they will not at once deliver themselves, and punish their oppressors, by deserting that country where they are considered as felons, and laying hold on those rewards and privileges which no other government will deny them? This is, indeed, the only tendency, whatever may have been the intention of the bill now before us; for I know not whether the most refined sagacity can discover any other method of discouraging navigation, than those which are drawn together in the bill now before us. We first give our constables an authority to hunt the sailors, like thieves, and drive them, by incessant pursuit, out of the nation; but, lest any man should, by friendship, good fortune, or the power of money, find means of staying behind, we have, with equal wisdom, condemned him to poverty

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and misery; and, lest the natural courage of his profession should incite him to assist his country in the war, have contrived a method of precluding him from any advantage that he might have the weakness to hope from his fortitude and diligence. What more can be done, unless we at once prohibit to seamen the use of the common elements, or doom them to a general proscription?

It is just that advantage, sir, should be proportioned to the hazard by which it is to be obtained; and therefore a sailor has an honest claim to an advance of wages in time of war: it is necessary to excite expectation, and to fire ambition, by the prospect of great acquisitions; and by this prospect it is that such numbers are daily allured to naval business, and that our privateers are filled with adventurers. The large wages which war makes necessary, are more powerful incentives to those whom impatience of poverty determines to change their state of life, than the secure gains of peaceful commerce; for the danger is overlooked by a mind intent upon the profit. War is the harvest of a sailor, in which he is to store provisions for the winter of old age; and, if we blast this hope, he will inevitably sink into indolence and cowardice. Many of the sailors are bred up to trades, or capable of any laborious employment upon land; nor is there any reason for which they expose themselves to the dangers of a sea-faring life, but the hope of sudden wealth, and some lucky season, in which they may improve their fortunes by a single effort. Is it reasonable to believe, that all these will not rather have recourse to their former callings, and live in security, though not in plenty, than encounter danger and poverty at once, and face an enemy, without any prospect of recompence?

Let any man recollect the ideas that arose in his mind upon hearing of a bill for encouraging and increasing sailors, and examine whether he had any expectation of expedients like these. I suppose it was never known before that men were to be encouraged by subjecting them to peculiar penalties, or that to take away the gains of a profession, was a method of recommending it more generally to the people. But it is not of very great importance to dwell longer upon the impropriety of this course, which there is no possibility of putting in execu-

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tion. That the merchants will try every method of eluding a law so prejudicial to their interest, may be easily imagined; and a mind not very fruitful of evasions, will discover that this law may be eluded by a thousand artifices. If the merchants are restrained from allowing men their wages beyond a certain sum, they will make contracts for the voyage, of which the time may be very easily computed: they may offer a reward for expedition and fidelity; they may pay a large sum by way of advance; they may allow the sailors part of the profits, or may offer money by a third hand. To fix the price of any commodity, of which the quantity and the use may vary their proportions, is the most excessive degree of ignorance. No man can determine the price of corn, unless he can regulate the harvest, and keep the number of the people for ever at a stand.

But let us suppose these methods as efficacious as their most sanguine vindicators are desirous of representing them, it does not yet appear that they are necessary; and, to inflict hardships without necessity, is by no means the practice of either wisdom or benevolence. To tyrannise and compel, is the low pleasure of petty capacities; of narrow minds, swelled with the pride of uncontroulable authority; the wantonness of wretches who are insensible of the consequences of their own actions, and of whom candour may perhaps determine, that they are only *cruel* because they are stupid. Let us not exalt into a precedent the most unjust and rigorous law of our predecessors, of which they themselves declared their repentance, or confessed the inefficacy, by never reviving it; let us rather endeavour to gain the sailors by lenity and moderation, and reconcile them to the service of the crown by real encouragments; for it is rational to imagine, that in proportion as men are *disgusted by infamies*, they will be *won by kindness*. There is one expedient, sir, which deserves to be tried; and from which, at least, more success may be hoped, than from cruelty, hunger, and persecution. The ships that are now to be fitted out for the service, are those of the first magnitude, which it is usual to bring back into the ports in winter. Let us, therefore, promise to all seamen that shall voluntarily engage in them, besides the reward already proposed, a discharge from the ser-

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vice at the end of six or seven months. By this they will be released from their present dread of perpetual slavery; and be certain, as they are when in the service of the merchants, of a respite from their fatigues. The trade of the nation will be only interrupted for a time, and may be carried on in the winter-months; and large sums will be saved by dismissing the seamen when they cannot be employed. By adding this to the other methods of encouragement, and throwing aside all rigorous and oppressive schemes, the navy may easily be manned, our country protected, our commerce re-established, and our enemies subdued;—but to pass the bill as it now stands, is to determine that trade shall cease, and that no ship shall sail out of the river.

LXI. *Mr. (late lord chancellor) Erskine, against Mr. Pitt, on the dissolution of parliament.*

I HAVE ventured to consider ourselves as re-assembled this day, after the necessary adjournment of the season, under his majesty's solemn promise, that we should not be interrupted in our deliberations on the affairs of the *East-Indies*, and the support of the public credit, by any prorogation or dissolution of the parliament: for if his majesty's answer to our late address means any thing short of that, his ministers who have advised and perused it, have not only abused his royal confidence, but grossly deceived and insulted this house. For the answer, in acknowledging the urgency of those objects mentioned in the address, as reasons against dissolving, and likewise the expediency of proceeding on them with vigilance, most undoubtedly conveys, that the house will be permitted not merely to meet, but to meet for the furtherance of those objects. On the day the answer was read in this house, there were no responsible ministers present; but as they are *here* now, the house is intitled to know, in the most explicit and unequivocal terms, previous to the discussion of any question of India, whether they are to understand, that they are met again freely, independently, and with ultimate effect to delibe-

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rate on the affairs of India, and the other great considerations that press upon them; or, whether they are only tenants, at the will of the new minister, to be sent back to their constituents as delinquents, unless they shall recede from every principle of constitutional policy, to which they are solemnly and publicly pledged, and shall agree to register any edict upon the subject which the new treasury-bench may dictate to them, however repugnant to their former opinions. For, if that should be their system, I, for one, would not give up a moment of my time to deliberation which must be fruitless, and which could end in the final execution of no permanent system of government in Asia or Europe: if ministers meet us only, by way of experiment, to try our opinions with the rod of dissolution hanging over our heads, as the scourge of disobedience, determined, instead of retiring on a disappointment, still to distract and disturb a government which they cannot guide, and to gain over a future parliament by the arts of cabal and corruption, which the virtue of the present has resisted, it will become us to know, not from the *minister*, but from the *throne* itself, whether this country is to be governed by men whom the house of commons can confide in, or whether we, the people of England's representatives, are to be the sport and foot-ball of any junto that may hope to rule over us, by an unseen and unexplorable principle of government, utterly unknown to the constitution. This is the great question, to which every public-spirited citizen of this country should direct his view—a question which goes very wide of the policy to be adopted concerning India, about which very wise and very honest men, not only might, but have and did materially differ. The total removal of all the executive servants of the crown, while they are in the full enjoyment of the confidence of that house, and, indeed, without any other visible or avowed cause of removal, than because they do enjoy that confidence, and the appointment of others in their room, without any other apparent ground of selection than because they enjoyed it not, is, in my mind, a most alarming and portentous attack on the public freedom; because, though no outward form of the government is relaxed or violated by it, so as instantly to supply the constitutional remedy of opposition, the whole

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spirit and energy of the government is annihilated by it. That the prerogative of choosing ministers belongs to, and ought to belong to his majesty, and let no man hope to hear from me a single expression that strikes at the just independence of the crown: but as all its prerogatives, like our own privileges, are but trusts for the people, and as none of them can be abused, but by the agency of others; I persuade myself that they will look to those who in an evil hour have given the crown the most responsible advice on the subject alluded to, by accepting of all the posts of executive power, merely, as it should seem, because the voice of the people's representatives in this house has been recently, repeatedly, and loudly lifted up against them. I ventured to express my astonishment on a former day, when the first lord of the treasury was not in this place, that when the affairs of India were the first and most important objects of the king's government, he could venture to take upon him the conduct of that government, in a house of commons adverse to all his ideas and principles on the subject, and the majority of which he had, on the same subject, loaded with the most opprobious epithets; an expression he thought himself at liberty to use, because, after a great and respectable majority had assented to the bill upon the second reading, and in the committee, the right honourable gentleman did still, on the third reading, consider the friends of it collectively as supporting a desperate faction, in an attempt to maintain themselves in power at the expense of the most sacred chartered rights of individuals, and the most valuable interests of the public, with many other galling expressions. My objection to this language, as I explained it when I first stated it, is not so much because it was unparliamentary or unprecedented, though I thought it sufficiently so; it was not an arraignment of the right honourable gentleman for using it, since on most contested public measures the same sort of language was but too frequent from both sides of the house: but I did, as we may all remember, express my utter astonishment, which I again express, (for it grows on me every instant,) that the right honourable gentleman should hope to continue one day the minister in a house of commons, while that majority, whose principles of government he has thus so recently reprobated, continues to subsist:—

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that was and continues to be my observation; and I am not afraid to trust the justice and propriety of it to the good sense, the dignity, and the memory of the house.

If the right honourable gentleman retains his own opinions, and if the house likewise retains its own, is it not evident that he came into office without the most distant prospect of serving the public? Is it not evident that he has brought on a struggle between executive and legislative authority, at a time when they are pointing, with equal vigour, unity, and effect, to the common interests of the nation? Is it not palpable, that instead of giving stability, dignity and authority to the government of this country, at a time when its affairs are falling into ruin in every part of the world, from the want of them, he has crippled and enervated all its operations, stirred dangerous questions between the prerogatives of the crown and the privileges of the people, and wasted the important hours of deliberation in this house, in bringing things back to the very condition they were in originally, when he stepped forth to disturb them? Can the right honourable gentleman, or any body for him, explain to the house, why the crown, by its answer to our address, should promise not to disturb our proceedings, yet should at the same moment change the whole executive authority of government, and place it in the hands of persons adverse to every principle they had pledged themselves to adopt, on the very measure they were desired to proceed upon? Is it not plain to the meanest understanding, that it struck a palsy into every member of executive power, which could not and ought not to have any energy or strength, when deprived of that vital spirit of popular government, which could only circulate life and heat through the medium of the people's representatives in this house?

I trust that whenever the crown of England removes its ministers, enjoying the full confidence of the commons, and chooses so strange and inauspicious an hour for that removal, as, when, upheld by that confidence, they were planning great and necessary systems of government; and when it not only chose that season for removing them, but put into their room persons whose principles on the same objects the people's representatives had recently rejected and condemned; I hope,

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whatever may be our differences on other subjects, that we shall be unanimous in considering that moment as a great and alarming crisis, in which the freedom of the government is to be decided on for ever: and that though we should proceed like prudent and virtuous men, with foresight and moderation, taking care not to touch any of the forms of the government, yet that we should convince the crown by our conduct, that the wisest and ablest individual who shall ever venture to stand upon *secret influence*, against the confidence of this house, will find that his abilities, whatever they may be, or whatever they may be fancied, instead of being a support and protection to him, will only be like the convulsions of a strong man in the agonies of disease, which exhaust the vital spirits faster than the fainter struggles of weakness, and bring on death the sooner.

Such, in a few hours, I trust, will be the fate of the right honourable gentleman at the head of the present government: indeed, he never compared, in his own mind, his first appearances in this house, when, under the banners of a right honourable gentleman, he supported the genuine cause of liberty, with his present melancholy ridiculous situation in it, than he was drawn into an involuntary parody of the scene of Hamlet and his mother in the closet.

> Look here upon this picture, and on this:
> See what a grace was seated in this youth;
> His father's fire:—the soul of *Pitt* himself,
> A tongue like his to soften or command;
> A station like the genius of England,
> New lighted on this top of freedom's hill;
> A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal
> To give his country earnest of a patriot.

Look ye now what follows:

> Dark, secret influence, like a mildew'd ear,
> Blasting this public virtue. Has he eyes?
> Could he this bright assembly leave to please,
> To batten on that bench!!!

The right honourable gentleman may profit the less from these observations, from believing that I seek them;

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and that I have a pleasure in making them: if he thinks so, I can assure him, upon my honour, that he is mistaken;—so very much mistaken, that the inconveniences which the country suffers at this moment, from the want of a settled government, are greatly heightened to my feelings, from the reflection that they are increased by his unguided ambition. Our fathers were friends; and I was taught, from my infancy, to reverence the name of PITT;—an original partiality, which, instead of being diminished, was strongly confirmed by an acquaintance with the right honourable gentleman himself, which I was cultivating with pleasure, when he was taken from his profession into a different scene. Let him not think that I am the less his friend, or the mean envier of his talents, because they have been too much the topic of panegyric here already, and both I and the public are now reaping the bitter fruits of these intemperate praises. "It is good," said Jeremiah, "for a man to bear the yoke in his youth;" and if the right honourable gentleman had attended to this maxim, he would not, at so early a period, have declared against a subordinate situation; but would have lent the aid of his faculties, to carry on the affairs of this country, which wanted nothing but stability to render them glorious, instead of setting up at once for himself to be the first; because he had too hastily declared against being subordinate, and doing it under circumstances, which could not but for a time at least (the spirit of the house would take care it should not be long) disturb and distract all the operations of government, and disappoint the most solid interests of the public.

How very different has been the progress of my honourable friend that sits near me, who was not hatched at once into a minister, by the heat of his own ambition, but who, as it was good for him to do, in the words of the prophet, "bore the yoke in his youth," passed through the subordinate offices, and matured his talents, in long and laborious oppositions; arriving, by the natural progress of his powerful mind, to a superiority of political wisdom and comprehension, which this house had long, with delight and satisfaction, acknowledged! To pluck such a man from the councils of his country, in the hour of her distresses, while he enjoyed the full

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confidence of the house to give effect to vigorous plans for her interests; and to throw every thing into confusion, by the introduction of other men, introduced, as it should seem, for no other purpose than to beget that confusion, is an evil that, if we cannot rectify, we may at least have leave to lament.—These evils are, however, imputed, by the right honourable gentleman and his colleagues, to another source;—to the bill for the regulation of the East Indies, from the mischiefs of which they had stepped forth to save the country,—a language most indecent in this house of commons,—which thought it their duty to the public to pass it by a majority of above a hundred; but which was, however, to be taken to be destructive and dangerous, notwithstanding that authority, because it had been disapproved by a majority of eighteen votes in the lords, some of whom I reverence as conscientious and independent opinions; but the majority of which small majority voted upon principles which the forms of the house will not permit me to allude to, farther than to say, that individual *noblemen* are not always *gentlemen*.

LXII. *Mr. Dundas, (now lord Melville,) on the attainted peers.*

Mr. Speaker,

There are several persons, useful and deserving members of society, who are unfortunately, at this time, deprived of the happiness and comfort of enjoying their hereditary possessions. Those unhappy men have suffered from the active part which their ancestors or themselves have taken in a late alarming rebellion, that had convulsed the empire, and nearly overthrown the present royal family;—but those feuds and animosities are now entirely done away, and I can with truth and justice affirm, that his present majesty has not in his dominions a more brave and loyal people than those who possess the mountains of the north. They have frequently given the most distinguished and memorable proofs of their prowess, their affection to their country, and their loyalty to the best of sovereigns;

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by expending their treasures, and often pouring forth their blood for the defence and glory of Great Britain.

Surely, therefore, that people who have called forth their military skill for the honour of their countrymen, —who have often repelled the enemy, who have often added new lustre to our former glorious atchievements, merit at least some small degree of acknowledgement and gratitude from their fellow-subjects. Their cause of former misunderstanding is now no more; and as they have made themselves illustrious in the field, they claim the protection of the British administration in the cabinet.—I need hardly mention, that the people I allude to are those hardy sons of Britain who inhabited the mountains in the highlands of Scotland;—a race of men to whom an illustrious statesman, in a former war, has paid the highest tribute of applause for their military prowess.

I am proud to have been the first who called forth those resources from the bleak wilds and mountainous parts of the north, as they have been the means of restoring peace and tranquillity to our dominions when most other resources had been applied to in vain. I, like the illustrious statesman to whom I allude, am not too partial to this or that part of the country, but freely confess, that I am stimulated from motives of justice and humanity, to make a proposition, which has for its ultimate object, the restoration of property to the real proprietors, and giving peace and happiness to some individuals, who merit well of society.—The illustrious person to whom I allude, is the late earl of Chatham, a name glorious in the annals of Great Britain, and who has spoken of the hardy sons of the north in terms of the most expressive panegyric. "I am not," said he, "attached to one part of the country more than another. I am above all local prejudices.—It is a matter of indifference to me, whether a man was rocked in his cradle, on this or on the other side of the Tweed.—I sought for *merit* where I could find it;—and, I found it in the mountains of the north.—Those hardy sons answered the emergency of the times, and I have the honour to boast of being the first who called their powers forth into action.—They were, in a manner, proscribed and forgotten, till I emancipated them from their bondage, and helped to wipe away the odium which was illiberally

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fixed upon them.—No sooner had they taken the field in the service of their country, than they turned the tide of war, and our manly exertions were crowned with success.—They fought our battles, they bled freely in the same cause, and gave the enemy to understand, that British valour was not to be conquered without a superior degree of personal courage and bravery.—Their fidelity could only be equalled by their intrepidity, which has signalized their own and the country's renown all over the world."—

These were the sentiments of that great minister, who had shaken the dominions of the French monarch to the centre. I confess I am as free from national prejudices as the much-esteemed earl, and adopt the present proposition from motives of sound policy. I am not attached to one part of the country more than to another, and would be happy to embrace an opportunity of shewing my impartiality. The unfortunate persons whose case I now submit to parliament, have been deprived of their estates for near forty years. I do not call to question the national expediency which has impelled the legislature to enact those laws that have operated so rigidly against them;—but if, by an alteration of the times, and an alteration of opinion, motives of humanity could be adopted, it would, I am convinced, be worthy of a British parliament, to alleviate the distresses of their fellow-creatures, by restoring to them those possessions which they once had a right to enjoy.—Their past atonement demands it as an act of justice: their future conduct, if we may judge from their past services to the state, will make it an act of national wisdom. They have already suffered sufficiently for the part they have taken in the late rebellion in 1745.—They have been proscribed—they have been forced into exile,—they have frequently been reduced to the most deplorable dilemma;—in short,—they have laboured under every species of misfortune and affliction.—Instead of comfortably enjoying their own lands and possessions,—instead of passing their time in the sweet society of their wives and children,—instead of enjoying those blessings which God had, in a former period, bestowed upon them, they are—excruciating thought!—doomed to a variety of complicated disasters,—and forced to seek

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that asylum and happiness in a foreign land, which are denied them at their native homes.

I am happy to think that my proposition has been frequently in contemplation of several administrations. I have often mentioned it to the noble lord in the blue ribbon, when he was minister of the country; and, I can assure the committee, that to the honour of his lordship be it said, he has often entered into the subject with the greatest warmth and tenderness;—and has, on all occasions, acted as a man of honour, integrity, and universal philanthropy.—In justice to the late administration, it is proper to mention, that they intended to bring forward a proposition of a similar nature. But the different administrations of this country have of late been so fluctuating, that it has been impossible for them to prosecute any such design with effect. However, I can now congratulate the people on the occasion, when the present ministry will have it in their power to alleviate the distresses of those unfortunate persons, by restoring to them their estates and property.

The immortal earl of Chatham was the first man, after the late unfortunate rebellion, that called those men forth from obscurity. He intended to have rewarded them in a similar manner, as appears from the encomiums which he bestowed upon them some years ago, on a question relative to the stamp act, when he had an opportunity of doing justice to the merit of the Highlanders.—This design, however, was frustrated;—but, it gives me singular felicity to think that what was so happily begun, under the administration of that illustrious personage, will be completed under that of his son; for I am fully persuaded, that none will object to a measure which is pregnant with the most happy consequences.

LXIII. *Speech of Scipio Africanus to his soldiers, at calling them together after a sedition.*

I never thought I should have been at a loss in what manner to address my army. Not that I have applied myself more to words than to things; but because I have been accustomed to the genius of soldiers, having

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been trained up in the camp almost from my childhood. But I am in doubt what or how to speak to you, not knowing what name to give you. Shall I call you citizens, who have revolted from your country? Soldiers, who have disowned the authority of your general, and broke your military oath? Enemies? I perceive the mien, the aspect and habit of citizens; but discern the actions, words, designs and dispositions of enemies.

LXIV. *Hanibal to his soldiers.*

I KNOW not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas enclose you on the right and left:—not a ship to flee to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here, then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy. But the same fortune which has thus laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal gods. Should we by our valour recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet what are these? The wealth of Rome, whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations, all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come to reap the full recompence of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labours; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompence of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the

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name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle, and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there, wherein they may stand in competition with you? For (to say nothing of your service in war for twenty years together with so much valour and success) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer, an army unknown to their leader, and they unacquainted with him.

Or shall I, who was born I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general, shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater yet, of the Alps themselves, shall I compare myself with this half-year captain? A captain before whom should one place the two armies with their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul. I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war; not one of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the times and places of his noble atchievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was, before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men, strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength; a veteran infantry; a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant: you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy: you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge! First they demanded

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me; that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you, who had fought at the siege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! Every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! You are to set us bounds: to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you—you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed! Pass not the Iberus. What next? Touch not the Saguntines: Saguntum is upon the Iberus; move not a step towards that city. Is it a small matter then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia; you would have Spain too? Well, we shall yield Spain; and then—you will pass into Africa. Will pass, did I say!—This very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers; there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on then. Be men. The Romans may with more safety be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again, I say, you are conquerors.

LXV. *Catiline to his soldiers, previous to the battle which proved decisive both of his cause and fate.*

I HAVE found by experience, fellow-soldiers, that words increase not bravery; that a spiritless army is neither rendered hardy, nor a dastardly army valiant, by a speech from the commander. Whatever portion of courage any man possesses, from nature or habit, just so much will he display in battle. Vain it is to exhort that man whom neither glory nor danger can animate: the force of fear deprives him of his hearing. My motive for calling you together, fellow-soldiers, was to furnish you with a few points of instruction; as also to communicate to you my last result, and the ground of it.

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You already know, what a dreadful calamity Lentulus has brought at once upon himself and us, by his slowness and lifeless conduct: you know how, by waiting for succours from Rome, I was prevented from marching into Gaul. At present all of you see, as well as I, our sad situation. Two armies of the enemy press us, and obstruct our motions; one from Rome, another from Gaul. To abide any longer in our present station, were it ever so much our choice, is utterly denied us, by our scarcity of provisions, and of other necessaries; and whithersoever you choose to remove, you must open yourselves a passage with your swords.

Hence I warn and conjure you to exert your courage, like men determined and undaunted; and to remember, when you engage, that in your hands you carry wealth, dignity, and glory; nay, your liberty and your country. If we overcome, we shall ascertain our own safety on every side; we shall have store of provision; the municipal cities and colonies will be open to receive us. But if we shrink, through fear, we shall, in all these particulars, see ourselves utterly crossed and distressed: nor will they whom their arms could not defend, find defence from any station, or from any friends.

You are besides to remember, that you, my fellow-soldiers, and the opposite army, are by no means urged to engage by the same or equal motives. Our native country, our common liberty, nay, our lives are the prizes for which we combat. Their task is idle and uninteresting, whilst they fight to support the lordly dominion of a few. Let this rouse you to attack them the more undauntedly, still remembering your former valour and atchievements.

We might, indeed, have passed our days, with infinite infamy, in banishment. Some of you might have staid at Rome, reduced to beggary, and to be dependants upon the affluence of others. As such wretched conditions of life appeared intolerable to brave men, you determined to follow the present course. If you desire to forsake this course, still you must exert your courage undauntedly: in war he only who conquers can change it for peace. In truth, to hope for safety from flight, is downright madness; for then you turn from the enemy those very arms which serve for your defence against him.

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During battle, he who is in most fear, is ever in most danger: courage serves for a wall of defence.

When I consider your characters, my fellow-soldiers, and recollect your past exploits, high are the hopes which I entertain of victory; encouraged as I am by your resolution, your age, your heroic virtue, and even by our common necessity; that necessity which makes cowards brave. The straitness of our situation secures us from being encompassed by our enemies, however numerous. Should fortune desert you in envy to your bravery, be sure not to lose your lives, without ample vengeance upon your foes; nor suffer yourselves to be taken, and slaughtered like cattle: rather die fighting like men, and thus leave to the enemy a bloody and mournful victory.

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PART III.

JUDICIAL.

I. *Sforza, duke of Milan, pleading his cause before the emperor Charles V.*

Sforza. I come not, emperor, t' invade thy mercy,
By fawning on thy fortune; nor bring with me
Excuses, or denials. I profess
(And with a good man's confidence, ev'n this instant
That I am in thy pow'r) I was thine enemy;
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy; one that wish'd
Confusion to thy person and estates;
And with my utmost pow'rs and deepest counsels,
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it;
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable
Confess, but that I honour'd the French kin
More than thyself, and all men.
Now, give me leave
(My hate against thyself, and love to him
Freely acknowledg'd) to give up the reasons
That made me so affected. In my wants
I ever found him faithful: had supplies
Of men and monies from him; and my hopes,
Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoy'd up again:
He was, indeed, to me as my good angel,
To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak
(Nay must and will) his praise now, in as high
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.
The benefits he sow'd in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increase, and I still glory in it.

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And, though my fortunes (poor, compar'd to his,
And Milan, weigh'd with France, appear as nothing)
Are in thy fury burnt; let it be mention'd,
They serv'd but as small tapers to attend
The solemn flame at this great funeral;
And with them I will gladly waste myself,
Rather than undergo the imputation
Of being base or unthankful.
If that, then, to be grateful
For courtesies received, or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards, (which other nations
That like you, aim'd at empire, lov'd and cherish'd
Where'er they found it,) Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
For a forestall'd remission: that were poor,
And would but shame thy victory; for conquest
Over base foes, is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt: and, witness truth, that, now
'Tis in another's power, when I shall part
With them and life together, I'm the same:
My veins then did not swell with pride; nor now
They shrink for fear.—Know, sir, that Sforza stands
Prepar'd for either fortune.
But, if example
Of my fidelity to the French (whose honours,
Titles, and glories, are now mix'd with yours;
As brooks, devour'd by rivers, lose their names)
Has power to invite you to make him a friend
That hath given evident proof, he knows to love,
And to be thankful, this my crown, now your's,
You may restore me, and in me instruct
These brave commanders (should your fortune change,
Which now I wish not) what they may expect
From noble enemies for being faithful.
The charges of the war I will defray,
And, what you may (not without hazard) force,

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Bring freely to you: I'll prevent the cries
Of murder'd infants, and of ravish'd maids,
Which, in a city sack'd, call on heaven's justice,
And stop the course of glorious victories.
And, when I know the captains and the soldiers,
That have in the late battle done best service,
And are to be rewarded, I myself,
According to their quality and merits,
Will see them largely recompens'd.——I've said,
And now expect my sentence.

Charles. Thou hast so far
Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza,
(For such I hold thee,) and true constancy,
Rais'd on a brave foundation, bears such palm
And privilege with it, that, where we behold it,
Though in an enemy, it does command us
To love and honour it.—By my future hopes
I'm glad for thy sake, that, in seeking favour,
Thou didst not borrow of vice her indirect,
Crooked, and abject means; and for mine own,
That (since my purposes must now be chang'd
Touching my life and fortunes) the world cannot
Tax me of levity in my settled councils;
I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,
Nor servile flattery; but forc'd unto it
By a fair war of virtue.
All former passages of hate be buried;
For thus with open arms I meet thy love,
And as a friend embrace it; and so far
I am from robbing thee of the least honour,
That with my hands, to make it sit the faster,
I set thy crown once more upon thy head;
And do not only style thee duke of Milan,
But vow to keep thee so: yet, not to take
From others to give only to thyself,
I will not hinder your magnificence
To my commanders, neither will I urge it;
But in that, as in all things else, I leave you
To be your own disposer.

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II. *Malefort's defence.*

——Live I once more
To see these hands and arms free, these, that often,
In the most dreadful horror of a fight,
Have been as sea-marks to teach such as were
Seconds in my attempts, to steer between
The rocks of too much daring and pale fear,
To reach the port of victory! When my sword,
Advanc'd thus, to my enemies appear'd
A hairy comet, threat'ning death and ruin
To such as durst behold it. These the legs,
That, when our ships were grappl'd, carried me
With such swift motion from deck to deck,
As they that saw it, with amazement cried,
He does not run, but flies,
Now cramp'd with irons,
Hunger and cold, they hardly do support me.
But I forget myself.—O my good lords,
That sit there as judges to determine
The life and death of Malefort, where are now
Those shouts, those cheerful looks, those loud applauses
With which, when I returned loaden with spoil,
You entertain'd your admiral? All's forgotten,
And I stand here to give an account for that
Of which I am as free and innocent
As he that never saw the eye of him
For whom I stand suspected.——
——The main ground, on which
You raise the building of your accusation,
Hath reference to my son: should I now curse him,
Or wish, in th' agony of my troubled soul,
Lightning had found him in his mother's womb,
You 'll say, 'tis from the purpose; and I therefore
Betake him to the devil, and so leave him.
Did never loyal father but myself
Beget a treacherous issue? Must it follow,
Because that he is impious, I am false?
I would not boast my actions, yet 'tis lawful
To upbraid my benefits to unthankful men.
Who sunk the Turkish galleys in the Straits,
But Malefort? Who rescu'd the French merchants,

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When they were boarded, and stow'd under hatches
By the pirates of Algiers, when every minute
They did expect to be chain'd to the oar,
But your now doubted admiral? Then you fill'd
The air with shouts of joy, and did proclaim,
When hope had left them, and grim-look'd despair
Hover'd with sail-stretched wings over their heads,
To me, as to the Neptune of the sea,
They ow'd the restitution of their goods,
Their lives, their liberties. O, can it then
Be probable, my lords, that he, that never
Became the master of a pirate's ship,
But at the mainyard hung the captain up,
And caused the rest to be thrown overboard,
Should, after all these proofs of deadly hate
So often expressed against 'em, entertain
A thought of quarter with 'em, but much less
(To the perpetual ruin of my glories)
To join with them to lift a wicked arm
Against my mother country, this Marseilles,
Which with my prodigal expense of blood
I have so oft protected.——
——What have I
Omitted in the power of flesh and blood,
Even in the birth to strangle the designs
Of this hell-hred wolf, my son? Alas! my lords,
I am no god, nor like one could foresee
His cruel thoughts, and cursed purposes;
Nor would the sun at my command forbear
To make his progress to the other world,
Affording to us one continued light.
Nor could my breath disperse these foggy mists,
Cover'd with which, and darkness of the night,
Their navy, undiscern'd, without resistance
Beset our harbour. Make not that my fault,
Which you, in justice, must ascribe to fortune.
But if that, nor my former acts, nor what
I have deliver'd, can prevail with you
To make good my integrity and truth;
Rip up this bosom, and pluck out the heart
That hath been ever loyal.——
——Thou searcher of men's hearts,
And sure defender of the innocent!

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(My other crying sins awhile not look'd on)
If in this I am guilty, strike me dead;
Or, by some unexpected means, confirm,
I am accus'd unjustly.

III. *Hermione pleading her innocence.*

If powers divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how was I in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, fie, upon my grave.

IV. *Othello's apology.*

Most potent, grave, and reverend signors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters;

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That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;—
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent—no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love—what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.
Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life;
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I run it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence;—
Of battles bravely, hardly fought: of victories,
For which the conqueror mourn'd—so many fell!
Sometimes I told the story of a siege,
Wherein I had to combat plagues and famine:
Soldiers unpaid: fearful to fight, yet bold
In dangerous mutiny. These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,—
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,—
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,

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But not distinctively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me, for my pains, a world of sighs!
She swore, In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it;—yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man:—She thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint, I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

V. *REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE,* NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OF THE BOOKS.

Between nose and eyes, a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.
So the tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While chief-baron ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship" (he said) "will undoubtedly find,
That the nose has had spectacles always in wear;
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."
(Then holding the spectacles up to the court—)
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle
As wide as the ridge of the nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose,
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again,)
That the visage or countenance had not a nose;
Pray who would, or who could wear the spectacles then?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shews,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,

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That the spectacles plainly were made for the nose,
And the nose was as plainly intended for them."
Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.
So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That whenever the nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light or candle-light—eyes should be shut.

VI. *Henry V, condemning treason.*

The mercy that was quick in us but late
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare for shame to talk of mercy,
For your own treasons turn upon your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! my lord Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath for a few light crowns lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France
To kill us here in Hampton. To the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But Oh!
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop, thou cruel,
Ungrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knewst the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use?
May it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange
That though the truth of it stand off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected

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The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why so didst thou: or seem they grave and learned?
Why so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgement trusting neither?
Such, and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, the best indu'd,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee:
For this revolt of thine methinks is like
Another fall of man——But hear your sentence;
You have conspir'd against our royal person;
Join'd with an enemy; and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death:
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter;
His princes and his peers to servitude;
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dire offences. Bear them hence.
Now, lords, for France, the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since heav'n so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. Now we doubt not
But every rub is smoothed in our way:
Then forth! dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of heav'n,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea, the signs of war advance;
No king of England, if not king of France.

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VII. *Accusation of Tertullus against St. Paul, before Felix.*

SEEING, that through thee, we enjoy great quietness, and that very worthy deeds are done for this nation, through thy prospicience, we accept it always, and in all places, most noble Felix, with all thankfulness.

Notwithstanding, that I be not further tedious unto thee, I pray thee, that thou wouldst hear me, of thy clemency, a few words. For we have found this man a pestilent fellow, and a mover of sedition among all the Jews throughout the world, and a ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes; who also hath gone about to profane the temple; whom we took, and would have judged according to our law: but the chief captain, Lysias, came upon us, and with great violence took him away out of our hands, commanding his accusers to come unto thee: By examining of whom thyself, thou mayest take knowledge of all those things, whereof we accuse him.

VIII. *St. Paul's defence, before Felix, in reply to the accusation of Tertullus.*

FORASMUCH as I know that thou hast been for many years a judge unto this nation, I do the more cheerfully answer for myself. Because that thou must understand that there are yet but twelve days since I went up to Jerusalem, for to worship; and they neither found me in the temple, disputing with any man, nor raising up the people, either in the synagogues, or in the city; nor can they prove the things whereof they now accuse me. But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law, and in the prophets; and have hope towards God, which they themselves also allow, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust. And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence towards God, and towards men.

Now, after many years, I came to bring alms to my

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nation, and offerings; whereupon certain Jews from Asia found me purified in the temple, neither with multitude, nor with tumult; who ought to have been here before thee, and accuse, if they had ought against me. Or else let these same here say, if they have found any evil doing in me, when I stood before the council; except it be for this one declaration, which I proclaimed standing among them, "Touching the resurrection of the dead, I am called in question by you this day."

IX. *St. Paul's defense before Agrippa.*

I THINK myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews; especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews, who knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most rigorous sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers: unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For this hope's sake, king Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews. Why should it be thought a thing incredible to you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth: which things, I also did in Jesusalem; and many of the saints did shut up in prison; and when they were put to death I gave my voice against them; and I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

Whereupon as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O king! I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me, and them

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that journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me and saying, in the Hebrew tongue, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the goads." And I said, "Who art thou, lord?" And he said, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest; but arise, and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister, and a witness both of these things thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from this people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me." Whereupon, O king Agrippa! I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision, but shewed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea; and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come,—that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light unto this people, and to the Gentiles.

(And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said, with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." But he said,—)

I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness; for the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner.

King Agrippa! believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest.

(Then Agrippa said unto Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a christian." And Paul said,—)

I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.

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X. *Speech of the honourable Thomas (now LORD) Erskine, for the prosecution against Williams, publisher of Paine's Age of Reason.*

PART I.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,

THE charge of blasphemy, which is put upon the record against the printer of this publication is not an accusation of the servants of the crown, but comes before you sanctioned by the oaths of a grand jury of the country. It stood for trial upon a former day; but it happening, as it frequently does, without any imputation upon the gentlemen named in the panncl, that a sufficient number did not appear to constitute a full special jury, I thought it my duty to withdraw the cause from trial, till I could have the opportunity which is now open to me of addressing myself to you, who were originally appointed to try it.

I pursued this course, however, from no jealousy of the common juries appointed by the laws for the ordinary service of the court, since my whole life has been one continued experience of their virtues; but because I thought it of great importance that those who were to decide upon a cause so very momentous to the public, should have the highest possible qualifications for the decision. That they should not only be men capable from their educations of forming an enlightened judgement, but that their situations should be such as to bring them within the full view of their enlightened country, to which in character and in estimation they were in their own turns to be responsible.

Not having the honour, gentlemen, to be sworn for the king as one of his counsel, it has fallen much oftener to my lot to defend indictments for libels, than to assist in the prosecution of them. But I feel no embarrassment from that recollection; since I shall not be found to-day to express a sentiment, or to utter an expression inconsistent with those invaluable principles for which I have uniformly contended in the defence of others. Nothing that I have ever said, either professionally or personally for the liberty of the press, do I mean to-day to

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contradict or counteract. On the contrary, I desire to preface the very short discourse I have to make to you with reminding you, that it is your most solemn duty to take care that it suffers no injury in your hands. A free and unlicensed press (in the just and legal sense of the expression) has led to all the blessings both of religion and government, which Great Britain or any part of the world at this moment enjoys, and is calculated still farther to advance mankind to higher degrees of civilization and happiness. But this freedom, like every other, must be limited to be enjoyed, and like every other human advantage, may be defeated by its abuse.

Gentlemen! the defendant stands indicted for having published this book, which I have only read from the obligation of professional duty, and which I rose from the reading of with astonishment and disgust. Standing here with all the privileges belonging to the highest counsel for the crown, I shall be entitled to reply to any defence that shall be made for the publication. I shall wait with patience till I hear it.

Indeed, if I were to anticipate the defence which I hear and read of, it would be defaming by anticipation the learned counsel who is to make it. For if I am to collect it, even from a formal notice given to the prosecutors in the course of the proceedings, I have to expect, that instead of a defence conducted according to the rules and principles of English law and justice; the foundation of all our laws, and the sanctions of all our justice, are to be struck at and insulted. What is the force of that jurisdiction which enables the court to sit in judgement? What but the oaths which his lordship, as well as yourselves, have sworn upon the gospel to fulfil. Yet in the king's court, where his majesty is himself also sworn to administer the justice of England,—in the king's court,—who receives his high authority under a solemn oath to maintain the christian religion, as it is promulgated by God in the holy scriptures, I am nevertheless called upon as counsel for the prosecution to produce a certain book described in the indictment to be the holy bible.

No man deserves to be upon the rolls of the court, who dares, as an attorney, to put his name to such a

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notice. It is an insult to the authority and dignity of the court of which he is an officer; since it seems to call in question the very foundation of its jurisdiction. If this is to be the spirit and temper of the defence; if, as I collect from that array of books which are spread upon the benches behind me, this publication is to be vindicated by an attack of all the truths which the christian religion promulgates to mankind, let it be remembered, that such an argument was neither suggested nor justified by any thing said by me on the part of the prosecution.

In this stage of the proceedings, I shall call for reverence to the sacred scriptures, not from their merits, unbounded as they are, but from their authority in a christian country—not from the obligations of conscience, but from the rules of law. For my own part, gentlemen, I have ever been deeply devoted to the truths of christianity, and my firm belief in the holy gospel is by no means owing to the prejudices of education, (though I was religiously educated by the best of parents,) but arises from the fullest and most continued reflections of my riper years and understanding. It forms at this moment the greatest consolation of a life which, as a shadow, must pass away; and without it, indeed, I should consider my long course of health and prosperity (perhaps too long and too uninterrupted to be good for any man) only as the dust which the wind scatters, and rather as a snare than as a blessing.

Much, however, as I wish to support the authority of scripture from a reasoned consideration of it, I shall repress that subject, for the present. But if the defence shall be as I have suspected, to bring them at all into argument or question, I shall then fulfil a duty which I owe not only to the court as counsel for the prosecution, but to the public, to state what I feel and know concerning the evidences of that religion, which is reviled without being examined, and denied without being understood. I am well aware that by the communications of a free press, all the errors of mankind, from age to age have been dissipated, and dispelled; and I recollect that the world, under the banners of reformed christianity, has struggled through persecution to the noble

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eminence on which it stands at this moment, shedding the blessings of humanity and science upon the nations of the earth.

It may be asked, by what means the reformation would have been effected, if the books of the reformers had been suppressed, and the errors of condemned and exploded superstitions had been supported as unquestionable by the state founded on those very supersitions formerly, as it is at present upon the doctrines of the established church. Or how, upon such principles, any reformation, civil or religious, can in future be effected. The solution is easy:—let us examine what are the general principles of the liberty of the press, as they regard writings on general subjects, unconnected with the personal reputation of private men, which are wholly foreign to the present enquiry. They are full of simplicity, and are brought as near perfection, by the law of England, as perhaps is consistent with any of the frail institutions of mankind.

Although every community must establish supreme authorities, founded upon fixed principles, and must give higher powers to magistrates to administer laws for the preservation of the government itself, and for the security of those who are to be protected by it: yet, as infallibility and perfection belong neither to human establishments nor to human individuals, it ought to be the policy of all free establishments, as it is most peculiarly the principle of our own constitution, to permit the most unbounded freedom of discussion, even by detecting errors in the constitution or administration of the very government itself, as that decorum is observed, which every state must exact from its subjects, and which imposes no restraint upon any intellectual composition, fairly, honestly, and decently addressed to the consciences and understandings of men. Upon this principle I have an unquestionable right (a right which the best subjects have exercised) to examine the principles and structure of the constitution, and by fair and manly reasoning, to question the practice of its administrators. I have a right to consider and to point out errors in the one or in the other; and not merely to reason upon their existence, but to consider the means of their reformation.

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By such free, well intentioned, modest, and dignified communication of sentiments and opinions, all nations have been gradually improved, and milder laws and purer religions have been established. The same principles, which vindicate civil contentions honestly directed, extend their protection to the sharpest controversies on religious faiths. This rational and legal course of improvement was recognized and ratified by lord Kenyon as the law of England, in a late trial at Guildhall, when he looked back with gratitude to the labours of the reformers, as the fountains of our religious emancipation, and of the civil blessings that followed in their train. The English constitution, indeed, does not stop short in the toleration of religious opinions, but liberally extends it to practice. It permits every man, even publicly, to worship God according to his own conscience, though in marked dissent from the national establishment, so as he professes the general faith, which is the sanction of all our moral duties, and the only pledge of our submission to the system which constitutes a state.

Is not this system of freedom of controversy, and freedom of worship, sufficient for all the purposes of human happiness and improvement? And can it be necessary for either, that the law should hold out indemnity to those who wholly abjure and revile the government of their country, or the religion on which it rests its foundation? I expect to hear, in answer to what I am now saying, much that will offend me. My learned friend, from the difficulties of his situation, which I know by experience how to feel for very sincerely, may be driven to advance propositions which it may be my duty, with much freedom, to reply to; and the law will sanction that freedom. But will not the ends of justice be completely answered by that right, to point out the errors of his discourse in terms that are decent, and calculated to expose its defects? or will any argument suffer, or will public justice be impeded, because neither private honour and justice, nor public decorum, would endure my telling my very learned friend that he was a fool, a liar, and a scoundrel, in the face of the court, because I differ from him in argument or opinion? This is just the distinction between a book of free legal controversy,

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and the book which I am arraigning before you. Every man has a legal right to investigate, with modesty and decency, controversial points of the christian religion; but no man, consistently with a law, which only exists under its sanctions, has a right not only broadly to deny its very existence, but to pour forth a shocking and insulting invective, which the lowest establishments, in the gradations of civil authority, ought not to be permitted to suffer, and which soon would be borne down by insolence and disobedience, if they did.

The same principle pervades the whole system of the law, not merely in its abstract theory, but in its daily and most applauded practice. The intercourse between the sexes, and which, properly regulated, not only continues, but humanizes and adorns our natures, is the foundation of all the thousand romances, plays, and novels, which are in the hands of every body. Some of them lead to the confirmation of every virtuous principle; others, though with the same profession, address the imagination in a manner to lead the passions into dangerous excesses. But though the law does not nicely discriminate the various shades which distinguish these works from one another, so as that it suffers many to pass, through its liberal spirit, that upon principle might be suppressed, would it or does it tolerate, or does any decent man contend that it ought to pass by unpunished libels of the most shameless obscenity, manifestly pointed to debauch innocence, and to blast and poison the morals of the rising generation? This is only another illustration to demonstrate the obvious distinction between the work of an author, who fairly exercises the powers of his mind, in investigating doctrinal points in the religion of any country, and him who attacks the rational existence of every religion, and brands with absurdity and and folly the state which sanctions, and the obedient tools who cherish the delusion. But this publication appears to me to be as mischievous and cruel in its probable effects, as it is manifestly illegal in its principles! because it strikes at the best, sometimes alas! the only refuge and consolation amidst the distresses and afflictions of the world. The poor and humble, whom it affects to pity, may be stabbed to the heart by it. They have more occasion for firm hopes beyond the grave, than

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those who have greater comforts to render life delightful. I can conceive a distressed but virtuous man, surrounded by children looking up to him for bread when he has none to give them, sinking under the last day's labour and unequal to the next, yet still looking up with confidence to the hour when all tears shall be wiped from the eyes of affliction, bearing the burthen laid upon him by a mysterious providence which he adores, and looking forward with exultation to the revealed promises of his creator, when he shall be greater than the greatest, and happier than the happiest of mankind. What a change in such a mind might not be wrought by such a merciless publication? Gentlemen! whether these remarks are the overcharged declamations of an accusing counsel, or the just reflections of a man anxious for the public freedom, which is best secured by the morals of a nation, will be best settled by an appeal to the passages in the work that are selected in the indictment for your consideration and judgment. You are at liberty to connect them with every context and sequel, and to bestow upon them the mildest interpretation.

XI. *The honourable Thomas (now lord) Erskine, for the prosecution against Williams.*

PART II.

Gentlemen, it would be useless and disgusting to enumerate all the passages within the scope of the indictment. How any man can rationally vindicate the publication of such a book, in a country where the christian religion is the very foundation of the law of the land, I am totally at a loss to conceive, and have no ideas for the discussion of! How is a tribunal, whose whole jurisdiction is founded upon the solemn belief and practice of what is denied as falsehood, and reprobated as impiety, to deal with such an anomalous defence? Upon what principle is it even offered to the court whose authority is contemned and mocked at? If the religion proposed to be called in question, is not previously adopted in belief and solemnly acted upon, what authority has the court to pass any judgement at all of acquit-

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tal or condemnation? Why am I now or at any time to address twelve of my equals, as I am now addressing you, with reverence and submission? Under what sanction are the witnesses to give their evidence, without which their can be no trial? Under what obligations can I call upon you the jury representing your country to administer justice? Surely upon no other than that you are sworn to administer it under the oaths you have taken. The whole judicial fabric from the king's sovereign authority to the lowest office of magistracy, has no other foundation. The whole is built both in form and substance, upon the same oath of every one of its ministers, to do justice, AS GOD SHALL HELP THEM HEREAFTER. What god? and what hereafter? That god undoubtedly, who has commanded kings to rule, and judges to decree justice; who has said to witnesses not only by the voice of nature, but in revealed commandments—THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE TESTIMONY AGAINST THY NEIGHBOUR; and who has enforced obedience to them by the revelation of the unutterable blessings which shall attend their observances, and the awful punishments which shall await upon their transgressions.

But it seems, this is an age of reason, and the time and the person are at last arrived, that are to dissipate the errors which have overspread the past generations of ignorance. The believers in christianity are many, but it belongs to the few that are wise to correct their credulity. Belief is an act of reason, and superior reason may, therefore, dictate to the weak. In running the mind along the long list of sincere and devout christians, I cannot help lamenting that Newton had not lived to this day, to have had his shallowness filled up with this new flood of light.—But the subject is too awful for irony. I will speak plainly and directly. Newton was a christian! Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature upon our finite conceptions—Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy; not those visionary and arrogant presumptions which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting on the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie—Newton, who carried the line and rule to the utmost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which, no

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doubt, all created matter is held together and exists. But this extraordinary man, in the mighty reach of his mind, overlooked, perhaps, the errors which a minuter investigation of the created things on this earth might have taught him, of the essence of his creator. What shall then be said of the great Mr. Boyle, who looked into the organic structure of all matter, even to the brute inanimate substances which the foot treads on? Such a man may be supposed to have been equally qualified with Mr. Paine to look up through nature to nature's god. Yet the result of all his contemplations was the most confirmed and devout belief of all which the other holds in contempt, as despicable and drivelling superstition.—But this error might, perhaps, arise from a want of a due attention to the foundations of human judgment, and the structure of that understanding which God has given us for the investigation of truth.—Let that question be answered by Mr. Locke, who was, to the highest pitch of devotion and adoration, a christian. Mr. Locke, whose office was to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the foundation of thought, and to direct into the proper track of reasoning the devious mind of man, by shewing him its whole process, from the first perceptions of sense to the last conclusions of ratiocination, putting a rein besides upon false opinion, by practical rules for the conduct of human judgment. But these men were only deep thinkers, and lived in their closets, unaccustomed to the traffic of the world and to the laws which practically regulate mankind.

Gentlemen! in the place where we now sit to administer the justice of this great country, above a century ago, the never to be forgotten sir Matthew Hale presided; whose faith in christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, and whose life was a glorious example of its fruits in man, administering human justice with a wisdom and purity drawn from the pure fountain of the christian dispensation, which has been, and will be, in all ages, a subject of the highest reverence and admiration. But it is said by the author that the christian-fable is but the tale of the more ancient superstitions of the world, and may be easily detected by a proper understanding of the mythologies of the heathens. Did Milton understand those mythologies? Was

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he less versed than Mr. Paine in the superstitions of the world? No, they were the subject of his immortal song; and though shut out from all recurrence to them, he poured them forth from the stores of a memory rich with all that man ever knew; and laid them in their order as the illustration of that real and exalted faith, the unquestionable source of that fervid genius, which cast a sort of shade upon all the other works of man—

" He passed the bounds of flaming space,
Where angels tremble while they gaze;
He saw, till blasted with excess of light,
He closed his eyes in endless light."

But it was the light of the body only that was extinguished; " The celestial light shone inward, and enabled him to justify the ways of God to man."—The result of his thinking was nevertheless not the same as the author's. The mysterious incarnation of our blessed saviour (which this work blasphemes in words so wholly unfit for the mouth of a christian, or for the ear of a court of justice, that I dare not, and will not, give them utterance) Milton made the grand conclusion of the Paradise Lost, the rest of his finished labours, and the ultimate hope, expectation, and glory of the world.

" A virgin is his mother, but his sire,
The power of the most high; he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heav'ns."

The immortal poet having thus put into the mouth of the angel the prophecy of man's redemption, follows it with that solemn and beautiful admonition, addressed in the poem to our great first parent, but intended as an address to his posterity through all generations.

" This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum
Of wisdom, hope no higher, tho' all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal pow'rs,
All secrets of the deep, all nature's works,
Or works of God in heav'n, air, earth, sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'st,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,

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By name to come call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this paradise, but shall possess
A paradise within thee, happier far."

Thus you find all that is great, or wise, or splendid, or illustrious, amongst created beings; all the minds gifted beyond ordinary nature, if not inspired by its universal author for the advancement and dignity of the world, though divided by distant ages, and by the clashing opinions, distinguishing them from one another, yet joining as it were in one sublime chorus, to celebrate the truths of christianity, and laying upon its holy altars the never-fading offerings of their immortal wisdom.

Against all this concurring testimony, we find suddenly, from the author of this book, that the bible teaches nothing but "lies, obscenity, cruelty, and injustice." Had he ever read our saviour's sermon on the mount?—in which the great principles of our faith and duty are summed up?—Let us all but read and practise it, and lies, obscenity, cruelty, and injustice, and all human wickedness would be banished from the world!

Gentlemen, there is but one consideration more which I cannot possibly omit, because I confess it affects me very deeply. The author of this book has written largely on public liberty and government; and this last performance has on that account been more widely circulated, and principally among those who attached themselves from principle to his former works. This circumstance renders a public attack upon all revealed religion from such a writer infinitely more dangerous. The religious and moral sense of the people of Great Britain, is the great anchor which alone can hold the vessel of the state amidst the storms which agitate the world, and if I could believe for a moment, that the mass of the people were to be debauched from the principles of religion, which forms the true basis of that humanity, charity, and benevolence, that has been so long the national characteristic, instead of mixing myself, as I sometimes have done, in political reformations, I would rather retire to the uttermost corner of the earth to avoid their agitation; and would bear, not only the imperfections and abuses complained of in our own wise establishment, but even the worst government that ever existed in the world,

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rather than go to the work of reformation with a multitude set free from all the charities of christianity, who had no sense of God's existence, but from Mr. Paine's observation of nature, which the mass of mankind have no leisure to contemplate; nor any belief of future rewards and punishments, to animate the good in the glorious pursuit of human happiness, nor to deter the wicked from destroying it even in its birth. But I know the people of England better. They are a religious people, and with the blessing of God, as far as it is in my power, I will lend my aid to keep them so.

I have no objection to the freest and most extended discussions upon doctrinal points of the christian religion, and though the law of England does not permit it, I do not dread the reasoned arguments of deists against the existence of christianity itself, because, as was said by its divine author, if it is of God, it will stand. An intellectual book, however erroneous, addressed to the intellectual world upon so profound and complicated a subject can never work the mischief which this indictment is calculated to repress. Such works will only employ the minds of men enlightened by study, to a deeper investigation of a subject well worthy of their deepest and continued contemplation. The powers of the mind are given for human improvement in the progress of human existence. The changes produced by such reciprocations of lights and intelligences are certain in their progressions, and make their way imperceptibly, as conviction comes upon the world, by the final and irresistible power of truth. If christianity be founded in falsehood, let us become deists in this manner, and I am contented. But this book has no such object, and no such capacity: it presents no arguments to the wise and enlightened. On the contrary, it treats the faith and opinions of the wisest with the most shocking contempt, and stirs up men without the advantages of learning, or sober thinking, to a total disbelief of every thing hitherto held sacred; and consequently to a rejection of all the laws and ordinances of the state, which stand only upon the assumption of their truth.

Gentlemen! I cannot conclude without expressing the deepest regret at all attacks upon the christian religion by authors who profess to promote the civil liberties of

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the world. For under what other auspices than christianity have the lost and subverted liberties of mankind in former ages been re-asserted? By what zeal, but the warm zeal of devoted christians have English liberties been redeemed and consecrated? Under what other sanctions, even in our own days, have liberty and happiness been extending and spreading to the uttermost corners of the earth? What work of civilization, what common wealth of greatness has this bold religion of nature ever established? We see on the contrary, the nations that have no other light than that of nature to direct them, sunk in barbarism or slaves to arbitrary governments; whilst since the christian æra, the great career of the world has been slowly, but clearly advancing, lighter at every step, from the awful prophecies of the gospel, and leading, I trust, in the end to universal and eternal happiness. Each generation of mankind can see but a few revolving links of this mighty and mysterious chain; but by doing our several duties in our allotted stations, we are sure that we are fulfilling the purposes of our existence. You, I trust, will fulfil yours this day!

XII. *Speech dictated by Doctor Johnson in defence of a schoolmaster, in Scotland, charged with severity in the chastisement of his scholars, who had been deprived of his office by an inferior court, and afterwards restored by the court of session; the court considering it to be dangerous to the interests of learning and education, to lessen the dignity of teachers, and make them afraid of too indulgent parents, instigated by the complaints of their children; which was appealed against by his enemies to the house of lords.*

The charge is, that he has used immoderate and cruel correction. Correction, in itself, is not cruel; children being not reasonable, can be governed only by fear. To impress this fear, is therefore one of the first duties of those who have the care of children. It is the duty of a parent, and it has never been thought inconsistent

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with parental tenderness. It is the duty of a master who is in his highest exaltation when he is *loco parentis*. Yet, as good things become evil by excess, correction, by being immoderate, may become cruel. But when is correction immoderate? When it is more frequent or more severe than is required *ad monendum et docendum*, for reformation and instruction. No severity is cruel which obstinacy makes necessary; for the greatest cruelty would be to desist, and leave the scholar too careless for instruction, and too much hardened for reproof. Locke, in his treatise of education, mentions a mother, with applause, who whipped an infant eight times before she subdued it; for had she stopped at the seventh act of correction, her daughter, says he, would have been ruined. The degrees of obstinacy in young minds, are very different; as different must be the degrees of persevering severity. A stubborn scholar must be corrected till he is subdued. The discipline of a school is military. There must be either unbounded licence or absolute authority. The master, who punishes, not only consults the future happiness of him who is the immediate subject of correction, but propagates obedience through the whole school; and establishes regularity by exemplary justice. The victorious obstinacy of a single boy would make his future endeavours of reformation or instruction totally ineffectual. Obstinacy, therefore, must never be victorious. Yet it is well known, that there sometimes occurs a sullen and hardy resolution, that laughs at all common degrees of pain. Correction must be proportioned to occasions. The flexible will be reformed by gentle discipline, and the refractory must be subdued by harsher methods. The degrees of scholastic, as of military punishment, no stated rules can ascertain. It must be enforced till it overpowers temptation; till stubbornness becomes flexible, and perverseness regular. Custom and reason have, indeed, set some bounds to scholastic penalties. The schoolmaster inflicts no capital punishments; nor enforces his edicts by either death or mutilation. The civil law has wisely determined, that a master who strikes at a scholar's eye shall be considered as criminal. But punishments, however severe, that produce no lasting evil, may be just and reasonable, because they may be necessary. Such have been the

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punishments used by the respondent. No scholar has gone from him either blind or lame, or with any of his limbs or powers injured or impared. They were irregular and he punished them: they were obstinate, and he enforced his punishment. But, however provoked, he never exceeded the limits of moderation, for he inflicted nothing beyond present pain; and how much of that was required, no man is so little able to determine as those who have determined against him;—the parents of the offenders. It has been said, that he used unprecedented and improper instruments of correction. Of this accusation the meaning is not very easy to be found. No instrument of correction is more proper than another, but as it is better adapted to produce present pain without lasting mischief. Whatever were his instruments, no lasting mischief has ensued; and therefore, however unusual, in hands so cautious they were proper.—It has been objected, that the respondent admits the charge of cruelty, by producing no evidence to confute it. Let it be considered, that his scholars are either dispersed at large in the world, or continue to inhabit the place in which they were bred. Those who are dispersed cannot be found; those who remain are the sons of his persecutors, and are not likely to support a man to whom their fathers are enemies. If it be supposed that the enmity of their fathers proves the justice of the charge, it must be considered how often experience shews us, that men who are angry on one ground will accuse on another; with how little kindness, in a town of low trade, a man who lives by learning is regarded; and how implicitly, where the inhabitants are not very rich, a rich man is hearkened to and followed. In a place like Campbell-town it is easy for one of the principal inhabitants to make a party. It is easy for that party to heat themselves with imaginary grievances. It is easy for them to oppress a man poorer than themselves; and natural to assert the dignity of riches, by persisting in oppression. The argument which attempts to prove the impropriety of restoring him to the school, by alledging that he has lost the confidence of the people, is not the subject of juridical consideration; for he is to suffer, if he must suffer, not for their judgment, but for his own actions. It may be convenient for them to have another

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master; but it is a convenience of their own making. It would be likewise convenient for him to find another school; but this convenience he cannot obtain.—The question is not what is now convenient, but what is generally right. If the people of Campbell-town be distressed by the restoration of the respondent, they are distressed only by their own fault; by turbulent passions and unreasonable desires; by tyranny, which law has defeated, and by malice which virtue has surmounted.

XIII. *Mr. Pym's speech at the opening of the charge of high treason against lord Strafford.*

My Lords,

We stand here by the command of the knights, citizens, and burgesses, now assembled for the commons in parliament; and we are ready to make good that impeachment, whereby Thomas earl of Strafford stands charged in their name, and in the name of all the commons of England, with high treason.

This, my lords, is a great cause; and we might sink under the weight of it, and be astonished with the lustre of this noble assembly, if there were not in the cause strength and vigour to support itself, and to encourage us. It is the cause of the king: it concerns his majesty in the honour of his government, in the safety of his person, in the stability of his crown. It is the cause of the kingdom; it concerns, not only the peace and prosperity, but even the being of the kingdom. We have that piercing eloquence, the cries, and groans, and tears, and prayers, of all the subjects assisting us. We have the three kingdoms, England, and Scotland, and Ireland, in travail and agitation with us, bowing themselves, like the hinds spoken of in Job, to cast out their sorrows.

Truth and goodness, my lords, they are the beauty of the soul; they are the perfection of all-created natures; they are the image and character of God upon the creatures.

This beauty, evil spirits and evil men have lost; but yet there are none so wicked but they desire to march

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under the show and shadow, though they hate the reality of it.

This unhappy earl, now the object of your lordships' justice, has taken as much care, has used as much cunning to set a face, and countenance of honesty and justice, upon his actions, as he has been negligent to observe the rules of honesty in the performance of all these actions. My lords, it is the greatest baseness of wickedness that it dares not look in its own colours, nor be seen in its natural countenance; but virtue, as it is amiable in all respects, so the least is not this; that it puts a nobleness, it puts a bravery, upon the mind, and lifts it above hopes and fears, above favour and displeasure: it makes it always uniform and constant to itself.

The service commanded me, and my colleagues here, is to take off those vizors of truth and uprightness which have been sought to be put upon this cause, and to shew you his actions and his intentions in their own natural blackness and deformity. My lords, he has put on a vizor of truth in these words, wherein he says, that he should be in his defence, more careful to observe truth, than to gain advantage to himself: he says, he would rather endure any thing than be saved by falsehood; if it were really true, it was a brave and noble expression.

My lords, he has likewise put on the vizor of goodness on his actions, when he desires to recite his services, in a great many particulars, as if they were beneficial to the commonwealth and state; whereas we shall prove them mischievous and dangerous. It is left upon me, my lords, to take off these vizors and appearances of truth and goodness in that part of his answer which is the preamble, and that I shall do with as much faithfulness and brevity as I can.

XIV. *Lord Digby's speech upon the trial of lord Strafford.*

MR. SPEAKER,

WE are now upon the point of giving (as much as in us lies) the final sentence unto death or life on a great minister of state and peer of this kingdom,

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Thomas earl of Strafford; a name of hatred in the present age by his practices, and fit to be made a terror to future ages, by his punishment.

I had the honour to be employed by the house in this great business from the first hour that it was taken into consideration; it was a matter of great trust; and I will say with confidence, that I have served the house in it, both with industry, according to my ability, and with most exact faithfulness and secrecy: and as I have hitherto discharged my duty to this house and to my country in the progress of this great cause, so I trust I shall do now to God and to my conscience.

It is honest, it is noble, to be earnest, in order to the discovery of truth; but when that hath been brought as far as it can to light, our judgement thereupon ought to be calm and cautious.

In prosecutions upon probable grounds, we are accountable only for our industry or remissness; but in judgement, we are deeply responsible to the Almighty for its rectitude or obliquity. In cases of life and death, the judge is God's steward of the party's blood, and must give a strict account for every drop: and this, Mr. Speaker, forms the true ground of difference in me now, from what I was formerly.

The truth of it is, sir, the same ground whereupon I, with the rest of the five to whom you first committed the consideration of my lord Strafford, brought down our opinion that it was fit he should be accused of treason, upon the same ground I was engaged with earnestness upon his prosecution; and had the same ground remained in that force of belief with me, which till very lately it did, I should not have been tender in his condemnation; but truly, sir, to deal plainly with you, that ground of our accusation, that spur to our prosecution, and that which should be the basis of my judgement of the earl of Strafford as unto treason, is, to my understanding, quite vanished away; and this was, Mr. Speaker, his advising the king to employ the army of Ireland to reduce England; this was that whereupon I accused him with a free heart; prosecuted him with earnestness, and, had it to my understanding been proved, should have condemned him with innocence; whereas I cannot now satisfy my conscience to do it.

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I profess I can have no notion of any body's intent to subvert the laws treasonably, or by force, without the appearance of force: and this design of force not appearing, all his other wicked practices cannot amount so high with me. I can find a more easy and more natural spring from whence to derive all his other crimes, than from an intent to bring in tyranny, and to make his own posterity, as well as us, slaves; as from revenge, from pride, from avarice, from passion, and insolence of nature, I do not say but these may represent him a man worthy to die, perhaps worthier than many a traitor. I do not say but they may justly direct us to enact that they shall be treason for the future; but God keep me from giving judgement of death on any man, and of ruin to his innocent posterity, upon a law made *à posteriori*. Let the mark be set on the door where the plague is, and then let him that will enter die.

Let me therefore conclude in saying, that unto you all, which I have thoroughly inculcated to my own conscience upon this occasion, let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and seriously consider what we are going to do with a breath; either justice, or murder; justice on the one side, or murder, heightened and aggravated to its extremest extent, on the other.

Let every man therefore purge his heart clear of all passions; (I know this great and wise body-politic can have none, but I speak to individuals from the weakness which I find in myself;) away with personal animosities, away with all flatteries to the people, in being the sharper against him, because he is odious to them; away with all fears, lest, by sparing his blood, they may be incensed; away with all such considerations, as, that it is not fit for a parliament, that one accused by it of treason should escape with life. Let not former vehemence of any against him, nor fear from thence, that he cannot be safe while this man lives, be an ingredient in the sentence of any one of us.

Of all these corruptives of judgement, Mr. Speaker, I do before God discharge myself to the uttermost of my power; and do, with a clear conscience, wash my hands of this man's blood, by this solemn protestation, that my vote goes not to the taking of the earl of Strafford's life.

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XV. *Lord Strafford's speech before sentence passed upon him by the lords for treason.*

My lords, as this species of treason of which I am accused by the commons is entirely new and unknown to the laws, so is the species of proof by which they pretend to fix that guilt upon me. They have invented a kind of accumulative or constructive evidence; by which many actions, either totally innocent in themselves, or criminal in a much inferior degree, shall, when united, amount to treason, and subject the person to the highest penalties inflicted by the laws. A hasty and unguarded word, a rash and passionate action, assisted by the malevolent fancy of the accuser, and tortured by doubtful constructions, is transmuted into the deepest guilt; and the lives and fortunes of the whole nation, no longer protected by justice, are subjected to arbitrary will and pleasure.

Where has this species of guilt lain so long concealed? Where has this fire been so long buried, during so many centuries, that no smoke should appear, till it burst out at once to consume me and my children? Better it were to live under no law at all, and, by the maxims of a cautious prudence, to conform ourselves the best we can to the arbitrary will of a master, than fancy we have a law, on which we can rely, and which shall inflict a punishment, precedent to the promulgation, and try us by maxims unheard of till the very moment of the prosecution. If I sail on the Thames, and split my vessel on an anchor, in case there be no buoy to give me warning, the party shall pay me damages; but if the anchor be marked out, then is the striking on it at my own peril. Where is the mark set upon this crime? It has lain concealed under water, and no human prudence, no human innocence, could save me from the destruction with which I am at present threatened.

It is now full two hundred and forty years since treasons were defined, and so long has it been since any man was touched to this extent, upon this crime, before myself. We have lived, my lords, happily to ourselves at home. We have lived gloriously abroad to the world. Let us be content with what our fathers have left us.

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Let not our ambition carry us to be more learned than they were in these killing and destructive arts. Great wisdom it will be in your lordships, and just providence for yourselves, for your posterities, for the whole kingdom, to cast from you into the fire these bloody and mysterious volumes of arbitrary and constructive treasons, as the primitive christians did their books of curious arts, and betake yourselves to the plain letter of the statute, which tells you where the crime is, and points out the path by which you may avoid it. Let us not, to our own destruction, awake those sleeping lions, by rattling up a company of old records, which have for so many ages hung by the wall forgotten and neglected. To all my afflictions add not this, my lords, the most severe of any, that I, for my other sins, not for my treason, be the means of introducing a precedent, so pernicious to the laws and liberties of my native country. However, these gentlemen at the bar say they speak for the commonwealth, and they believe so. Yet, under favour, it is I who in this particular speak for the commonwealth. Precedents like those which are endeavoured to be established against me, must draw along such inconveniences and miseries, that in a few years the kingdom will be in the condition expressed in a statute of Henry the fourth; and no man shall know by what rule to govern his words and actions. Impose not, my lords, difficulties insurmountable upon ministers of state; nor disable them from serving with cheerfulness their king and country. If you examine them, and under such severe penalties, by every grain, by every little weight, the scrutiny will be intolerable. The public affairs of the kingdom must be left waste: and no wise man, who has any honour or fortune to lose, will ever engage himself in such dreadful, such unknown perils.

My lords, I have now troubled your lordships a great deal longer than I should have done. Were it not for the interest of these pledges, which a saint in heaven left me, I should be loth—What I forfeit for myself is nothing—but I confess, that my indiscretion should forfeit for them; it wounds me very deeply. You will be pleased to pardon my infirmity; something I should have said, but I see I shall not be able, therefore I shall leave it.

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And now, my lords, I thank God I have been, by his blessing, sufficiently instructed in the extreme vanity of all temporary enjoyments, compared to the importance of our eternal duration. And so, my lords, even so, with all humility and with all tranquility of mind, I submit clearly and freely to your judgement. And whether that righteous judgment be to life or death, I shall repose myself, full of gratitude and confidence, in the arms of the great author of my existence.

XVI. *Atherbal against Jugurtha.*

CONSCRIPT FATHERS,

IT was my father's orders to me, in his last moments, that I should consider myself as vested only with the administration of Numidia, since the title and sovereignty were, indeed, yours. He added, that I should endeavour to render all possible aid to the Roman people, whether in peace or in war; should esteem you as my kindred, consider you as supplying the place of relations and affiances. If I observed these conditions, he said, that in your friendship I should find armies and wealth, with every stay and support to my monarchy. Whilst I was setting myself strictly to perform these injunctions of my father, Jugurtha, a man, of all that the earth bears, the most barbarous and sanguinary, despoiled me of my kingdom, with whatever else I possessed, in utter defiance of your authority; not regarding that I am the grandson of Massinissa, and, from my birth, a friend and confederate of the Roman people.

The truth is, conscript fathers, seeing I was to fall to this degree of wretchedness, I earnestly wish I could have sought your aid, rather on account of my own merit, than those of my forefathers; especially that I could have merited such aid from the Roman people, without wanting it, or at worst have received it, as my due. But, since innocence rarely proves its own defence, and as it lay not in my breast to direct the heart of Jugurtha, to you, conscript fathers, I have fled for refuge.

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What is my severest misery, I am constrained to be burthensome to you, without ever having been serviceable. Other kings, your confederates, have been either subdued by your arms, and then received into your alliance, or, urged by perils at home, have implored your friendship. Our family commenced allies to the Roman people, during the war with Carthage;—a period when the Roman honour was more to be courted than the Roman fortune.

Consider me, conscript fathers, as sprung from that family; nor suffer the grandson of Massinissa to apply to you in vain for succour. If, in order to obtain it, I had no argument to urge, besides my deplorable fortune, that I, very lately a king, redoubtable in my descent, in my wealth, and in royal renown, am now covered with variety of wretchedness, beggarly, forlorn, and waiting for assistance from others; it shall become the majesty of the Roman people, to curb oppression, and to suffer no man to extend his dominion by iniquity and violence. Consider me in yet a stronger light, driven out of the very possessions which the Roman people conferred, as their gift, upon my ancestors;—those very possessions, from whence my father, and his father, joining their forces to yours, expulsed Syphax and the Carthaginians. They are the effects of your bounty, that are rent from me, conscript fathers:—in my sufferings you are insulted.

Alas my deplorable fate! Is this the return to thy generosity and favour, O my father! that Jugurtha, he whom thou didst place upon the same footing with thy own children; he whom thou didst leave equal partner with them in thy kingdom, is, of all others, the bloody instrument to extinguish thy race for ever? Shall our house never enjoy tranquillity and rest? Shall we be for ever visited with a bloody lot;—with the murdering sword, with flight and expulsion?

Whilst the power of Carthage subsisted, we were of course exposed to hostility and violence. The enemy was at our doors; you, our friends, were far from us;—our whole reliance upon our arms. After Africa was rescued from that pestilent tyranny, we cheerfully enjoyed a state of peace; for, indeed, we had no enemies, though still disposed to treat as such whomsoever you

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should command us; when, on a sudden, Jugurtha, hardening his heart to cruelty, and glorying in pride and butchery, murders my brother, who was also his near kinsman, and seizes his principality, as the prize of the murderer. Then, seeing he could not circumvent me by the same bloody snares, he attacked me openly, whilst I (confiding in your supreme power) apprehended any thing rather than violence and war; drove me from my household, and my country; reduced me to be an exile, and a wanderer; such as you behold me, destitute of all comfort, and so overwhelmed with every species of wretchedness, as to find more safety any where than in my own dominions.

XVII. *Tarquinius Superbus, against his father-in-law Servius Tullus, before the senate.*

My answer, Tullus, will be short, and founded on justice; and for that reason I chose to lay it before the senate. Tarquinius, my grandfather, obtained the sovereignty of the Romans by fighting many considerable battles in their defence: he being dead, I am his successor, according to the laws received by all the Greeks and barbarians; and I ought, in justice, to inherit, not only his fortunes, but his kingdoms, in the same manner as all other successors inherit the estates of their grandfathers. You have, indeed, delivered up to me the fortunes he left; but you deprive me of the kingdom, and have kept possession of it for so long a time, after you have obtained it in an unjustifiable manner: for neither did the *Interreges* appoint you king, nor the senate pass a vote in your favour; neither did you obtain this power by a legal election of the people, as my grandfather, and all the kings before him, obtained it;—but you gained the sovereignty by hiring, and corrupting by every method you could devise, a number of vagabonds and beggars, men rendered infamous by being condemned, or burthened with debts, who had no regard for the public; and by declaring, even then, that you did not seek the power for yourself; and pretending that you reserved it for us, who were then orphans, and infants;

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and you engaged before all the world that, when we arrived to manhood, you would surrender the power to me, as to the elder brother: you ought, therefore, if you desired to do justice, when you delivered up to me the palace of my grandfather, to have restored his kingdom, together with his fortunes, after the example of those honest and good guardians, who, having taken upon themselves the care of royal orphans, have, truly and justly, restored to them the kingdoms of their fathers and ancestors, when they came to be men. But, if you thought I had not yet attained a proper degree of prudence, and that, by reason of my youth, I was unequal to the government of so considerable a city, yet, when I arrived to the age of thirty years, and my body and mind were in the greatest vigour, you ought to have put the government of the city into my hands, at the same time you gave me your daughter in marriage: for, at that age, you also first took upon yourself the administration both of our family and of the kingdom.

And if you had done this, you would, in the first place, have gained the character of a pious and just man; and, after that, you would have been my counsellor, and have had a share in all honours; you would have been called my benefactor, my father, and my preserver; and have received every other distinguishing appellation, which mankind give to the authors of worthy actions; instead of depriving me of my right for four-and-forty years together, without being able to charge me with any defect either in my person or understanding. After this usage, you have the assurance to ask me, what ill treatment provokes me to look upon you as my enemy, and for what reason I accuse you? But answer me, yourself, Tullus, and say for what reason you think me unworthy to inherit the honours of my grandfather, and what specious pretence you have to alledge for depriving me of them. Is it that you look upon me as suppositious, and illegitimate, and not his lawful son? If so, why did you act as guardian to one who was a stranger to his blood, and why did you restore his palace to him, as soon as he came to be a man? Or is it, that you still look upon me as an orphan child, and incapable of administering the affairs of the public, when I am near fifty

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years of age? Lay aside, then, the affectation of your shameless questions, and cease, at last, to be an ill man. However, if you have any reasons to allèdge against what I have said, I am ready to leave the determination of our contest to these who are present, than whom you can find none in the city better qualified to decide it. But if, from this tribunal, you fly (as it is customary with you) to the rabble you have deluded, I will not suffer it; for I am prepared, not only to defend my cause by my words, but, if these fail to convince you, to support it by my actions.

XVIII. *The reply of Servius Tullus to Tarquinius Superbus.*

It seems, fathers, that, as a man, I ought to expect every thing, however extraordinary; and to look upon nothing as strange, since Tarquinius desires to dethrone even me, who received him when he was an infant; and, when his enemies were forming designs against his life, preserved him, and brought him up; and, when he came to be a man, honoured him so far as to make him my son-in-law; and designed to make him heir to all my fortunes at my death: but, since every thing has happened to me contrary to my expectation, and that I myself am accused of having wronged him, I shall afterwards lament my own misfortune, and at present plead my cause against him. I took upon myself, Tarquinius, the guardianship of your brother, and of yourself, when you were left infants, not voluntarily, but compelled to it by the situation of affairs; since those who claimed the kingdom, had openly assassinated your grandfather, and were said to form secret designs both against you, and the rest of his relations; and all your friends acknowledged that, if once they got the power into their hands, they would not have left even one branch of the Tarquinian family alive: neither was there any other person to take care of, and guard you against their enterprises, but a woman, the mother of your father; and she, by reason of her great age, stood herself in need of other guardians: so that I was the only person

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left to take care of you in your destitute condition, though you now call me a stranger, and in no degree related to your family. However, by taking upon myself the conduct of your affairs, though in this situation, I not only brought the assassins of your grandfather to punishment, and bred you up till you were men; but, as I had no heirs male, designed to leave you all my fortunes. You have now, Tarquinius, the account of my guardianship, and you will not pretend to say that any part of it is misrepresented.

Concerning the royal dignity, since this is the point you accuse me of, learn by what means I obtained it; and for what reasons I shall resign it neither to you, nor to any other person. When I took upon myself the government of the city, finding there were some designs forming against me, I desired to surrender it to the people, and, having assembled them all together, I offered to resign the government to them; preferring a quiet life, free from danger, to this envied sovereignty, the source of greater pains than pleasures. But the Romans would not suffer me to execute my design; neither did they think fit to place the government in any other hands, but continued it in mine; and, by their votes, conferred the royal dignity on me; a dignity which belonged to them, Tarquinius, not to you; in the same manner as they conferred the same dignity upon your grandfather, who was a foreigner, and in no degree related to the king, his predecessor; though Ancus Marcius, the former king, left sons then in the vigour of their age; not grandchildren and infants, as you and your brother were left by Tarquinius. But if it were a general law that the heirs to the possessions and fortunes of deceased kings, should also be heirs to their dignities, Tarquinius, your grandfather, would not have succeeded to the sovereignty upon the death of Ancus, but the elder of his sons. However, the people of Rome did not call the heir of the father, but the person who was worthy of the command, to reign over them: for they looked upon the private fortunes to belong to those who had acquired them, but the royal dignity to those who had conferred it; and that the former, upon the death of the persons in possession, ought to descend to such as are intitled to them, either by their relation to, or the

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will of, the deceased; but that the latter, when the persons who received it die, returns to those who gave it. Unless you have any thing of this kind to alledge, that your grandfather received the sovereignty upon certain conditions; as, that he should not be deprived of the possession of it himself, and have power to leave it to you, who are his grandsons; and that the people should not have the right to take it from you, and confer it upon me: if you have any such thing to alledge, why do you not produce the contract? However, this you cannot say. But, if I did not obtain the power in the most justifiable manner, as you say, having neither been elected by the *Interreges*, nor received the administration from the senate, and that other things required by the law were not observed; if this is so, I wrong these, not you; and deserve to be dethroned by them, not by you: but the truth is, I wrong neither these, nor any one else. The length of my reign, which has now lasted forty-four years, witnesses that the power was both then justly given to me, and is now justly vested in me; during which time none of the Romans ever thought I reigned unjustly, neither did the people or the senate ever endeavour to dethrone me.

But, to omit these things, and give an answer to what you alledge: if I had deprived you of the power that was deposited in my hands by your grandfather, in trust for you, and, contrary to all the established rules of justice, had withheld your kingdom from you, you ought to have applied yourself to those who conferred the power on me, and to have vented your indignation and reproaches both against me, for continuing in the possession of it, when it did not belong to me; and against them, for having conferred on me a power that belonged to others: for you would easily have prevailed on them to do you justice, if you could have shewn you had a right. However, if you could not confide in such an allegation, but were of opinion that I governed unjustly, and that you were a fitter person to be intrusted with the care of the commonwealth, you ought to have done this; to have enquired into the errors of my government, to have displayed the number of your own actions, and to have summoned me to a decision of the contest: none of which you did. But, after so great a length of time,

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as if recovered from a long fit of drunkenness, you come now to accuse me; and, even now, you accuse me in an improper place: for here you ought not to alledge these things—(I desire, fathers, you will not be offended at what I have said; for it was only with a view of exposing his calumny, not of infringing your jurisdiction)—but you ought to have desired me to call an assembly of the people, and there to have accused me. However, since you have declined this, I will do it for you; and, having called the people together, I will appoint them judges of the crimes you accuse me of; and, again, leave it to them to determine which of us two is the fittest person to govern; and whatever they shall unanimously order me to do, I shall submit to. This is a sufficient answer to his allegations; since the effect of many, or few reasons, when urged against unreasonable adversaries, is the same: for words cannot persuade them to be just.

But I am surprised, fathers, to find any of your number desirous to dethrone me, and conspiring with this man against me: I would willingly enquire of them what injury provokes them to attack me, and what actions of mine they are offended at? Is it because they know that great numbers, during my reign, have been put to death without a trial, banished their country, deprived of their fortunes, or involved in any other undeserved calamity? Or, having none of these tyrannical crimes to accuse me of, are they acquainted with any abuses I have been guilty of to married women, or insults on their maiden daughters, or any other flagitious attempt upon the person of a freeman? If I have been guilty of any of these crimes, I deserve to be deprived, at the same time, both of my dignity, and of my life. But I am proud, above measure; and, by being grievous to my subjects, am become odious to them; so that none of them can bear the arrogance of my administration. Which of my predecessors ever used his power with the same moderation I have used mine, who have treated all my subjects with the same benevolence an indulgent father shews to his own children; who have even lessened the power you gave me, which was the same your ancestors successively conferred on former king; and have appointed laws, which you all confirmed, relating to

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matters of the greatest consequence, by which I granted to you the privilege of doing justice to, and of receiving it from one another: and to these rules, which I prescribed to others, you saw me, like a private person, first yield obedience: neither have I made myself the judge of all sorts of crimes; but those of a private nature I submitted to your jurisdiction, which was never done by any of the former kings. By this it appears, that no crime has drawn upon me the ill-will of some people; but that the benefits I have conferred on the plebeians excite your unjust resentment; concerning which I have often given you my reasons, so that there is no necessity for me to repeat them. If you are of opinion that this man, when invested with the power, will administer it better than myself, I shall not envy the commonwealth a better governor: and, after I have surrendered the sovereignty to the people, from whom I received it, and am become a private person, I shall endeavour to make it appear to all the world, that I know both how to command with prudence, and how to obey with modesty.

XIX. *Cicero's oration for Milo.*

PART I.

THOUGH, my lords, I am apprehensive, that, when I enter upon the defence of a brave man, it may be thought mean to betray any symptoms of cowardice, or to be unable to support my pleading with a dignity of courage equal to that of Titus Annius Milo, who is less concerned about his own fate than that of his country, yet am I dismayed with this unusual pomp of justice, this unprecedented array of terror: my eyes, in vain, on all sides, search for the venerable forms and ancient appearances of the forum; your bench is environed with attendants, and the bar with guards, hitherto unknown at a Roman trial.

For these troops, which stand before all the temples, however they are meant to overawe violence, strike terror into the pleader; and though the guards, with which

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this forum and these walls are lined, may be salutary, perhaps necessary; yet the very means of safety awaken the idea of danger. But, did I think that those soldiers were placed there to influence this trial in prejudice of Milo, I would yield, my lords, to necessity, nor imagine that, where so determined a force over-rules, the voice of eloquence can be heard. I am, however, supported and encouraged by the conduct of Pompey, who, as he is a person of the most consummate justice, will never expose to the sword of the soldier, the man whom he has given up to the judgment of this court; and as his wisdom is equal to his justice, he must think it inconsistent with both, should he strengthen the fury of popular commotion by the sanction of supreme authority. Therefore, those arms, those officers, those troops, are placed not to overawe, but to protect: while I plead, they bid me, my lords, speak with composure, nay, with courage, and promise me not only safety but attention. The rest of the multitude, so many at least as are Roman citizens, is on our side; and every man of them, whom you perceive crowding the places from whence the smallest part of the forum can be viewed, expecting the event of this trial, is interested in our favour; and thinks that the sentence which condemns or acquits Milo, fixes the fate of himself, his posterity, his country, and his property.

One set of men are indeed our determined inveterate enemies; I mean those robbers and incendiaries trained up by the madness of Clodius, and supported by rapine, burnings, and every destructive species of public calamity; who, instigated by the speeches of yesterday, had the insolence to anticipate your judgment upon this case: but I hope, if these clamours are to have any effect, it will be that of preserving to his own country a brave citizen, and one who, for your safety, always disregarded those ruffians and their threatenings.

Therefore, my lords, let fear, if you have any, be laid aside, and act with spirit. For if ever you had it in your power to judge of the honest and the brave; if ever the liberty of worthy citizens was in your hands; if ever men selected from the most illustrious of our orders, had an opportunity to render effectual, by their conduct and decisions, those favourable intimations which they had

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before often given by their looks and words; in you at this instant all these powers are vested, that you may pronounce whether we, who have still been devoted to your authority, would languish under oppression; or, after long persecution, by the most abandoned citizens, at last be relieved by your integrity, virtue, and wisdom.

For what, my lords, can be more irksome, what can be expressed or conceived more exquisitely tormenting, than that we, whose services to our country gave us a right to expect the highest honours, should now be subjected to the dread of the most infamous punishment? I thought, indeed, that all the storms and tempests which tumultuary faction and distracted counsels raise, must break upon the head of Milo, because he has ever patronised virtue, against licentiousness; but little did I imagine, when the affair was brought to a regular trial, wherein the greatest and most illustrious men in Rome were to sit as judges, that the enemies of Milo should harbour a thought of succeeding, while such men were on the bench, in their endeavours, not only to affect his life, but to stain his glory. For, my lords, unless you shall see to the strongest conviction, that Milo was treacherously beset by Clodius, I shall not endeavour to influence your judgment upon this fact, by displaying the tribuneship of Milo, nor the conduct of his whole life, spent in a series of successful services to his country: neither shall I plead the merit of those services as an atonement for one rash action; nor suggest, that if the safety of you, who sit on that tribunal, was incompatible with the life of Clodius, your deliverance was owing to the virtue of Milo, rather than the guardian genius of Rome. But, if the treachery of Clodius should appear plain as the sun at noon-day, I shall, my lords, beg, I shall conjure you, if we have lost all other advantages, that we may retain this one poor privilege of defending with impunity our lives against the unjust violence of our enemies.

But before I touch upon those points that more immediately affect the present question, some things advanced in the senate often by our enemies, by ruffians, and lately by our accusers, before a certain assembly, are to be discussed; that, every medium of error being

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dispelled, you may judge of the naked merits of the cause. They, my lords, deny that a man who confesses he has killed another, should be suffered to see the sun. In what place do these fools think they are arguing? Surely not in that city, where the first decision in a capital case was upon the life of the brave Horatius; who, before the date of Roman liberty, was acquitted by the assembled comitia of the Roman people, though he confessed that with his own hand he had killed his sister.

Where is the man who is ignorant, that, in cases of bloodshed, the fact is either absolutely denied, or, if admitted, maintained to be just and lawful? Were it not so, Africanus must be deemed a madman; who, being publicly asked by C. Carbo, the factious tribune of the people, what was his opinion of the death of Gracchus? answered, that he was lawfully killed. Nor can the great Ahala Servilius, P. Nasica, Opimius, Marius, or the senate, when I was consul, be deemed otherwise than criminal, if it is a crime to put to death the abandoned of our own country. Therefore, my lords, it is not without reason, that some ingenious writers have in fabulous histories informed us, that, when a difference of opinion arose with regard to the man who had revenged the death of his father, by that of the murderess his mother, the parricide was acquitted by the oracle; an oracle too, my lords, pronounced by the goddess of wisdom herself. And if the twelve tables have made it lawful, absolutely and unconditionally, to kill a thief in the night, and by day, in case he shall defend himself with a weapon; who can be so unreasonable as to think that no circumstance or manner attending the killing of any man, ought to excuse the person who kills him, from punishment? since it is plain, that the laws themselves sometimes put into our hands, the sword which is to shed the blood of man. But if there can be a time, as there are many, when this is not only lawful but necessary, it is, when force can be repelled only by force. When a military tribune, a relation of Caius Marius, attempted to pollute the body of a soldier in that general's army, the ravisher was killed by the soldier, who was acquitted by that great man; since the virtuous youth chose to avoid, at the hazard of his life, what he

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could not suffer without the violation of his honour. To a traitor then, and a robber, what death can be deemed unjust?

What avail those very guards, and to what purpose are they suffered to wear swords, if they are suffered upon no account to use them? The law says, that when our life is endangered by treachery, or by the insidious attacks of robbers and enemies, all the means which we can use for our deliverance are justifiable. This, my lords, is a law not adopted by custom, but inherent to our being; a law not received, learned, or read, but an essential, cogenial, inseparable character of nature; a law which we have not by institution, but by constitution,—not derived from authority, but existing with consciousness. In short, my lords, statutes are silenced by arms; nor do they presume that a man is to wait for justice from the formal decision of a court, while the sword of violence is ready to put an end to his life.

Even that very law which prohibits not only murder, but the carrying a weapon with a design to murder, wisely, and in some measure tacitly, establishes the right of self-defence; that when the enquiry is not upon the manner, but the reasons of a man's being killed, the person who kills another with a weapon, in self-defence, may never, in the construction of the law, be presumed to wear that weapon with a murderous intention: this, my lords, I hope will be admitted as a principle; and I make no doubt of being able to prove my defence, if you keep in your eye, what it is impossible you should lose sight of, I mean the lawfulness of killing the man who lies in wait to murder you.

XX. *Cicero's oration for Milo.*

PART II.

I COME now to consider an objection which is frequently in the mouths of Milo's enemies; that the killing of Clodius was declared by the senate to be an act of treason against the commonwealth. But, my lords, how often did the senate, not only solemnly, but zealously approve the action! How often was this affair canvassed

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in that assembly! How great was the satisfaction of the whole order! How loud, how unreserved their applause! When in the fullest house were found four, or at most five, senators, who did not take the part of Milo! For the truth of this, my lords, I appeal to the short-lived harangues of that scorched tribune, in which he every day invidiously alledged, that the senators decreed not according to their own sentiments, but in compliance with my direction; and daily inveighed against my power. If you choose to call it power, rather than a reasonable degree of authority in a rightful cause, to which one may have a title by extraordinary services to his country; or a moderate credit with worthy men, on account of my painful endeavours to promote the public good; you may term it so, provided I shall always exert it in protection of the virtuous against the fury of the wicked.

But this special commission, though I am far from saying it is iniquitous, was what the senate never thought fit to grant; because many laws and precedents, both with regard to riots and murders, are extant. Nor, indeed, was that assembly so deeply affected by the death of Clodius, as to issue out any such extraordinary commission. For who can imagine that the senate, who was deprived of the power of judging him upon the commission of an incestuous whoredom, would grant any extraordinary commission for enquiring into the circumstances of his death? But why then (may it be said) did the senate adjudge the burning of the court, the attack upon the house of Lepidus, and this very bloodshed, to be acts of treason against the commonwealth? Because all acts of violence committed in a free state, by one citizen against another, are, in the eye of the law, presumed to be committed against the state.

For though such a defence against violence is never desirable, yet sometimes it may be unavoidable; nay, even on the days when the Gracchi were killed, and when the armed force of Saturninus was suppressed, when, though all was done for the public welfare, yet the republic received a wound. Therefore I was of opinion, that, when it appeared a man was killed on the Appian way, the person who acted on the defensive, was guilty of no act of treason against the state. But, as

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the case included a charge of premeditated violence. I reserved the cognizance of that to the proper judges, and I admitted of the fact. And, if the fury of that seditious tribune had suffered the senate to act according to its own sentiments, we should at this time have had no new commission for a trial; for the senate was coming to a resolution, that the affair should only be specially tried, according to our ancient laws.

The vote was divided, at whose request I shall not say; for it is unnecessary to display the personal faults of every man. Thus the authority remaining in the senate was by a mercenary interposition abolished.

But it may be said, that Pompey, by the bill which he brought in, had an eye both to the action and its motives: for its enacting clauses related to the bloodshed in the Appian way, where Publius Clodius was killed. But what did it enact? Why, that it might be tried. What was to be tried? Whether it was committed. Nobody disputes that it was. Then, by whom? That we likewise confess. Thus Pompey perceived, though the fact was confessed, yet that still a matter of law might arise to acquit the prisoner. I say, that, unless Pompey had been sensible that the prisoner, upon confession, might be acquitted, when he perceived that we confessed, he would never have ordered a new commission for a trial, nor have put, my lords, into your hands a saving as well as a condemning letter. Surely to me, Pompey seems not only to have decreed nothing harsh against Milo, but his decision appears to direct you in the point which you ought principally to have in view; for, to grant a person, who is convicted of a fact upon his own confession, the liberty of making his own defence, is a plain implication that the judges are of opinion, that the enquiry ought not to be upon the matter of fact, but of law. Now Pompey is at freedom candidly to declare, whether his proceeding in this affair was from a regard to the memory of Clodius, or to the necessity of the juncture.

M. Drusus, a tribune of the people, a man of the highest quality, an assertor, nay, in these days, almost the protector of the rights of the senate, and uncle to the brave Marcus Cato, one of our judges, was killed in his own house. But the people never intermeddled

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with the enquiry into this murder, nor did the senate grant any extraordinary commission for a trial on that account. We have heard from our fathers the grief, the consternation, which appeared in this city, when Publius Africanus, in the night-time was assassinated, as he reposed on his own bed. What breast then was so obdurate as not to sigh, what heart so insensible as not to grieve, that a man whom the wishes of mankind, could wishes have prevailed, would have rendered immortal, should be cut off before the natural course of his life was fulfilled?

Was then no new trial granted for enquiring into the death of Africanus? None. Why? Because murder is equally heinous in its own nature, whether it is the fate of the eminent or the obscure. A difference indeed lies in the two characters; but the impious murder of the one is subjected to the same penalty, and judged by the same laws, with that of the other; unless it be said that the crimes of a parricide receive some aggravation from his killing a senator, beyond what they would have admitted of, had he been the murderer of a private person; or that the circumstances of the death of Clodius were more heinous, as he fell upon the monuments of his family; for that too has been insisted upon: as if the great Appius Cœcus had paved that road, not to be a conveniency and an ornament to his country, but as a sanctuary to screen the felonies of his posterity.

When P. Clodius on the same road killed M. Papirius, that accomplished Roman knight, his crime must pass unpunished; for, as he was a person of quality, he had only killed a Roman knight upon the monuments of his own family. What a fruitful source of declamation has this Appian name afforded! While it was stained with the murder of a brave and an innocent man, it was never mentioned; but now, that it is discoloured with the blood of a robber and a murderer, it is become a common-place of conversation. But why do I dwell upon these circumstances? When a slave of P. Clodius was seized in the temple of Castor, where he had been placed to assassinate Pompey, the wretch confessed the design, as they were wresting the dagger out of his hand. Pompey afterwards absented from the forum, he absented from the senate, he absented from the public, and

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thought fit to put himself under the protection of the wall and gates of his house, rather than of the laws and judges of his country. But did any law at that time pass? Was any extraordinary commission for a trial then granted? Yet if ever any circumstance was so affecting, if ever any person was of such dignity, if ever any juncture was of such importance, as to make that measure expedient; in this case they strongly operated: a traitor was posted in the forum, even in the threshold of the senate-house, with a design to assassinate the man upon whose life the preservation of the state depended, and at a juncture too, so critical to the republic, that, had he then fallen, not only this city, but the body of the Roman empire, must have shared in his fate. And did he escape punishment, only because his designs proved abortive? As if the laws of Rome were to regard, not the intention of the criminal, but the success of his crime. The villany not being perpetrated, did indeed alleviate the grief of the public, but never could extenuate the guilt of the villain.

How often, my lords, have I myself escaped the threatening sword, and butchering hand of Clodius! And if I had not owed my safety to my own, or my country's good fortune, where is the man who would have procured an extraordinary trial upon my death?

But it is weak in me to presume to compare a Drusus, an Africanus, a Pompey, or a Cicero, to Clodius; their lives could easily be dispensed with: but, at the thought of the death of Clodius, the senate is afflicted; the whole equestrian order grieved; the city all of a sudden is struck with age and infirmity; the Roman corporations are in mourning; our colonies in consternation; even the fields themselves regret the loss of a citizen so benevolent, so upright, and so humane. These were not, my lords, indeed they were not, the reasons why Pompey thought himself obliged to order a commission for a special trial. But that prudent person, who is endued with an almost divine penetration, comprehended many points within his view.

He reflected that Clodius had been his enemy, that Milo was his friend; and justly dreaded, that, if he appeared to share in the general joy, he might appear insincere in the ties of a newly-cemented friendship.

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He had a great many other circumstances in his eye, but this especially;—that though he was obliged to enact with severity, yet that you, my lords, would judge with courage. He therefore chose for judges the very lights of our most illustrious bodies; nor, as has been falsely asserted, did he keep my friends out of the commission. This is what that excellent person never had in his thoughts; and, if he confined his choice of the judges to men of probity and honour, he could not have had it in his power. My interest, my lords, is not confined to my intimate friends, who cannot be numerous, because the endearing familiarities of life can never be very extensive; but, if I have any interest, it is owing to the connections which my public character has led me into with the best men in the commonwealth. As Pompey, therefore, wisely thought that his reputation was interested in choosing the best from among all good men to sit upon that tribunal, he was under the necessity of choosing my friends.

In making you, Lucius Domitius, the president of this court, he consulted nothing but equity, resolution, humanity, and honour. By his law he enacted, that the president of this court should be a person of consular dignity; because, I suppose, he held it as a maxim, that men of distinction ought to be proof against the attacks both of an inconstant populace and a desperate faction: and that he distinguished you from the rest of your order, is owing to the many conspicuous proofs, which from your early youth you have given of your contempt of popular madness.

XXI. *Cicero's oration for Milo.*

PART III.

THEREFORE, my lords, that we may at last come to the nature of this crime, and the merits of the question; if the confession of the fact is by no means unprecedented, if the determination of the senate has been entirely agreeable to what we contended for, if the very enactor of the law was of opinion, that, though no question of fact could arise, yet there might of law; if the judges who

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were chosen, if the president who was appointed, were men who can distinguish upon all those points with equity and understanding, all that remains now, my lords, to be discussed is, who the party was that laid the ambush for the other. That I may more easily and clearly handle this point, I beg your attention, while I give a short state of the fact.

After Publius Clodius had resolved, when created prætor, to plague his country with every species of oppression, and saw from the tedious management of the comitia the year before, that he could not for many months enjoy his dignity; not considering it as a step to other public honours, as the rest of the candidates did; unwilling to act as colleague with a citizen of the consummate virtue of Lucius Paulus, and desirous of having his power to oppress his country extended to twelve months, he all of a sudden reserved the interest, he had made for that year, to the succeeding; not from any religious scruple, but, as he himself owned, that he might have a full and complete year, for enjoying his prætorship, or, in other words, for ruining his country.

He reflected, that the exercise of his prætorial power must be cramped and feeble, should Milo be consul, whom he perceived the universal applause of the Roman people was ready to raise to that dignity.—He then struck in with the candidates who opposed Milo, but so as to manage the whole solicitations, and over-rule them in every instance; that, as he himself boasted, he might support all the courts of justice upon his own shoulders. He summoned the tribes: he thrust himself into their deliberations, and formed a new collinian tribe, by enrolling into it a number of the most abandoned citizens. The more that Clodius endeavoured to confound, the more Milo appeared to prevail. But, when the execrable villain saw this brave man, this irreconcileable foe must infallibly be consul; when he found his election sure, not only by the discourses, but by the votes of the Roman people, he then threw off the mask, and openly delared that Milo must be slain.

He next brought from the Appenines those rustic barbarous slaves, whom you used to see, by whom he had depopulated the public forests, and plundered Tuscany. This was by no means a dark transaction; for he openly

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boasted, that, if he could not deprive Milo of the consulate, he could of his life. This he hinted in the senate, and declared in the assembly: for when Favonius, a man of virtue and courage, asked him, what had become of all his hopes of gratifying his fury, if Milo lived? he answered, that in three or four days Milo should be dead. This expression was immediately communicated to Marcus Cato by Favonius.

In the mean time, as soon as Clodius knew, as it was easy for him to do, that Milo was to set out upon a solemn, a legal, an indispensible duty, and that he was obliged by the 18th of January to be at Lanuvium, where he was dictator, in order to appoint a priest, he suddenly went from Rome, as appears by the event, that he might surprise Milo in his own grounds: nay, he was so precipitately bent upon his treachery, as to leave a tumultuous meeting which he had summoned that very day, and which required to be animated by his own factious spirit. This, he never would have done, had he not been resolved to be exact to the precise time and place of the assassination.

But Milo, after having been in the senate that day till the house broke up, came home, shifted his shoes and his clothes, and, as usual, waited a little, while his wife was getting ready. He then set out, much about the time when Clodius, had he designed to come to Rome that day, might have returned. Clodius meets him, equipped, upon horseback, unattended by his chariot, without any incumbrances, without any of his usual Grecian servants, and, what was more extraordinary, without his wife; while the traitor before you, who had set out with a murderous intention, was riding in a chariot with his wife, muffled up in his cloak, surrounded by a numerous incumbrance of common servants, fearful women, and feeble boys.

About an hour before sun-set he meets Clodius near his own estate. A body of men, taking advantage of a rising ground, immediately attack him with their darts: his coachman is killed. He himself, throwing off his cloak, springs to the ground, that he might sell his life as dear as he could. The party which was with Clodius, drawing their swords, ran back to the chariot that they might attack him behind; another party, who ima-

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gined him already dead, began to murder his slaves who had not come up: some of them, who were true to their master, and were most forward, were killed; while the others saw the encounter near the chariot, and, unable to advance to their master's assistance, heard from Clodius himself that he was dead, and actually believed he was: the slaves of Milo then acted (I speak not with an intention to shift the charge, but to represent the fact) without the orders, without the knowledge, without the presence of their master, as every man would wish his own servants should act, were he in the like circumstances. What I have laid before you, my lords, is the naked fact. The traitor was conquered: force was repelled by force, or rather audaciousness was overpowered by courage. I shall not mention the consequences of this action to the republic, to you, its consequences to every good man: they are not, it is true, of any service to Milo, whose destiny is such, that he could not even preserve himself without saving you and his country. If this was unwarrantable, I will then give up his defence. But if reason prescribes to the instructed, necessity to barbarians, customs to nations, and instinct to brutes, that they ought, by every means they can call in to their assistance, to repel all violence offered to their bodies, their reputations, or lives; you, my lords, surely cannot adjudge this to be an unlawful action, without at the same time putting every man, who falls into the hands of ruffians, upon the melancholy alternative of perishing, either by their swords, or your decisions.

Had Milo, my lords, been of this opinion, it had been much more eligible for him to have exposed his throat to the sword of Clodius, more than once before lifted against his life, than to be put to death by you, only for refusing to be butchered by him. But, if you are unanimously of a contrary opinion, the proper question then is not, if Clodius was killed, for that we confess; but if he was killed justly or unjustly; a point of enquiry that has been before canvassed in many trials. That treachery has been practised, is certain; and this is what the senate adjudged to be an act of treason. By whom it was practised is uncertain; therefore this court was constituted to enquire. Thus the decree of the senate related to the action, not to the man; and Pompey appointed

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the trial, not upon the matter of fact, but of law. Is there therefore nothing else to be decided here, but who was the aggressor? Nothing. If Milo was, whether he ought to be unpunished? If Clodius was, whether he ought not to be acquitted?

But how can it be proved that Clodius way-laid Milo? It is enough, my lords, if so lawless, so presumptuous a brute found strong reasons persuading, flattering hopes inviting, and vast advantages arising from the death of Milo. The question of Cassius therefore, what end could it serve, is very applicable here. Though no advantage can tempt good men, very trifling considerations lead the wicked into crimes. Clodius, by the death of Milo, was to gain not only this point, that, when he should be prætor, the villany of his conduct could be under no check from Milo as consul; but likewise, that he must have been prætor under such consuls, by whose connivance, if not assistance, he still hoped that he might brave the republic in his frantic projects: he farther conjectured, that they would not, had it been in their power, oppose his designs, since they lay under so strong obligations to him; and that, perhaps, it might have been out of their power, had they attempted to chastise the presumption of so abandoned a wretch, now confirmed and hardened by a long perseverance in wickedness.

Are you, my lords, alone ignorant? Are you only passengers in this city? Are you strangers to what was the common talk of the town, which makes no secret of the laws (if they deserve that name rather than that of the torches and plagues of the city) with which he designed to brand and to fetter us all? Sextus Clodius, produce, produce, produce, I say, that register of your laws, which they say you snatched, like another Palladium, from his house, amidst the terror of arms and nocturnal riot, that you may transfer that illustrious legacy, that system of government, to some future tribune, if you can meet with any such, whose conduct shall be directed by your will. Now he surveys me with that look, that insolence of look, with which to every citizen he used to threaten every insult. I am indeed struck with that light which breaks from our courts of law. But can you imagine, Sextus, that I am incensed against

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you; you, who inflicted a more cruel punishment upon the man I most hated, than my humanity suffered me to require? You threw the bloody corse of Publius Clodius out of his house, you threw it into the public streets; you by night abandoned it, stripped of its images, pageantry, pomp, and praise, half consumed with unhallowed wood, as a prey to prowling dogs. All this, though you did it to a lawless wretch, yet can I not commend it; but, as my enemy was the object of your cruelty, surely I have no reason to be offended.

You saw, my lords, that the prætorship of Clodius could neither have begun nor ended, without putting the public under the strongest apprehensions of a fatal revolution, unless the man, who had both the courage and ability to control him, should be consul. As the whole Roman people threw their eyes upon Milo for this purpose, what citizen could have hesitated a moment to have bestowed his vote in delivering himself from dread, and his country from danger? But, now that Clodius is removed, it requires extraordinary efforts in Milo to support his election. The glory which was peculiar to him, and which daily increased by his stemming the Clodian fury, is now vanished by the death of Clodius. You, my lords, need now fear no citizen: but Milo has lost the object that exercised his courage, the interest that supported his election, and the fountain that supplied his glory. The election of Milo to the consulate, which in the life-time of Clodius could not be defeated, now that he is dead, begins to be disputed. Thus the death of Clodius not only is of no advantage to, but has weakened the interest of Milo.

But it may be said that hatred prevailed, anger prompted, and resentment pushed him on: he avenged his own wrongs, he redressed his own grievances. No, my lords, I will prove that these were motives, I will not say more prevalent in Clodius than in Milo, but existing with the one in the highest degree, with the other in none; and what require you more? For why should Milo bear to Clodius, that source, that ripener of his glory, any other resentment than what every patriot ought to bear to every ruffian? But the enmity of Clodius was grounded first on Milo, being the restorer and protector of my liberty and life; then, upon his oppos-

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ing and controling his violence and fury; and lastly, upon his commencing his accuser: for Clodius, as long as he lived, was liable to be convicted by Milo upon the Plotian law. Can you, my lords, imagine that all this could go easily down with the overbearing spirit of Clodius? How deep, and in an unjust person even how justifiable, must have been his hatred!

It now remains that Clodius should be vindicated, by arguments drawn from his manners and character, and that these must convict Milo. It must be proved that Clodius was all gentleness, and Milo all violence! How so, my lords? When I bad my melancholy adieu to you and this city, did I decline standing my trial, or did I not retire from the slaves, the arms, and the outrages of Clodius? Then where was the justice in restoring me to liberty, if he could be justified in driving me into exile? He had summoned me, I know he had, to take my trial; he had amerced me in a fine, and impeached me of treason. Had I reason to dread the event of a trial in a cause, which, as it related to you, was infamous, and, as it concerned me, inglorious? Was this the case? No: but I was unwilling to expose my countrymen, whose liberties my counsels had preserved, and whose lives my dangers had saved, to the swords of needy slaves and profligate citizens.

I saw, my lords, I saw Quintus Hortensius, the present light and ornament of the republic, almost assassinated by slaves while he assisted me; and in the same tumult, the excellent Marcus Vibienus, a senator, who was in his company, was mortally wounded. When did the dagger, bequeathed to Clodius by Cataline, afterwards rest in its sheath? He aimed it at me; but I was unwilling that you, my lords, should interpret the stroke. It threatened the life of Pompey, and stained the Appian way, that monument of the Clodian family, with the blood of Papyrius. The same, the very same dagger, you know it, was, after long intermission, again lifted to my breast, and lately had almost put an end to my days at the Palatium.

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XXII. *Cicero's oration for Milo.*

PART IV.

WHAT, now, of this kind can be laid to Milo's charge, whose force has only been employed to save the state from the violence of Clodius, when he could not be brought to a trial? Had he been inclined to kill him, how often had he the fairest opportunities of doing it! Might he not legally have revenged himself upon him, when he was defending his house and household gods against his assault? Might he not, when that excellent citizen and brave man, P. Sextus, his colleague, was wounded? Might he not, when Q. Fabricius, that worthy man, was abused, and a most barbarous slaughter made in the forum, upon his proposing the law for my restoration? Might he not, when the house of L. Cæcilius, that upright and brave prætor, was attacked? Might he not, on that day when the law passed in relation to me? when a vast concourse of people, from all parts of Italy, animated with a concern for my safety, would, with joyful voice, have celebrated the glory of the action, and the whole city have claimed the honour of what was performing by Milo alone?—At that time P. Lentulus, a man of distinguished worth and bravery, was consul; the professed enemy of Clodius, the avenger of his crimes, the guardian of the senate, the defender of your decrees, the supporter of that public union, and the restorer of my safety: there were seven prætors, and eight tribunes of the people, in my interest, in opposition to him. Pompey, the first mover and pattern of my return, was his enemy; whose important and illustrious decree for my restoration, was seconded by the whole senate; who encouraged the Roman people, and when he passed a decree in my favour at Capua, gave the signal to all Italy, solicitous for my safety, and imploring his assistance in my behalf, to repair in a body to Rome, to have my sentence reversed. In a word, the citizens were then so inflamed with rage against him, from their affection to me, that had he been killed at that juncture, they would not have thought so much of acquitting as of rewarding the person by whose hand he fell. And yet

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Milo so far governed his temper, that though he prosecuted him twice in a court of judicature, he never had recourse to violent measures against him. But what do I say? While Milo was a private person, and stood accused by Clodius before the people, when Pompey was assaulted in the midst of a speech he was making in Milo's favour, what a fair opportunity, and I will even add, sufficient reason was there for dispatching him! Again, when Mark Antony had, on a late occasion, raised in the minds of all good men the most lively hopes of seeing the state in a happier condition; when that noble youth had bravely undertaken the defence of his country, in a most dangerous quarter, and had actually secured that wild beast in the toils of justice, which he endeavoured to avoid; immortal gods! how favourable was the time and place for destroying him! When Clodius concealed himself beneath a dark stair-case, how easily could Milo have destroyed that plague of his country, and thus have heightened the glory of Antony, without incurring the hatred of any! How often was it in his power, while the *comitia* were held in the field of Mars! When Clodius had forced his way within the inclosure, and his party began, by his direction, to draw their swords, and throw stones; and then, on a sudden, being struck with terror at the sight of Milo, fled to the Tiber; how earnestly did you, and every good man, wish that Milo had then displayed his valour!

Can you imagine, then, that Milo would choose to incur the ill-will of any by an action which he forebore when it would have gained him the applause of all? Would he make no scruple of killing him at the hazard of his own life, without any provocation, at the most improper time and place, whom he did not venture to attack when he had justice on his side, had so convenient an opportunity, and would have run no risque?—especially, my lords, when his struggle for the supreme office in the state, and the day of his election was at hand; at which critical season (for I know by experience how timorous ambition is, and what a solicitous concern there is about the consulate) we dread not only the charges that may openly be brought against us, but even the most secret whispers, and hidden surmises; when we tremble at every rumour, every false, forged,

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and frivolous story; when we explore the features, and watch the looks of every one we meet. For nothing is so changeable, so ticklish, so frail, and so flexible, as the inclinations and sentiments of our fellow-citizens, upon such occasions; they are not only displeased with the dishonourable conduct of a candidate, but are often disgusted with his most worthy actions. Shall Milo then be supposed, on the very day of election, a day which he had long wished for, and impatiently expected, to present himself before that august assembly of the *centuries*, having his hands stained with blood, publicly acknowledging and proclaiming his guilt? Who can believe this of the man? Yet who can doubt, but that Clodius imagined he should reign without control, were Milo murdered? What shall we say, my lords, to that which is the source of all audaciousness? Does not every one know, that the hope of impunity is the grand temptation to the commission of crimes? Now which of these two was the most exposed to this? Milo, who is now upon his trial for an action which must be deemed at least necessary, if not glorious; or Clodius, who had so thorough a contempt for the authority of the magistrate, and for penalties, that he took delight in nothing that was either agreeable to nature, or consistent with law? But why should I labour this point so much, why dispute any longer? I appeal to you, Q. Petilius, who are a most worthy and excellent citizen; I call you, Marcus Cato, to witness; both of you placed on that tribunal by a kind of supernatural direction. You were told by M. Favonius, that Clodius declared to him, and you were told it in Clodius's life-time, that Milo should not live three days longer. In three days time he attempted what he had threatened. If he then made no scruple of publishing his design, can you entertain any doubt of it when it was actually carried into execution?—

But how could Clodius be certain as to the day? This I have already accounted for. There was no difficulty in knowing when the dictator of Lanuvium was to perform his stated sacrifices. He saw that Milo was obliged to set out for Lanuvium on that very day: accordingly, he was beforehand with him. But on what day?—that day on which, as I mentioned before, a mad assembly

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was held by his mercenary tribune: which day, which assembly, which tumult he would never have left, if he had not been eager to execute his meditated villany. So that he had not the least pretence for undertaking the journey, but a strong reason for staying at home; while Milo, on the contrary, could not possibly stay, and had not only a sufficient reason for leaving the city, but was under an absolute necessity of doing it. Now, what if it appear that, as Clodius certainly knew Milo would be on the road that day, Milo could not so much as suspect the same of Clodius? First then, I ask which way he could come at the knowledge of it? A question which you cannot put, with respect to Clodius: for had he applied to nobody else, T. Patinas, his intimate friend, could have informed him that Milo, as being dictator of Lanuvium, was obliged to create a priest there, on that very day. Besides, there were many other persons, all the inhabitants of Lanuvium indeed, from whom he might have very easily had this piece of intelligence. But of whom did Milo enquire of Clodius's return? I shall allow, however, that he did enquire; nay, I shall grant farther, with my friend Arrius, so liberal am I in my concessions, that he corrupted a slave. Read the evidence that is before you: C. Cassinius, of Interamna, surnamed Scola, an intimate friend and companion of P. Clodius, who swore, on a former occasion, that Clodius was at Interamna and at Rome at the same hour, tells you that P. Clodius intended to have spent that day at his seat near Alba; but that, hearing very unexpectedly of the death of Cyrus the architect, he determined immediately to return to Rome. The same evidence is given in by C. Clodius, another companion of P. Clodius.

Observe, my lords, how much this evidence makes for us. In the first place, it plainly appears, that Milo did not undertake his journey with a design to way-lay Clodius, as he could not have the least prospect of meeting him.

In the next place, (for I see no reason why I should not likewise speak for myself,) you know, my lords, there were persons who, in their zeal for carrying on this prosecution, did not scruple to say, that though the murder was committed by the hand of Milo, the plot

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was laid by a more eminent person. In a word, those worthless and abandoned wretches represented me as a robber and an assassin. But this calumny is confuted by their own witnesses, who deny that Clodius would have returned to Rome that day, if he had not heard of the death of Cyrus. Thus I recover my spirits, I am acquitted, and am under no apprehensions, lest I should seem to have contrived what I could not so much as have suspected. Proceed I now to their other objections:—Clodius, say they, had not the least thought of waylaying Milo, because he was to have remained at Albanum, and would never have gone from his country-seat to commit a murder. But I plainly perceive that the person who is pretended to have informed him of Cyrus's death, only informed him of Milo's approach. For why inform him of the death of Cyrus, whom Clodius, when he went from Rome, left expiring? I was with him, and sealed up his will, along with Clodius; for he had publicly made his will, and appointed Clodius and me his heirs. Was a messenger sent him then by four o'clock the next day, to acquaint him with the death of a person, whom, but the day before, about nine in the morning he had left breathing his last?

XXIII. *Cicero's oration for Milo.*

PART V.

ALLOWING it, however, to be so, what reason was there for hurrying back to Rome? For what did he travel in the night-time? What occasioned all this dispatch? Was it because he was the heir? In the first place, this required no hurry; and, in the next, if it had, what could he have got that night, which he must have lost, had he come to Rome only next morning? And as a journey to town in the night was rather to be avoided than desired by Clodius, so if Milo had formed any plot against his enemy, and had known that he was to return to town that evening, he would have stopped and waited for him. He might have killed him by night, in a suspicious place, infested with robbers. Nobody could have disbelieved him, if he had denied the fact; since,

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even after he has confessed it, every one is concerned for his safety. First of all, the place itself would have been charged with it, being a haunt and retreat for robbers; while the silent solitude, and shades of night, must have concealed Milo: and then, as such numbers had been assaulted and plundered by Clodius, and so many others were apprehensive of the like treatment, the suspicion must naturally have fallen upon them; and, in short, all Etruria might have been prosecuted.

But it is certain that Clodius, in his return that day from Aricia, called at Albanum. Now, though Milo had known that Clodius had left Aricia, yet he had reason to suspect that he would call at his seat which lies upon the road, even though he was that day to return to Rome. Why then did he not either meet him sooner and prevent his reaching it, or post himself where he was sure Clodius was to pass in the night-time? Thus far, my lords, every circumstance concurs to prove, that it was for Milo's interest Clodius should live; that, on the contrary, Milo's death was a most desirable event for answering the purposes of Clodius: that, on the one side, there was a most implacable hatred, on the other not the least; that the one had been continually employing himself in acts of violence, the other only in opposing them; that the life of Milo was threatened, and his death publicly foretold by Clodius—whereas nothing of that kind was ever heard from Milo; that the day fixed for Milo's journey was well known to his adversary, while Milo knew nothing when Clodius was to return; that Milo's journey was necessary, but that of Clodius rather the contrary; that the one openly declared his intention of leaving Rome that day, while the other concealed his intention of returning; that Milo made no alteration in his measures, but that Clodius feigned an excuse for altering his; that if Milo had designed to way-lay Clodius, he would have waited for him near the city till it was dark; but that Clodius, even if he had been under no apprehensions from Milo, ought to have been afraid of coming to town so late at night.

Let us now consider the principal point, whether the place where they encountered was most favourable to Milo, or to Clodius. But can there, my lords, be any

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room for doubt, or for any farther deliberation upon that? It was near the estate of Clodius, where at least a thousand able-bodied men were employed in his mad schemes of building. Did Milo think he should have an advantage by attacking him from an eminence, and did he for this reason pitch upon that spot for the engagement? Or was he not rather expected in that place by his adversary, who hoped the situation would favour his assault? The thing, my lords, speaks for itself, which must be allowed to be of the greatest importance in determining a question. Were the affair to be represented only by painting, instead of being expressed by words, it would even then clearly appear which was the traitor, and which was free from all mischievous designs; when the one was sitting in his chariot, muffled up in his cloak, and his wife along with him. Which of these circumstances was not a very great incumbrance? The dress, the chariot, or the companion? How could he be worse equipped for an engagement, when he was wrapt up in a cloak, embarrassed with a chariot, and almost fettered by his wife? Observe the other now, in the first place, sallying out on a sudden from his seat; for what reason? In the evening; what urged him? Late; to what purpose, especially at that season? He calls at Pompey's seat; with what view? To see Pompey? He knew he was at Alsium. To see his house? He had been in it a thousand times. What then could be the reason of this loitering and shifting about?—He wanted to be upon the spot when Milo came up.

Now please to compare the travelling equipage of a determined robber, with that of Milo. Clodius, before that day, always travelled with his wife; he was then without her: he never used to travel but in his chariot; he was then on horseback: he was attended with Greeks wherever he went, even when he was hurrying to the Tuscan camp; at that time he had nothing insignificant in his retinue. Milo, contrary to his usual manner, happened then to take with him his wife's singers, and a whole train of her women: Clodius, who never failed to carry his whores, his catamites, and his bawds along with him, was then attended by none but those who seemed to be picked out by one another. How came he then to be overcome? Because the traveller is not al-

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ways killed by the robber, but sometimes the robber by the traveller; because, though Clodius was prepared, and fell upon those who were unprepared, yet Clodius was but a woman, and they were men. Nor, indeed, was Milo ever so little unprepared, as not to be a match for him at any time. He was always sensible how much it was Clodius's interest to get rid of him, what an inveterate hatred he bore to him, and what audacious attempts he was capable of; and therefore, as he knew that a price was set upon his life, and that it was, in a manner devoted to destruction, he never exposed it to any danger without a guard. Add to this effect of accidents, the uncertain issue of all combats, and the common chance of war, which often turns against the victor, even when ready to plunder and triumph over the vanquished. Add the unskilfulness of a gluttonous, drunken, stupid leader, who, when he had surrounded his adversary, never thought of his attendants that were behind; from whom, fired with rage, and despairing of their master's life, he suffered the punishment which those faithful slaves inflicted, in revenge for their master's death. Why, then, did he give them their freedom? He was afraid, I suppose, lest they should betray him, lest they should not be able to endure pain, lest the torture should oblige them to confess that P. Clodius was killed by Milo's servants on the Appian way.—But what occasion for torture? What was you to extort? If Clodius was killed?—He was; but whether lawfully or unlawfully, can never be determined by torture. When the question relates to the matter of fact, we may have recourse to the executioner; but when to a point of equity, the judge must decide.

Let us here then examine into what is to be the subject of enquiry in the present case; for, as to what you would extort by torture, we confess it all. But if you ask why he gave them their freedom, rather than why he bestowed so small a reward upon them, it shews that you do not even know how to find fault with this action of your adversary. For M. Cato, who sits on this bench, and who always speaks with the utmost resolution and steadiness, said, and said it in a tumultuous assembly, which however was quelled by his authority, that those who had defended their master's life, well

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deserved not only their liberty, but the highest rewards. For what reward can be great enough for such affectionate, such worthy and faithful servants, to whom their master is indebted for his life? and, which is yet a higher obligation, to whom he owes it, that his most inveterate enemy has not feasted his eyes, and satiated his wishes, with the sight of his mangled, bloody corse. Who, if they had not been made free, these deliverers of their master, these avengers of guilt, these defenders of innocent blood, must have been put to the torture. It is matter, however, of no small satisfaction to him, under his present misfortunes, to reflect that, whatever becomes of himself, he has had it in his power to reward them as they deserved. But the torture that is now inflicting in the porch of the temple of liberty, bears hard upon Milo. Upon whose slaves is it inflicted? Do you ask? On those of P. Clodius. Who demanded them? Appius. Who produced them? Appius. From whence came they? From Appius. Good gods! can any thing be more severe? Servants are never examined against their masters, but in cases of incest; as in the instance of Clodius, who now approaches nearer the gods, than when he made his way into their very presence; for the same enquiry is made into his death, as if their sacred mysteries had been violated. But our ancestors would not allow a slave to be put to the torture for what affected his master; not because the truth could not thus be discovered, but because their masters thought it dishonourable, and worse than death itself. Can the truth be discovered when the slaves of the prosecutor are brought as witnesses against the person accused? Let us hear now what kind of an examination this was. Call in Roscio, call in Casca. Did Clodius way-lay Milo? He did. Drag them instantly to execution,—he did not. Let them have their liberty. What can be more satisfactory than this method of examination? They are hurried away on a sudden to the rack, but are confined separately, and thrown into dungeons, that no person may have an opportunity of speaking to them; at last, after having been, for a hundred days, in the hands of the prosecutor, he himself produces them. What can be more fair and impartial than such an examination?

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XXIV. *Cicero's oration for Milo.*

PART VI.

But if, my lords, you are not yet convinced, though the thing shines out with such strong and full evidence, that Milo returned to Rome with an innocent mind, unstained with guilt, undisturbed by fear, and free from the accusations of conscience; call to mind, I beseech you by the immortal gods, the expedition with which he came back, his entrance into the forum while the senate-house was in flames, the greatness of soul he discovered, the look he assumed, the speech he made on the occasion. He delivered himself up, not only to the people, but even to the senate; nor to the senate alone, but even to guards appointed for the public security; nor merely to them, but even to the authority of him whom the senate had entrusted with the care of the whole republic, all the youth of Italy, and all the military force of Rome: to whom he would never have delivered himself, if he had not been confident of the goodness of his cause; especially as that person heard every report, was apprehensive of very great danger, had many suspicions, and gave credit to some stories. Great, my lords, is the force of conscience; great, both in the innocent and the guilty: the first have no fears, while the others imagine their punishment is continually before their eyes. Nor, indeed, is it without good reason that Milo's cause has ever been approved by the senate; for those wise men perceived the justice of his cause, his presence of mind, and the resolution with which he made his defence. Have you forgot, my lords, when the news of Clodius's death had reached us, what were the reports and opinions that prevailed, not only amongst the enemies of Milo, but even amongst some other weak persons, who affirmed that Milo would not return to Rome? For, if he committed the fact in the heat of passion, from a principle of resentment, they imagined he would look upon the death of P. Clodius as of such consequence, that he could be content to go into banishment after having satiated his revenge with the blood of his enemy: or, if he

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put him to death with a view to the safety of his country, they were of opinion that the same brave man, after he had saved the state, by exposing his own life to danger, would cheerfully submit to the laws; and, leaving us to enjoy the blessings he had preserved, be satisfied himself with immortal glory. Others talked in a more frightful manner, and called him a Cataline: he will break out, said they; he will seize some strong place; he will make war upon his country. How wretched is often the fate of those citizens who have done the most important services to their country! Their noblest actions are not only forgotten, but they are even suspected of the most impious. These suggestions, therefore, were groundless: yet they must have proved too well founded, had Milo done any thing that could not be defended with truth and justice.

Why should I mention the calumnies that were afterwards heaped upon him? And though they were such as would have filled with terror any breast that had the least consciousness of guilt, yet how he bore them!—Immortal gods!—bore them, did I say? Nay, how he despised and set them at nought! Though a guilty person, even of the greatest courage, nor an innocent person, unless endued with the greatest fortitude, could never have neglected them. It was whispered about, that a vast number of shields, swords, bridles, darts, and javelins might be found; that there was not a street, nor lane, in the city, where Milo had not hired a house; that arms were conveyed down the Tiber to his seat at Ocriculum; that his house on the Capitoline-hill was filled with shields; and that every other place was full of hand-grenades for firing the city. These stories were not only reported, but almost believed; nor were they looked upon as groundless till after a search was made. I could not, indeed, but applaud the wonderful diligence of Pompey upon the occasion: but, to tell you freely, my lords, what I think, those who are charged with the care of the whole republic, are obliged to hear too many stories; nor, indeed, is it in their power to avoid it. He could not refuse an audience to a paltry fellow of a priest, (Licinius I think he is called,) who gave information that Milo's slaves, having got drunk at his house, confessed to him a plot they had formed to murder

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Pompey, and that afterwards one of them had stabbed him, to prevemt his discovering it. Pompey received this intelligence at his gardens. I was sent for immediately; and, by the advice of his friends, the affair was laid before the senate. I could not help being in the greatest consternation, to see the guardian, both of me and my country, under so great an apprehension; yet I could not help wondering that such credit was given to a butcher; that the confessions of a parcel of drunken slaves should be read; and that a wound in the side, which seemed to be the prick only of a needle, should be taken for the thrust of a gladiator. But, as I understand, Pompey was shewing his caution, rather than his fear; and was disposed to be suspicious of every thing, that you might have reason to fear nothing. There was a rumour also, that the house of C. Cæsar, so eminent for his rank and courage, was attacked for several hours in the night. Nobody heard, nobody perceived any thing of it, though the place was so public; yet the affair was thought fit to be enquired into. I could never suspect a man of Pompey's distinguished valour, of being timorous; nor yet think any caution too great in one who has taken upon himself the defence of the whole republic. A senator too, in a full house, affirmed lately in the capitol, that Milo had a dagger under his gown at the very time: upon which he stript himself, in that most sacred temple, that, since his life and manners could not gain him credit, the thing itself might speak for him.

These stories were all discovered to be false, malicious forgeries: but if, after all, Milo must still be feared; it is no longer the affair of Clodius, but your suspicions, Pompey, which we dread: *your, your suspicions*, I say, and speak it so that you may hear me. If you are afraid of Milo; if you imagine that he is either now forming, or has ever before contrived, any wicked design against your life; if the forces of Italy, as some of your agents alledge, if this armed force, if the capitoline troops, if these sentries and guards, if the chosen band of young men that guard your person and your house, is armed against the assaults of Milo; if all these precautions are taken, and pointed against him; great, undoubtedly, must be his strength, and incredible his valour, far sur-

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passing the forces and power of a single man, since the most eminent of all our generals is fixed upon, and the whole republic armed to resist him. But who does not know that all the infirm and feeble parts of the state are committed to your care, to be restored and strengthened by this armed force? Could Milo have found an opportunity, he would immediately have convinced you, that no man ever had a stronger affection for another, than he has for you; that he never declined any danger, where your dignity was concerned; that, to raise your glory, he often encountered that monster Clodius; that his tribunate was employed, under your direction, in securing my safety, which you had then so much at heart, that you afterwards protected him when his life was in danger, and used your interest for him when he stood for the prætorship; that there were two persons whose warmest friendship he hoped he might always depend upon; *yourself*, on account of the obligations you laid him under; and *me*, on account of the favours I received from him. If he had failed in the proof of all this; if your suspicions had been so deeply rooted as not to be removed; if Italy, in a word, must never have been free from new levies, nor the city from arms, without Milo's destruction; he would not have scrupled, such is his nature and principles, to bid adieu to his country: but first he would have called upon thee, O thou great one, as he now does.

XXV. *Cicero's oration for Milo.*

PART VII.

CONSIDER how uncertain and variable the condition of life is, how unsettled and inconstant a thing fortune; what unfaithfulness is to be found amongst friends; what disguises suited to times and circumstances; what desertion, what cowardice in our dangers, even of those who are dearest to us. There will—there will, I say, be a time, and the day will certainly come, when you, with safety still, I hope, to your fortunes, though changed perhaps by some turn of the common times, which, as

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experience shews, will often happen to us all, may want the affection of the friendless, the fidelity of the worthiest, and the courage of the bravest man living. Though who can believe that Pompey, so well skilled in the laws of Rome, in ancient usages, and the constitution of his country, when the senate had given it him in charge to see that *the republic received no detriment*; —a sentence always sufficient for arming the consuls, without assigning them an armed force;—that he, I say, when an army and a chosen band of soldiers were assigned him, should wait the event of this trial, and defend the conduct of the man who wanted to abolish trials? It was sufficient that Pompey cleared Milo from those charges that were advanced against him, by enacting a law, according to which, in my opinion, Milo ought, and, by the confession of all, might lawfully be acquitted. But by sitting in that place, attended by a numerous guard assigned him by public authority, he sufficiently declares his intention is not to overawe, (for what can be more unworthy a man of his character, than to oblige you to condemn a person, whom, from numerous precedents, and by virtue of his own authority, he might have punished himself?) but to protect you: he means only to convince you that, notwithstanding yesterday's riotous assembly, you are at full liberty to pass sentence according to your own judgments.

But, my lords, the Clodian accusation gives me no concern; for I am not so stupid, so void of all experience, or so ignorant of your sentiments, as not to know your opinion in relation to the death of Clodius: and, though I had not refuted the charge, as I have done, yet Milo might, with safety, have made the following glorious declaration in public, though a false one: "I have slain, not a Sp. Mælius, who was suspected of aiming at the regal power, because he courted the favour of the people by lowering the price of corn, and bestowing extravagant presents to the ruin of his own estate; not a Tiberius Gracchus, who seditiously deposed his colleague from his magistracy; though even their destroyers have filled the world with the glory of their exploits: but I have slain the man (for he had a right to use this language, who had saved his country at the hazard of his own life) whose abominable adulteries our noblest

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matrons discovered, even in the most sacred recesses of the immortal gods: the man, by whose punishment the senate frequently determined to atone for the violation of our religious rites: the man whose incest with his own sister, Lucullus swore he had discovered by due examination: the man who, by the violence of his slaves, expelled a person esteemed by the senate, the people, and all nations, as the preserver of the city and the lives of the citizens: the man who gave and took away kingdoms, and parcelled out the world to whom he pleased: the man, who, after having committed several murders in the forum, by force of arms obliged a citizen of illustrious virtue and character to confine himself within the walls of his own house: the man who thought no instance of villainy or lust unlawful: the man who fired the temple of the Nymphs, in order to destroy the public register, which contained the censure of his crimes: in a word, the man who governed himself by no law, disregarded all civil institutions, and observed no bounds in the division of property; who never attempted to seize the estate of another by quirks of law, suborned evidence, or false oaths, but employed the more effectual means of regular troops, encampments, and standards; who, by his armed forces, endeavoured to drive from their possessions, not only the Tuscans, (for them he utterly despised,) but Q. Varius, one of our judges, that brave man and worthy citizen; who, with his architects and measures, traversed the estates and gardens of a great many citizens, and grasped, in his own imagination, all that lies between Janiculum and the Alps; who, when he could not persuade Titus Pacavius, an illustrious and brave Roman knight, to sell an island upon the Pretian lake, immediately conveyed timber, stone, mortar, and sand, into the island in boats, and made no scruple of building a house on another person's estate, even while the proprietor was viewing him from the opposite bank; who had the impudence, immortal gods! to declare to such a man as Titus Furfanius, (for I shall omit the affair relating to the widow Scantia, and the young Apronius, both of whom he threatened with death, if they did not yield to him the possession of their gardens,) who had the impudence, I say, to declare to Titus Furfanius, that if he did not give him the sum of money he de-

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manded, he would convey a dead body into his house, in order to expose so eminent a man to the public odium; who dispossessed his brother Appius of his estate in his absence, a man united to me in the closest friendship; who attempted to run a wall through a court-yard belonging to his sister, and to build it in such a manner as not only to render the court-yard useless, but to deprive her of all entrance and access to her house.

Yet all these violences were tolerated, though committed no less against the commonwealth, than against private persons; against the remotest, as well as the nearest; strangers, as well as relations: but the amazing patience of Rome was become, I know not how, perfectly hardened and callous. Yet by what means could you have warded off those dangers that were more immediate and threatening, or how could you have submitted to his government, if he had obtained it? I pass by our allies, foreign nations, kings, and princes; for it was your ardent prayer that he would turn himself loose upon those, rather than upon your estates, your houses, and your money:—Your money, did I say?—By heavens, he had never restrained his unbridled lust from violating your wives and children. Do you imagine that these things are mere fictions? Are they not evident? not publicly known? not remembered by all? Is it not notorious that he attempted to raise an army of slaves, strong enough to make himself master of the whole republic, and of the property of every Roman? Wherefore, if Milo, holding the bloody dagger in his hand, had cried aloud, "Citizens, I beseech you, draw near and attend: I have killed Publius Clodius with this right hand, with this dagger: I have saved your lives from that fury, which no laws, no government could restrain: to me alone it is owing, that justice, equity, laws, liberty, modesty, and decency, have yet a being in Rome"—could there be any room for Milo to fear how his country would take it? Who is there now that does not approve and applaud it? Where is the man that does not think and declare it as his opinion, that Milo has done the greatest possible service to his country; that he has spread joy amongst the inhabitants of Rome, of all Italy, and the whole world? I cannot indeed determine how high the transports of the Roman people

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may have risen in former times: this present age, however, has been witness to many signal victories of the bravest generals; but none of them ever occasioned such real and lasting joy. Commit this, my lords, to your memories. I hope that you and your children will enjoy many blessings in the republic, and that each of them will be attended with this reflection, that if P. Clodius had lived, you would have enjoyed none of them. We now entertain the highest, and, I trust, the best-grounded hopes, that so excellent a person being consul, the licentiousness of men being curbed, their schemes broken, law and justice established, the present will be a most fortunate year to Rome. But who is so stupid as to imagine this would have been the case had Clodius lived? How could you possibly have been secure in the possession of what belongs to you, of your own private property, under the tyranny of such a fury?

I am not afraid, my lords, that I should seem to let my resentment for personal injuries rise so high, as to charge these things upon him with more freedom than truth; for, though it might be expected this should be the principal motive, yet so common an enemy was he to all mankind, that my aversion to him was scarcely greater than that of the whole world. It is impossible to express, or indeed to imagine, what a villain, what a pernicious monster he was. But, my lords, attend to this; the present trial relates to the death of Clodius: form, now, in your minds—(for our thoughts are free, and represent what they please, just in the same manner as we perceive what we see)—form, I say, in your minds, the picture of what I shall now describe. Suppose I could persuade you to acquit Milo, on condition that Clodius should revive. Why do your countenances betray those marks of fear? How would he affect you when living, if the bare imagination of him, though he is dead, so powerfully strikes you? What, if Pompey himself, a man possessed of that merit and fortune which enable him to effect what no one besides can; if he, I say, had it in his power either to appoint Clodius's death to be enquired into, or to raise him from the dead; which do you think he would choose? Though from a principle of friendship he might be inclined to raise him from the dead, yet a regard to his country would pre-

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vent him. You therefore sit as the avengers of that man's death, whom you would not recall to life if you were able; and enquiry is made into his death by a law which would not have passed if it could have brought him to life. If his destroyer then should confess the fact, need he fear to be punished by those whom he has delivered? The Greeks render divine honours to those who put tyrants to death. What have I seen at Athens! what in other cities of Greece! What ceremonies were instituted for such heroes! what hymns! what songs! The honours paid them were almost equal to those paid to the immortal gods. And will you not only refuse to pay any honours to the preserver of so great a people, and the avenger of such execrable villanies, but even suffer him to be dragged to punishment? He would have confessed, I say, had he done the action; he would have bravely and freely confessed that he did it for the common good: and indeed he ought not only to have confessed, but to have proclaimed it.

XXVI. *The oration of Æschines against Demosthenes, on the crown.*

In such a situation of affairs, and in such disorders, as you yourselves are sensible of, the only method of saving the wrecks of government, is, if I mistake not, to allow full liberty to accuse those who have invaded your laws. But if you shut them up, or suffer others to do this, I prophecy that you will fall insensibly, and that very soon, under a tyrannical power. For you know, Athenians, that government is divided into three kinds; monarchy, oligarchy, and democracy. As to the two former, they are governed at the will and pleasure of those who reign in either; whereas established laws only, reign in a popular state. I make these observations, therefore, that none of you may be ignorant, but on the contrary, that every one may be entirely assured that the day he ascends the seat of justice, to examine an accusation upon the invasion of the laws, that very day he goes to give judgment upon his own independence. And, indeed, the legislature, who is convinced that a

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free state can support itself no longer than the laws govern, takes particular care to prescribe this form of an oath to judges, "I will judge according to the laws." The remembrance, therefore, of this being deeply implanted in your minds, must inspire you with a just abhorrence of any persons whatsoever who dare transgress them by rash decrees; and that far from ever looking upon a transgression of this kind as a small fault, you always consider it as an enormous and capital crime. Do not suffer, then, any one to make you depart from so wise a principle—But as, in the army, every one of you would be ashamed to quit the post assigned him by the general; so let every one of you be this day ashamed to abandon the post which the laws have given you in the commonwealth. What post?—that of protectors of the government.

Must we in your person crown the author of the public calamities, or must we destroy him? And, indeed, what unexpected revolutions, what unthought-of catastrophes have we not seen in our days?—The king of Persia, that king who opened a passage through Mount Athos; who bound the Hellespont in chains; who was so imperious as to command the Greeks to acknowledge him sovereign both of sea and land; who in his letters and dispatches presumed to style himself the sovereign of the world from the rising to the setting of the sun; and who fights now, not to rule over the rest of mankind, but to save his own life. Do not we see those very men who signalized their zeal in the relief of Delphi, invested both with the glory, for which that powerful king was once so conspicuous, and with the title of the chief of the Greeks against him? As to Thebes, which borders upon Attica, have we not seen it disappear in one day from the midst of Greece?—And with regard to the unhappy Lacedæmonians, what calamities have not befallen them only for taking but a small part of the spoils of the temple? They who formerly assumed a superiority over Greece, are they not now going to send ambassadors to Alexander's court; to bear the name of hostages in his train; to become a spectacle of misery; to bow the knee before the monarch; submit themselves and their country to his mercy; and receive such laws as a conqueror, a conqueror they attacked first, shall

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think fit to prescribe them? Athens itself, the common refuge of the Greeks; Athens, formerly peopled with ambassadors, who flocked to claim its almighty protection, is not this city now obliged to fight, not to obtain a superiority over the Greeks, but to preserve itself from destruction? Such are the misfortunes which Demosthenes has brought upon us, since his intermeddling with the administration.——

Imagine then, Athenians, when he shall invite the confidents and accomplices of his abject perfidy to range themselves around him, towards the close of his harangue; imagine then, Athenians, on your side, that you see the ancient benefactors of this commonwealth drawn up in battle array, round this rostrum where I am now speaking, in order to repulse that audacious band. Imagine you hear Solon, who strengthened the popular government by such excellent laws; that philosopher, that incomparable legislator, conjuring you with a gentleness and modesty becoming his character, not to set a higher value upon Demosthenes's oratorial flourishes than upon your oaths and your laws. Imagine you hear Aristides, who made so exact and just a division of the contributions imposed upon the Greeks for the common cause; that sage dispenser, who left no other inheritance to his daughters, but the public gratitude, which was their portion; imagine, I say, you hear him bitterly bewailing the outrageous manner in which we trample upon justice, and speaking to you in these words. What! because Arthmius of Zelia, that Asiatic, who passed through Athens, where he even enjoyed the rights of hospitality, had brought gold from the Medes into Greece; your ancestors were going to send him to the place of execution, and banished him, not only from their city, but from all the countries dependent on them; and will not you blush to decree Demosthenes, who has not, indeed, brought gold from the Medes, but has received such sums of money from all parts to betray you, and now enjoys the fruit of his treasures; will not you, I say, blush to decree a crown of gold to Demosthenes? Do you think that Themistocles, and the heroes who were killed in the battles of Marathon and Platea, do you think the very tombs of your ancestors will not send forth groans, if you crown a man who, by his own

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confession, has been for ever conspiring with barbarians to ruin Greece?

As to myself, O earth! O sun! O virtue! and you, who are the springs of true discernment, lights both natural and acquired, by which we distinguish good from evil,—I call you to witness, that I have used all my endeavours to relieve the state, and to plead her cause. I could have wished my speech had been equal to the greatness and importance of the subject; at least, I can flatter myself with having discharged my duty, according to my abilities, if I have not done it according to my wishes. Do you, Athenians, from the reasons you have heard, and those which your wisdom will suggest, do you pronounce such a judgment, as is conformable to strict justice, and the common good demands from you.

XXVII. *The oration of Demosthenes on the crown.*

In the first place, ye men of Athens, I make my prayer to all the powers of heaven, that such affection as I have ever invariably discovered to this state, and all its citizens, you, now, may entertain for me, upon this present trial. And (what concerns you nearly, what essentially concerns your religion and your honour)—that the gods may so dispose your minds, as to permit me to proceed in my defence, not as directed by my adversary, (that would be severe indeed!) but by the laws, and by your oath: in which, to all the other equitable clauses, we find this expressly added—"each party shall have equal audience."—This imports not merely that you shall not pre-judge, not merely that the same impartiality shall be shewn to both; but still farther, that the contending parties shall each be left at full liberty to arrange, and to conduct his pleading, as his choice or judgment may determine.

In many instances hath Æschines the entire advantage in this cause. Two there are of more especial moment. First, as to our interest in the contest, we are on terms utterly unequal; for they are by no means points of equal import, for me to be deprived of your affections, and for him to be defeated in his prosecution. As to me—but,

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when I am entering on my defence, let me suppress every thing ominous, sensible as I must be of this the advantage of my adversary.—In the next place, such is the natural disposition of mankind, that invective and accusation are heard with pleasure, while they who speak their own praises are received with impatience. His, then, is the part which commands a favourable acceptance; that which must prove offensive to every single hearer is reserved for me. If, to guard against this disadvantage, I should decline all mention of my own actions, I know not by what means I could refute the charge, or establish my pretentions to this honour. If, on the other hand, I enter into a detail of my whole conduct, private and political, I must be obliged to speak perpetually of myself. Here then I shall endeavour to preserve all possible moderation: and what the circumstances of the case necessarily extort from me must, in justice, be imputed to him who first moved a prosecution so extraordinary.

But, since he hath insisted so much upon the event, I will hazard a bold assertion. But, in the name of heaven! let it not be deemed extravagant: let it be weighed with candour. I say, then, that had we all known what fortune was to attend our efforts; had we all foreseen the final issue; had you foretold it, Æschines; had you bellowed out your terrible denunciations; (you whose voice was never heard;) yet even in such a case, must this city have pursued the very same conduct, if she had retained a thought of glory, of her ancestors, or of future times. For, thus, she could only have been deemed unfortunate in her attempts; and misfortunes are the lot of all men, whenever it may please heaven to inflict them. But if that state which once claimed the first rank in Greece, had resigned this rank in time of danger, she had incurred the censure of betraying the whole nation to the enemy. What part of Greece, what part of the barbarian world has not heard, that the Thebans in their period of success, that the Lacedæmonians, whose power was older and more extensive, that the king of Persia, would have cheerfully and joyfully consented that this state should enjoy her own dominions, together with an accession of territory ample as his wishes, upon this condition, that she should receive law, and suffer ano-

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ther state to preside in Greece? But, to Athenians, this was a condition unbecoming their descent, intolerable to their spirit, repugnant to their nature. Athens never was once known to live in a slavish; though a secure obedience to unjust and arbitrary power. No: our whole history is one series of noble contests for preeminence; the whole period of our existence hath been spent in braving dangers, for the sake of glory and renown. And so highly do you esteem such conduct, so consonant to the Athenian character, that those of your ancestors who were most distinguished in the pursuit of it, are ever the most favourite objects of your praise. And with reason. For who can reflect without astonishment upon the magnanimity of those men, who resigned their lands, gave up their city, and embarked in their ships, to avoid the odious state of subjection? Who chose Themistocles, the adviser of this conduct, to command their forces; and, when Cleysylus proposed, that they should yield to the terms prescribed, stoned him to death? Nay, the public indignation was not yet allayed. Your very wives inflicted the same vengeance on his wife. For the Athenians of that day looked out for no speaker, no general to procure them a state of prosperous slavery. They had the spirit to reject even life, unless they were allowed to enjoy that life in freedom. Should I then attempt to assert, that it was I who inspired you with sentiments worthy of your ancestors, I should meet the just resentment of every hearer. No, it is my point to shew, that such sentiments are properly your own; that they were the sentiments of my country, long before my days. I claim but my share of merit, in having acted on such principles in every part of my administration. He then who condemns every part of my administration, he who directs you to treat me with severity, as one who hath involved the state in terrors and dangers, while he labours to deprive me of present honour, robs you of the applause of all posterity. For if you now pronounce, that, as my public conduct hath not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned, it must be thought that you yourselves have acted wrong, not that you owe your present state to the caprice of fortune.—But it cannot be! No, my countrymen! it cannot be you have acted wrong, in encountering danger bravely, for

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the liberty and the safety of all Greece. No! by those generous souls of ancient times, who were exposed at Marathon! By those who stood arrayed at Platæa! By those who encountered the Persian fleet at Salamis, who fought at Artemisium! By all those illustrious sons of Athens, whose remains lie deposited in the public monuments! All of whom received the same honourable interment from their country; not those only who prevailed, not those only who were victorious—And with reason. What was the part of gallant men, they all performed: their success was such as the supreme director of the world dispensed to each.

As to those public works so much the object of your ridicule, they undoubtedly demand a due share of honour and applause; but I rate them far beneath the great merits of my administration. It is not with stones nor bricks that I have fortified the city. It is not from works like these that I derive my reputation. Would you know my methods of fortifying? Examine, and you will find them, in the arms, the towns, the territories, the harbours I have secured, the navies, the troops, the armies I have raised. These are the works by which I defended Attica, as far as human foresight could defend it: these are the fortifications I drew round our whole territory, and not the circuit of our harbour, or of our city only. In these acts of policy, in these provisions for a war, I never yielded to Philip. No; it was our generals and our confederate forces who yielded to fortune. Would you know the proofs of this? They are plain and evident. Consider: what was the part of a faithful citizen? of a prudent, an active, and an honest minister? Was he not to secure Eubœa, as our defence against all attacks by sea? Was he not to make Bœotia, our barrier on the mid-land side? The cities bordering on Peloponnesus our bulwark, on that quarter? Was he not to attend with due precaution to the importation of corn, that this trade might be protected, through all its progress, up to our own harbour? Was he not to cover those districts which we commanded by seasonable detachments, as the Proconesus, the Chersonesus, and Tenedos? To exert himself in the assembly for this purpose? While with equal zeal he laboured to gain others to our interest and alliance, as Byzantium, Abydus, and

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Eubœa? Was he not to cut off the best and most important resources of our enemies, and to supply those in which our country was defective?—And all this you gained by my counsels, and my administration. Such counsels, and such an administration, as must appear, upon a fair and equitable view, the result of strict integrity; such as left no favourable juncture unimproved, through ignorance or treachery; such as ever had their due effect, as far as the judgment and abilities of one man could prove effectual. But if some superior being, if the power of fortune, if the misconduct of generals, if the iniquity of your traitors, or if all these together broke in upon us, and at length involved us in one general devastation, how is Demosthenes to be blamed? Had there been a single man in each Grecian state, to act the same part which I supported in this city: nay, had but one such man been found in Thessaly, and one in Arcadia, actuated by my principle, not a single Greek, either beyond or on this side Thermopylæ, could have experienced the misfortunes of this day. All then had been free and independent, in perfect tranquillity, security and happiness, uncontrouled, in their several communities, by any foreign power, and filled with gratitude to you, and to your state, the authors of these blessings so extensive and so precious. And all this by my means. To convince you that I have spoken much less than I could justify by facts, that in this detail I have studiously guarded against envy, take—read the list of our confederates, as they were procured by my decrees.

There are two distinguishing qualities (Athenians!) which the virtuous citizen should ever possess: (I speak in general terms, as the least invidious method of doing justice to myself:) a zeal for the honour and pre-eminence of the state, in his official conduct; on all occasions, and in all transactions, an affection for his country. This nature can bestow. Abilities and success depend upon another power. And in this affection you find me firm and invariable. Not the solemn demand of my person, not the vengeance of the Amphictynic council which they denounced against me, not the terror of their threatenings, not the flattery of their promises, no, nor the fury of those accursed wretches, whom they roused like wild beasts against me, could ever tear this

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affection from my breast. From first to last, I have uniformly pursued the just and virtuous course of conduct; assertor of the honours, of the prerogatives, of the glory of my country; studious to support them, zealous to advance them, my whole being is devoted to this glorious cause. I was never known to march through the city, with a face of joy and exultation, at the success of a foreign power; embracing, and announcing the joyful tiding to those who, I supposed, would transmit it to the proper place. I was never known to receive the successes of my own country, with tremblings, with sighings, with eyes bending to the earth, like those impious men, who are the defamers of the state, as if by such conduct they were not defamers of themselves: who look abroad; and, when a foreign potentate hath established his power on the calamities of Greece, applaud the event, and tell us we should take every means to perpetuate his power.

Hear me, ye immortal gods! and let not these their desires be ratified in heaven! Infuse a better spirit into these men! Inspire even their minds with purer sentiments!—This is my first prayer—Or if their natures are not to be reformed: on them, on them only discharge your vengeance! Pursue them both by land and sea! Pursue them even to destruction! But, to us display your goodness, in a speedy deliverance from impending evils, and all the blessings of protection and tranquillity!

XXVIII. *Speech of Mr. Mackintosh, in defence of M. Peltier, on an information filed by the attorney-general for a libel on Napoleon Buonaparte, first consul (now emperor) of France.*

PART I.

My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,

I would not so far depart from my duty, or from the respectability of the body to which I belong, as to lend myself to the passions of any client. Whatever respect is due by the law to the rulers of any country, that respect shall be paid by me. Nay more,

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whatever concerns liberty, that dearest and best of all the interests of man, may indeed call forth my warm feelings, but I shall know how to repress these feelings in every instance in which they are not born out by truth.

My lord and gentlemen, I have to intreat your indulgence, beset as I am with topics of so much difficulty. You may, indeed, conceive that having had the presumption to encounter those difficulties, I have no title to indulgence in contending with them. I did not seek them, but having unexpectedly fallen in with them, I will not now turn my back on them: here I found them, and here I will meet and engage them with every exertion of whatever power I possess. Acting on these principles, before an English jury, I am sure that if my feelings shall, in any instance, betray me into any excessive warmth, my client will not suffer for my error. He imposed on me the trust of his defence, and I could not decline it. Still less can I betray it, having once undertaken to charge myself with it. He is entitled to a just, faithful, and fearless defence, and he shall have it, so far as it can be afforded by my humble talents, actuated by a warm and honest zeal in the discharge of my duty. Intrepidity has been so long used at the English bar, that it is unnecessary for me, at this moment, to descant upon it; still less can I claim any merit for acting up to it. I have only to say, that if the bar could have been silenced or overawed by any power whatsoever, no jury would now be here. That pride and boast of our free constitution could not this day have existed. It is owing to the intrepidity of the bar; that you, gentlemen, are now here to try this cause. It was therefore, perhaps, too much for me to say, that my client should have a fearless defence, in a place where fear never entered any bosom, but that of a criminal. Yet, surely, if, in any case, a timid feeling could invade a place so fortified against it, it must be in this, where the prosecutor is the master of a great empire, and the defendant a poor proscribed French emigrant, compelled to relinquish his country, in 1792, driven out by the daggers of his countrymen. Gentlemen, you recollect that eventful and calamitous period, when our shores were covered with helpless women, and children still

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more helpless, with priests, strangers to the world, flying from their country, as from a tract overrun with tigers, and seeking in ours a shelter which they did not fail to find. Such of these unhappy fugitives as escaped the scaffold, as survived the trying changes of climates unknown to them, and the multiplied distresses and vexations they had to endure, were recently permitted to revisit their native country. They were indulged in the gratification, and a very high gratification it must be, worn out and exhausted with calamity as they were; they were indulged with permission to die at home. I do not mean to undervalue this indulgence; on the contrary, I am disposed to rate it high; but my client, and a few others, conceived themselves bound, from a feeling of loyalty, which I neither make the subject of commendation or of blame, to refuse to profit by this permission. I do not, as I said, make this refusal a matter of praise or of censure; I only hope that you will not judge too severely of my client, for what he conceives to be a just and honourable devotion to the allegiance under which he was born. Consider, gentlemen, that if we ourselves were, by any unforeseen revolution; I trust, and hope, such an event will never happen; but, if such an event were to place us in a state of dependence and destitution in a foreign land, we should not wish to be judged too unfavourably.——This man, having from his youth devoted himself to literary employments, exerted his talents in the same line here, and produced a variety of works. After the peace, he abstained from all serious politics, and contented himself with the publication of this obscure journal before you, which, if the jealousy of power could ever be at rest, appeared under circumstances the least calculated to give disquiet. It could not be read here, for it was not in the language of the country. It could not be read in France, for we do not understand that the police is supine or negligent in the execution of the prohibition against the admission of periodical papers from England. Under these circumstances, this work was issued for the purpose of amusing and consoling the fellow-sufferers of M. Peltier by occasional reflections on the factions which divide, and the disturbances which agitate the land from which they are exiled. It was intended as a con-

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solation and amusement to them to whom no consolation now remains, but in contemplating the instability of human affairs, and seeing that those by whom they were expelled were often the victims of fortune as well as they. This was the only journal that dared still to speak in favour of a family once the most august in Europe. This court affords an instance of the instability of human grandeur in that family, and it is not a little remarkable that the last instance of a prosecution by the French government, as cited by my learned friend, was for a libel on that princess who has been since butchered and massacred by her own subjects. I say this not for the purpose of disputing the principle laid down by my learned friend, that no government recognised by our sovereign is to be libelled with impunity. I agree with him, that in this respect all governments are on the same footing, whether they are governments of yesterday or governments confirmed by a succession of ages. I admit that if lord Clarendon had published some parts of his history at Paris in the year 1656; if the marquis of Montrose had published his sonnets there; if Butler had published his Hudibras; and Cowley those works in which he so ably maintained the cause of his king against the usurper, the president Du Morlaix would have been bound on the complaint of the English ambassador to prosecute them for libels against a government recognised by France. I mention this, that my client may feel the less repugnance at coming into this his last assylum upon earth; and it is, perhaps, owing to his majesty's ministers, that he enjoys even this. If it be so, I owe them my thanks, for their honourable and dignified conduct, in refusing to violate the hospitality due to an unfortunate stranger, who now appears in your presence, as the only place in which his prosecutor and he can be on equal terms. Certainly, circumstanced as he is, the most refreshing prospect which his eye can rest upon, is an English jury, and he feels with me, gratitude to the ruler of empires, that, after the wreck of every thing else, ancient and venerable in Europe, of all established forms and acknowledged principles, of all long subsisting laws and sacred institutions; we are met here, administering justice after the manner of our forefathers, in this her ancient sanc-

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tuary. Here then parties come to judgment; one the master of the greatest empire on the earth; and the other, a weak defenceless fugitive, who waves his privilege of having half his jury composed of foreigners, and puts himself, with confidence, upon a jury entirely English.

XXIX. *Mr. Mackintosh, in defence of M. Peltier.*

PART II.

GENTLEMEN, there is another view in which this case is highly interesting, important, and momentous; and, I confess, I am animated to every exertion that I can make, not more by a sense of my duty to my client, than by a persuasion that this cause is the first of a series of contests with the freedom of the press. My learned friend, I am sure, will never disgrace his magistracy, by being instrumental to a measure so calamitous; but, viewing this as I do, as the first of a series of contests between the greatest power on earth, and the only press that is now free, I cannot help calling on him and you to pause before the great earthquake swallow up all our freedom that remains among men, for though no indication has yet been made of a disposition to attack the freedom of the press in this country, yet the many other countries that have been deprived of this benefit, must forcibly impress us with the propriety of looking vigilantly to ourselves. Holland, Switzerland, and the imperial towns participated with us the benefit of a free press. Holland and Switzerland are now no more, and near fifty of the free imperial towns of Germany have vanished, since the commencement of this prosecution.—

They had leisure for observation, and reflection on what was passing around them. They formed a respectable portion of that mass of public opinion, which was the law of powers, who acknowledge no other control. I cannot contemplate a more interesting spectacle than the little republic of Geneva, cultivating literature and science at the gates of the immense empire of Louis XIV. undisturbed and unthreatened. All this is gone;

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what may be the new order of things, it is not for me to say, but, I declare it to be my firm persuasion, that the total absence of all schemes of oppression, ever since the days of Louis XIV. has been owing to the freedom of discussion, which has, till lately, prevailed in most countries of Europe. If silence was observed at home upon such projects, 100 presses in foreign countries circulated them, and rendered them detestable throughout Europe. Tyranny dreaded to make any arbitrary stretches as long as there existed a free press, because no power was above its censure. Now that all this is gone, there is no longer any controul but what this country affords. Every press on the continent, from Palermo to Hamburgh, is enslaved; one place only remains where discussion is free, protected by our government and our constitution. It is an awfully proud consideration that this noble fabric, raised by our ancestors, still stands undecayed amidst the ruins that surround us.——You are the advanced guard of liberty, permit me, therefore, to remind you of some of the principles on which our ancestors acted with respect to foreign powers in cases like the present.—I admit the law not to be defined exactly, so as to ascertain the limits that distinguished history and fair observation from libel.—It was left to juries to determine, in every single instance, by the malicious intention that may appear in the publication, and this confidence so reposed by the legislature, had never once been abused since the revolution. Political libel was different from all others; in cases of common libel, the severity of the punishment only struck terror into those who meditated guilt. But in cases of political libel, even a just punishment had the effect of deterring well-disposed men from discussion; as it was difficult for them to know how far discussion and history would permit them to go, and when they overstepped the limit. Thus, the best services that could be rendered to mankind were discouraged. It was on this principle that our ancestors were always tender in repressing discussions relative to foreign powers. Ever since our ancestors had the wisdom to abandon all notion of continental conquest, we had no views on the continent but such as arose out of a regard to our safety and the promotion of our commerce. The first and most important consideration of safety depended

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on the maintenance of justice and the preservation of nations in the enjoyment of their rights. When justice was thus violated, the safety that arose out of it and depended on it, was rendered insecure, and it was material to observe and discuss every violation in order to check and prevent all excessive and dangerous aggrandisement. The interest of our commerce was a secondary consideration, but a material one, as the object was highly beneficial, not only to us but to the nations with which we traded, and to the whole world, in as much as it brought additional hands to labour, brought new lands into cultivation, and supplied fresh pleasures to man. It was, therefore, most material, that a spirit of free discussion should exist, and be encouraged, for the purpose of checking all violations of rights; and whatever the enemies of this country may say, the advantage of this attention to continental affairs had been attended with the most beneficial effects to the powers of the continent. This island had been foremost to resist every inordinate and unjust project, and, on all such occasions, had stood in the front of battles not her own.——It was the happiness of this country, that the lowest individual had a right to discuss the public measures of his time, and though it may in some instances be conceived that this was injurious in times of domestic dissension, it could not be denied that it was always beneficial when applied to foreign affairs.

M. Peltier was at liberty to detail the views of the factions into which the French republic was divided, and for this purpose to republish the writings of these factions. It was even justifiable in him to expose the principles of these factions, by writing in their spirit, and imputing to them expressions deducible from their principles. It was very likely that Chenier did, in fact, write the ode given under his name; and in that case, even though it should be severe and libellous on Buonaparte, could it be called a libel in M. Peltier, to republish it here? If it was, why were the English newspapers suffered every day for ten years back to republish volumes of abuse and calumny vented against this nation and its government in the French journals, and lately, in a style particularly malignant and atrocious, in the official journal, the Moniteur? No crimi-

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nality was by any person supposed to attach to the newspapers, because there was no criminal intention in the republication, which was made only with a view to excite the detestation and horror necessarily consequent on such flagitious abuse of our national character and our government. Why pass over the republication of an article in which a most gallant officer was charged with exciting to assassination, and why suffer English newspapers to republish, without any imputation of a crime, the most infamous libels on a prince who had passed through a reign of forty-three years, beloved and respected by his people, and without a single stain on his character? Why suffer the repetition of the most atrocious calumnies on a nation, whose history afforded the extraordinary phenomena of mutinies without murder, mobs without massacre, and civil wars and revolutions without assassination? Why suffer the republication of articles, in which the garter, the badge of the conquerors of Cressy and Poitiers, and of so many successive generations of heroes, was stated to be designed to reward an assassin for executing his horrible design? On the same principle, that the English newspapers were, in all these cases, innocent and unaccused, Peltier was equally innocent in this publication. If it was in fact only the republication of the work of another writer, the republication was certainly blameless; and if it was even written by Mr. Peltier, with a view to give a dramatic character of the faction, by putting its principles in their natural language in the mouths of its leaders, he was equally innocent; or if there was any crime, it was a libel against Chenier or Ginguenet, to whom the article was imputed, and not against the first consul.

XXX. *Mr. Mackintosh, in defence of M. Peltier.*

PART III.

It was natural to think that a remnant of the Jacobin faction still existed in France; it was known that it did exist, and it was the nature of that faction to seek a refuge from the maledictions of those whom it had formerly

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oppressed and tortured, in the resumption of its former power. The faction was active, and such a piece as this ode might well be among the means it employed. It could not be that M. Peltier wrote this seriously for the purpose of promoting the royal cause. It would be madness in him to call upon the French citizens of the present day to avenge the cause of Rewbell and Barras, the worst enemies of royalty. If he could seriously address such language to French citizens for such a purpose, he was a much fitter object for a commission of lunacy than of a prosecution for libel; and this madness was rendered still more outrageous by adding to the council, the name of the most declared and decided enemy of the party to which it was addressed. It may indeed come within the policy of a royalist to excite republicans to insurrection, with a view to profit by their broils; but if such a royalist meant not to defeat his own purpose, he would conceal his name. It was, however, evident, from the context, that the ode in question was not the work of M. Peltier. It appeared from the passage already cited, and of which a poetical translation had been read, that it was written by a fanatical republican, once hostile to England, now a little corrected in his judgment, but not yet perfectly reconciled: it speaks of the people resting on the law, resisting and setting at defiance the exertion of regal power; this certainly could not be mentioned with praise by the royalist, Peltier. My learned friend cannot forget that Swift did not mean, by his arguments in defence of atheism, really to support that doctrine; but, on the contrary, by that unrivalled specimen of irony, to ridicule and shame al such unprincipled tenets. Such were the motives of Butler for putting such odious sentiments in the mouths of Hudibras and his squire, and such were Peltier's for putting such sentiments as in some places he did put into the mouths of the jacobins. Not that even they, bad as they are, can be suspected by me, of any design so shocking to human nature as assassination: and, I own, I am surprised to hear my learned friend say so seriously, that any allusion to the apotheosis of Romulus, or to the affair of Brutus and Cæsar, must necessarily have such a shocking and abominable object; as if these events, so much the themes of school-boy declamation, were not

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too familiar to excite any extraordinary propensity to imitation. With respect to that part of the paper which alludes to the assassination of Cæsar, I deny that when that event is spoken of, every man who uses it, intends to recommend or justify assassination. Nor can it be more safely inferred from the allusion to the apotheosis in use among the Romans. It might be that a man, disgusted with the numerous addresses which had been poured from all quarters, might fairly say, I even wish him the apotheosis as soon as he can have it; many of the Roman emperors received the honors of a divinity and yet lived; their apotheosis did not necessarily imply their death.

At the time when queen Elizabeth, that wise and patriotic princess, was beset around with formidable enemies, a powerful faction in the heart of her kingdom, and no resources but in her own mind, she (and it is a curious piece of history) published the first newspaper. Her gazettes are still preserved, and by means of that dissemination of public opinion, she roused the feelings of her subjects to a pitch equal to withstand any attempts that could be made upon them. Since that period, newspapers have multiplied, and discussion has become more extended. During the reign of Louis XIV. who had formed the most gigantic plans of guilty ambition, he who attacked a free nation, merely for his glory; he who had made subservient to his interests, the guilty and infamous prince who then governed England—yet his conduct was most freely canvassed. Nor did a venal court dare stop the enquiry and investigation of free minds, even when a Jeffries disgraced the bench which his lordship adorns; nor even then did a venal judge and a corrupt court dare attack the freedom of the press. In latter times, to come to the partition of Poland: did that infamous transaction and public robbery pass without examination and censure; We loudly spoke our indignation, though the robbers were our great allies; but our free presses spoke of them, not as according to the greatness of their characters, but according to their greatness of their crimes. I will put it to the attorney-general to say, what would have been his conduct if we had been at peace with France during part of the awful cri-

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sis which convulsed her. When Robespierre presided over the committee of public safety, was not an Englishman to canvass his measures? Supposing we had then been at peace with France, would the attorney-general have filed an information against any one who had expressed due abhorrence of the furies of that sanguinary monster? When Marat demanded two hundred and fifty thousand heads in the convention, must we have contemplated that request without speaking of it in the terms it provoked? When Carrier placed five hundred children in a square at Lyons, to fall by the musquetry of the soldiery, and from their size the balls passed over them, the little innocents flew to the knees of the soldiery for protection, when they were butchered with the bayonet. In relating this event, must man restrain his just indignation, and stifle the expression of indignant horror, which such a dreadful massacre must excite? Would the attorney-general in his information state, "when Maximilian Robespierre was first magistrate of France, as president of the committee of safety, that those who spoke of him as his crimes deserved, did it with a wicked and malignant intention to defame and vilify him." The only restraint upon great criminals is, the public opinion; and to weaken the expression of that opinion, is, in a great degree, to let loose the passions of the great, to prey on the weak and defenceless. I will again put the case of that Swiss patriot, descended from the hero of Switzerland; he, whose ancestor supported the liberties of his country; who conquered that pile three hundred years ago, he of late had endeavoured ineffectually to defend. If he were to come to this country, the only asylum now left upon earth; if he were here to weep over the ruins of his country, must he be told that he must deplore his fate in silence; that he might groan deep, but it must not be loud? Better by far would it be that we should at once revert to a state of absolute barbarism, than thus have our feelings paralysed to all moral distinctions. I hope and trust that a British jury will never be a party to such purposes. They never have done it, and in former times, when all other parts of the state have been corrupted, juries yet maintained their virtue and their independence. In the time of Crom-

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well, he twice sent a satirist upon his government to be tried by a jury, who sat where the jury now does. The scaffold on which the blood of the monarch was shed, was still in their view. The clashing of the bayonets which turned out the parliament, were within their hearing, yet they maintained their integrity, and twice did they send his attorney-general out of court with disgrace and defeat.

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SUPPLEMENT.

OF THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING, NOT INCLUDED IN THE ANCIENT RHETORICS.

OF THE PULPIT.

Sacred Reading.

I. *Trial of Abraham's fidelity.*

And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, "Abraham;" and he said, "Behold, here I am." And he said, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah: and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt-offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him. Then on the third day Abraham lift up his eyes, and saw the place afar off. And Abraham said unto his young men, "Abide you here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you." And Abraham took the wood of the burnt-offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son, and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife: and they went both of them together. And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said "My father:" and he said, "Here am I, my son." And he said, "Behold the fire and wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt-

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offering?" And Abraham said, "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering:" so they went both of them together.

And they came to the place which God had told him of, and Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar, upon the wood. And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son. And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, "Abraham, Abraham,". And he said, "Here am I." And he said, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me." And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold, behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns: and Abraham went, and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt-offering, in the stead of his son. And Abraham called the name of that place, Jehovah-jireh, as it is said to this day, "In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen."

And the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of heaven the second time, and said "By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, that in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore, and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies. And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice." So Abraham returned unto his young men, and they rose up, and went together to Beer-sheba; and Abraham dwelt at Beer-sheba.

II. *Story of Joseph.*

PART I.

And Jacob dwelt in the land wherein his father was a stranger, in the land of Canaan. These are the generations of Jacob: Joseph being seventeen years old, was feeding the flock with his brethren; and the lad was with

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the sons of Bilhah, and with the sons of Zilpah, his father's wives: and Joseph brought unto his father their evil report. Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colours. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him. And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren; and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, "Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed: For behold we were binding sheaves in the field, and lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf." And his brethren said to him, "Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us?" and they hated him yet the more, for his dreams, and for his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it his brethren, and said, "Behold, I have dreamed a dream more: and behold, the sun and the moon, and the eleven stars made obeisance to me." And he told it to his father, and to his brethren, and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, "What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother, and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee, to the earth?" And his brethren envied him: but his father observed the saying. And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem. And Israel said unto Joseph, "Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? Come, and I will send thee unto them:" and he said to him, "Here am I." And he said to him, "Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks, and bring me word again." So he sent him out of the vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem. And a certain man found him, and behold, he was wandering in the field, and the man asked him, saying, "What seekest thou?" And he said, "I seek my brethren: tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks." And the man said, they are departed hence: for I heard them say, "Let us go to Dothan." And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan. And when they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him, to slay him.

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And they said one to another, "Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, 'Some evil beast hath devoured him:' and we shall see what will become of his dreams." And Reuben heard it, and he delivered him out of their hands, and said "Let us not kill him." And Reuben said unto them, "Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit, that is in the wilderness, and lay no hand upon him;" that he might rid him out of their hands, to deliver him to his father again.

And it came to pass when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stript Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colours that was on him. And they took him, and cast him into a pit: and the pit was empty, there was no water in it. And they sat down to eat bread: and they lift up their eyes, and looked, and behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, "What profit is it, if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood? Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him: for he is our brother and our flesh;" and his brethren were content. Then there passed by Midianites, merchantmen, and they drew and lift up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver: and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

And Reuben returned unto the pit, and behold, Joseph was not in the pit: and he rent his clothes. And he returned unto his brethren and said, "The child is not, and I, whither shall I go?"

And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood. And they sent the coat of many colours, and they brought it to their father, and said, "This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no." And he knew it, and said, "It is my son's coat: an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces." And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons, and all his daughters rose up to comfort him: but he refused to be comforted: and he said, "For I will

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go down into the grave unto my son mourning:" thus his father wept for him.

And the Midianites sold him into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, and captain of the guard.

III. *Story of Joseph.*

PART II.

And Joseph was brought down to Egypt, and Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, captain of the guard, an Egyptian, bought him of the hand of the Ishmaelites which had brought him down thither. And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man, and he was in the house of his master the Egyptian. And his master saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand. And Joseph found grace in his sight, and he served him, and he made him overseer over his house, and all that he had he put into his hand. And it came to pass from the time that he had made him overseer in his house, and over all that he had, that the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake: and the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house, and in the field. And he left all that he had in Joseph's hand: and he knew not ought he had, save the bread which he did eat: and Joseph was a goodly person, and well favored.

And it came to pass after these things, that his master's wife cast her eyes upon Joseph, and she said "Lie with me." But he refused, and said unto his master's wife, "Behold, my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and he hath committed all that he hath to my hand. There is none greater in this house than I: neither hath he kept any thing from me, but thee, because thou art his wife: how then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" And it came to pass, as she spake to Joseph, day by day, that he hearkened not unto her, to lie by her, or to be with her. And it came to pass about this time, that Joseph went into the house to do his business, and there was none of the men of the house there within. And she caught him by his

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garment, saying, "Lie with me:" and he left his garment in her hand, and fled, and got him out. And it came to pass, when she saw that he had left his garment in her hand, and was fled forth, that she called unto the men of her house, and spake unto them, saying, "See, he hath brought in a Hebrew unto us, to mock us: he came in unto me to lie with me, and I cried with a loud voice. And it came to pass, when he heard that I lifted up my voice, and cried, that he left his garment with me, and fled, and got him out." And she laid up his garment by her, until her lord came home. And she spake unto him according to these words, saying, "The Hebrew servant which thou hast brought unto us, came in unto me to mock me. And it came to pass as I lift up my voice, and cried, that he left his garment with me and fled out." And it came to pass when his master heard the words of his wife, which she spake unto him, saying, "After this manner did thy servant to me," that his wrath was kindled. And Joseph's master took him, and put him into the prison, a place where the king's prisoners were bound; and he was there in the prison. But the Lord was with Joseph, and shewed him mercy, and gave him favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison. And the keeper of the prison committed to Joseph's hand, all the prisoners that were in the prison, and whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it. The keeper of the prison looked not to any thing that was under his hand, because the Lord was with him: and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper.

IV. *Story of Joseph.*

PART III.

And it came to pass after these things, that the butler of the king of Egypt, and his baker had offended their lord the king of Egypt. And Pharaoh was wrath against two of his officers, against the chief of the butlers, and against the chief of the bakers. And he put them in ward in the house of the captain of the guard, into the prison, the place where Joseph was bound. And the

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captain of the guard charged Joseph with them, and he served them, and they continued a season in ward.

And they dreamed a dream both of them, each man his dream in one night each man according to the interpretation of his dream, the butler, and the baker of the king of Egypt, which were bound in the prison. And Joseph came in unto them in the morning, and looked upon them, and behold, they were sad. And he asked Pharaoh's officers that were with him in the ward of his lord's house, saying, "Wherefore look ye so sadly to day?" And they said unto him, "We have dreamed a dream, and there is no interpreter of it." And Joseph said unto them, "Do not interpretations belong to God? tell me them, I pray you." And the chief butler told his dream to Joseph, and said to him, "In my dream, behold, a vine was before me: And in the vine were three branches, and it was as though it budded, and her blossoms shot forth and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes. And Pharaohs cup was in my hand, and I took the grapes, and pressed them into Pharaohs cup: and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand." And Joseph said unto him, "This is the interpretation of it: the three branches are three days: Yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thine head, and restore the unto thy place, and thou shalt deliver Pharaoh's cup into his hand, after the former manner when thou wast his butler. But think on me, when it shall be well with thee, and shew kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house. For indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews: and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon."

When the chief baker saw that the interpretation was good, he said unto Joseph, "I also was in my dream, and behold, I had three white baskets on my head. And in the uppermost basket there was of all manner of bake meats for Pharaoh, and the birds did eat them out of the basket upon my head." And Joseph answered and said, "This is the interpretation thereof, the three baskets are three days: Yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thy head from off thee, and shall hang thee on a tree, and the birds shall eat thy flesh from off thee."

And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's

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birth day, that he made a feast unto all his servants, and he lifted up the head of the chief butler, and of the chief baker among his servants. And he restored the chief butler unto his butlership again, and he gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand. But he hanged the chief baker, as Joseph had interpreted to them. Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him.

V. *Story of Joseph.*

PART IV.

And it came to pass at the end of two full years, that Pharaoh dreamed: and behold he stood by the river. And behold, there came up out of the river, seven well-favoured kine, and fat-fleshed, and they fed in a meadow. And behold, seven other kine came up after them out of the river, ill-favoured, and lean-fleshed, and stood by the other kine, upon the brink of the river. And the ill-favoured and lean-fleshed kine did eat up the seven well-favoured and fat kine. So Pharaoh awoke.

And he slept, and dreamed the second time: and behold, seven ears of corn, came up upon one stalk, rank and good. And behold, seven thin ears, and blasted with the east wind, sprung up after them. And the seven thin ears devoured the seven rank and full ears.

And Pharaoh awoke, and behold, it was a dream.

And it came to pass in the morning, that his spirit was troubled, and he sent and called for all the magicians of Egypt, and all the wise men thereof, and Pharaoh told them his dream: but there was none that could interpret them unto Pharaoh.

Then spoke the chief butler unto Pharaoh saying, "I do remember my faults this day. Pharaoh was wroth with his servants, and put me in ward in the captain of the guard's house, both me and the chief baker. And we dreamed a dream in one night, I and he: we dreamed each man according to the interpretation of his dream.

And there was there with us a young man, an Hebrew, servant to the captain of the guard: and we told him, and he interpreted to us our dreams, to each man accord-

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ing to his dream he did interpret. And it came to pass as he interpreted to us, so it was, me he restored unto mine office, and him he hanged."

Then Pharaoh sent, and called Joseph, and they brought him hastily out of the dungeon: and he shaved himself, and changed his raiment, and came in unto Pharaoh. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "I have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it: and I have heard say of thee, that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it." And Joseph answered Pharaoh saying, "It is not in me: God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "In my dream, behold, I stood upon the bank of the river. And behold, there came up out of the river seven kine, fat-fleshed and well-favoured, and they fed in a meadow. And behold, seven other kine came up after them, poor and very ill-favoured, and lean-fleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt, for badness. And the lean and the ill-favoured kine, did eat up the first seven fat kine. And when they had eaten them up, it could not be known that they had eaten them, but they were still ill-favoured, as at the beginning: So I awoke.

And I saw in my dream, and behold, seven ears came up in one stalk, full and good. And behold, seven ears withered, thin, and blasted with the east wind, sprung up after them. And the thin ears devoured the seven good ears: and I told this unto the magicians, but there was none that could declare it to me."

And Joseph said unto Pharaoh, "The dream of Pharaoh is one: God hath shewed Pharaoh what he is about to do. The seven good kine are seven years, and the seven good ears are seven years: the dream is one. And the seven thin and ill-favoured kine that came up after them, are seven years: and the seven empty ears, blasted with the east wind, shall be seven years of famine. This is the thing which I have spoken unto Pharaoh: what God is about to do he sheweth unto Pharaoh. Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt. And there shall arise after them seven years of famine, and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt: and the famine shall consume the land. And the plenty shall not be known in the land, by reason of that famine following: for it shall be very grievous.

And for that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice, it is because the thing is established by God: and God will shortly bring it to pass.

"Now therefore let Pharaoh look out a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt. Let Pharaoh do this, and let him appoint officers over the land, and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years. And let them gather all the food of those good years that come, and lay up corn under the hand of Pharaoh, and let them keep food in the cities. And that food shall be for store to the land, against the seven years of famine, which shall be in the land of Egypt, that the land perish not through the famine."

And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of all his servants. And Pharaoh said unto his servants, "Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the spirit of God is." And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art. Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou." And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt." And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck. And he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had: and they cried before him, bow the knee: and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt.

And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt." And Pharaoh called Joseph's name Zaphnath-Paaneah, and he gave him to wife Asenath, the daughter of Poti-pherah, priest of On: and Joseph went out over all the land of Egypt.

And Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh, king of Egypt: and Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went throughout all the land of Egypt. And in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls. And he gathered up all the food of the seven years, which were in the land of Egypt, and laid up the food in the cities: the food of the field which was round about every city, laid he up in the same.

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And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering, for it was without number.

And unto Joseph were born two sons, before the years of famine came, which Asenath, the daughter of Poti-pherah, priest of On, bare unto him. And Joseph called the name of the first-born, Manasseh; "For God," said he, "hath made me forget all my toil, and all my father's house." And the name of the second called he Ephraim; "For God hath caused me to be fruitful in the land of my affliction."

And the seven years of plenteousness, that were in the land of Egypt were ended. And the seven years of dearth began to come, according as Joseph had said, and the dearth was in all lands: but in all the land of Egypt there was bread. And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread; and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, "Go unto Joseph, what he saith to you, do." And the famine was over all the face of the earth: and Joseph opened all the store-houses, and sold unto the Egyptians: and the famine waxed sore in the land of Egypt. And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph for to buy corn, because that the famine was so sore in all lands.

VI. *Story of Joseph.*

PART V.

Now when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, Jacob said unto his sons "Why do ye look one upon another?" And he said, "Behold, I have heard that there is corn in Egypt: get you down thither, and buy for us from thence, that we may live, and not die." And Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn in Egypt. But Benjamin, Joseph's brother, Jacob sent not with his brethren: for he said, "Lest peradventure mischief befal him."

And the sons of Israel came to buy corn among those that came: for the famine was in the land of Canaan.

And Joseph was the governor over the land, and he it was that sold to all the people of the land: and Joseph's

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brethren came and bowed down themselves before him, with their faces to the earth.

And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly unto them: and he said unto them, "Whence come ye?" and they said, "From the land of Canaan, to buy food." And Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew not him.

And Joseph remembered the dream which he dreamed of them, and said unto them, "Ye are spies: to see the nakedness of the land you are come." And they said unto him, "Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come. We are all one man's sons, we are true men: thy servants are no spies." And he said unto them, "Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land you are come." And they said, "Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan: and behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not." And Joseph said unto them, "That is it that I spake unto you, saying, ye are spies. Hereby ye shall be proved: by the life of Pharaoh, ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come hither. Send one of you, and let him fetch your brother, and ye shall be kept in prison, that your words may be proved, whether there be any truth in you: or else, by the life of Pharaoh, surely ye are spies."

And he put them altogether into ward three days. And Joseph said unto them the third day, "This do, and live, for I fear God. If ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in the house of your prison: go ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses. But bring your youngest brother unto me, so shall your words be verified, and ye shall not die:" and they did so. And they said one to another, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear: therefore is this distress come upon us." And Reuben answered them saying, "Spake I not unto you, saying, do not sin against the child, and ye would not hear? therefore behold also, his blood is required." And they knew not that Joseph understood them: for he spake unto them by an interpreter. And he turned himself about from them, and wept, and returned to them again, and com-

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muned with them, and took from them Simeon, and bound him before their eyes.

Then Joseph commanded to fill their sacks with corn, and to restore every man's money into his sack, and to give them provision for the way: and thus did he unto them.

And they laded their asses with the corn, and departed thence. And as one of them opened his sack, to give his ass provender in the inn, he espied his money: for behold, it was in his sack's mouth. And he said unto his brethren, "My money is restored, and lo, it is even in my sack:" and their hearts failed them, and they were afraid, saying one to another, "What is this that God hath done unto us?"

And they came unto Jacob their father, unto the land of Canaan, and told him all that befell unto them, saying, "The man who is the lord of the land, spake roughly to us, and took us for spies of the country." And we said unto him, "We are true men, we are no spies. We be twelve brethren, sons of our father: one is not, and the youngest is this day with our father in the land of Canaan." And the man, the lord of the country, said unto us, "Hereby shall I know that ye are true men: leave one of your brethren here with me, and take food for the famine of your households, and be gone. And bring your youngest brother unto me: then shall I know that ye are no spies, but that ye are true men: so will I deliver you your brother, and ye shall traffic in the land."

And it came to pass, as they emptied their sacks, that behold, every man's bundle of money was in his sack: and when both they and their father saw the bundles of money, they were afraid.

And Jacob their father said unto them, "Me have ye bereaved of my children. Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me." And Reuben spake unto his father, saying, "Slay my two sons, if I bring him not to thee: deliver him into my hand, and I will bring him to thee again." And he said, "My son shall not go down with you, for his brother is dead, and he is left alone: if mischief befal him by the way, in the which ye go, then shall ye bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

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And the famine was sore in the land. And it came to pass when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, "Go again, buy us a little food." And Judah spake unto him, saying, "The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, 'ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you.' If thou wilt send our brother with us, we will go down and buy thee food. But if thou wilt not send him, we will not go down: for the man said unto us, 'Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you." And Israel said, "Wherefore dealt ye so ill with me, as to tell the man whether ye had yet a brother?" And they said, "The man asked us straitly of our state, and of our kindred, saying, 'Is your father yet alive? have ye another brother?' and we told him according to the tenor of these words: could we certainly know that he would say, 'Bring your brother down?" And Judah said unto Israel his father, "Send the lad with me, and we will arise and go, that we may live, and not die, both we, and thou, and also our little ones. I will be surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him: if I bring him not unto thee and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame for ever. For except we had lingered, surely now we had returned this second time." And their father Israel said unto them, "If it must be so now, do this, take of the best fruits in the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices, and myrrh, nuts, and almonds. And take double money in your hand: and the money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand, peradventure it was an oversight. Take also your brother, and arise, go again unto the man. And God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother, and Benjamin: If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

And the men took that present, and they took double money in their hand, and Benjamin, and rose up, and went down to Egypt, and stood before Joseph.

And when Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he said to the ruler of his house, "Bring these men home, and slay, and make ready; for these men shall dine with me at noon. And the man did as Joseph bade: and the man brought the men into Joseph's house. And the men

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were afraid, because they were brought into Joseph's house, and they said, "Because of the money that was returned in our sacks at the first time are we brought in, that he may seek occasion against us, and fall upon us, and take us for bond-men, and our asses."

And they came near to the steward of Joseph's house, and they communed with him at the door of the house, and said, "O sir, we came indeed down at the first time to buy food. And it came to pass when we came to the inn, that we opened our sacks, and behold, every man's money was in the mouth of his sack, our money in full weight: and we have brought it again in our hand. And other money have we brought down in our hands to buy food: we cannot tell who put our money in our sacks." And he said, "Peace be to you, fear not: your God, and the God of your father, hath given you treasure in your sacks: I had your money." And he brought Simeon out unto them. And the man brought the men into Joseph's house, and gave them water, and they washed their feet, and he gave their asses provender.

And they made ready the present against Joseph came at noon: for they heard that they should eat bread there. And when Joseph came home, they brought him the present which was in their hand, into the house, and bowed themselves to him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare, and said, "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?" And they answered, "Thy servant our father is in good health, he is yet alive:" and they bowed down their heads, and made obeisance. And he lift up his eyes, and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, "Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me?" And he said, "God be gracious unto thee my son." And Joseph made haste: for his bowels did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep, and he entered into his chamber, and wept there. And he washed his face, and went out, and refrained himself, and said, "Set on bread." And they set on for him by himself, and for them by themselves, and for the Egyptians which did eat with him by themselves: because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews, for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians. And they sat before him, the first-born according to his birth-right, and the

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youngest according to his youth: and the men marvelled one at another. And he took and sent messes unto them from before him: but Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of their's: and they drank and were merry with him.

And he commanded the steward of his house, saying, "Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in his sack's mouth. And put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack's mouth of the youngest, and his corn-money:" and he did according to the word that Joseph had spoken. As soon as the morning was light, the men were sent away, they and their asses. And when they were gone out of the city, and not yet far off, Joseph said unto his steward, "Up, follow after the men, and when thou dost overtake them, say unto them, wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good? Is not this it in which my lord drinketh? and whereby indeed he divineth? ye have done evil in so doing." And he overtook them, and he spake unto them these same words. And they said unto him, "Wherefore saith my lord these words? God forbid that thy servants should do according to this thing. Behold the money which we found in our sacks mouths, we brought again unto thee out of the land of Canaan: How then should we steal out of thy lord's house silver or gold? With whomsoever of thy servants it be found, both let him die, and we also wilt be my lord's bond-men. And he said, "Now also let it be according unto your words: he with whom it is found shall be my servant, and ye shall be blameless." Then they speedily took down every man his sack to the ground, and opened every man his sack. And he searched, and began at the eldest and left at the youngest: and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Then they rent their clothes, and laded every man his ass, and returned to the city.

And Judah and his brethren came to Joseph's house: (for he was yet there:) and they fell before him on the ground. And Joseph said unto them, "What deed is this that ye have done? wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine?" And Judah said, "What shall we say unto my lord? what shall we speak? or how shall we clear ourselves? God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants: behold, we are my lord's servants, both

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we, and he also with whom the cup is found. And he said, "God forbid that I should do so: but the man in whose hand the cup is found, he shall be my servant: and as for you, get you up in peace unto your father."

Then Judah came near unto him, and said, "O my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant: for thou art even as Pharaoh. My lord asked his servants, saying, 'Have ye a father or a brother?' And we said unto my lord, 'We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one: and his brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him.' And thou saidst unto thy servants, 'Bring him down unto me, that I may set mine eyes upon him.' And we said unto my lord, 'The lad cannot leave his father: for if he should leave his father, his father would die.' And thou saidst unto thy servants, 'Except your youngest brother come down with you, you shall see my face no more.' And it came to pass when we came up unto thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord. And our father said, 'Go again, and buy us a little food.' And we said, 'We cannot go down: if our youngest brother be with us, then will we go down: for we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us.' And thy servant my father said unto us, 'Ye know that my wife bare me two sons: and the one went out from me, and I said, surely he is torn in pieces: and I saw him not since. And if ye take this also from me: and mischief befal him, ye shall bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.' Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us: (seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life:) it shall come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die, and thy servants shall bring down the grey hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave. For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, if I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father for ever. Now therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad, a bond-man to my lord, and let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me, lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father."

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Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him, and he cried, "Cause every man to go out from me:" and there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. And he wept aloud, and the Egyptians, and the house of Pharaoh heard. And Joseph said unto his brethren, "*I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?*" And his brethren could not answer him: for they were troubled at his presence.

And Joseph said unto his brethren, "Come near to me, I pray you:" and they came near, and he said, "I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land, and yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be earing nor harvest. And God sent me before you, to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God: and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt. Haste you, and go up to my father, and say unto him, 'thus saith thy son Joseph, 'God hath made me lord of all Egypt, come down unto me, tarry not.' And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast. And there will I nourish thee, (for yet there are five years of famine,) lest thou and thy houshold, and all that thou hast, come to poverty. And behold, your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you. And you shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that you have seen, and ye shall haste, and bring down my father hither." And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept: and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them: and after that, his brethren talked with him.

And the fame thereof was heard in Pharaoh's house, saying, "Joseph's brethren are come," and it pleased Pharaoh well, and his servants. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "Say unto thy brethren, 'this do ye, lade your

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beasts, and go, get you unto the land of Canaan: and take your father, and your housholds, and come unto me: and I will give you the good of the land of Egypt, and ye shall eat the fat of the land. Now thou art commanded, this do ye, take you waggons out of the land of Egypt for your little ones, and for your wives, and bring your father and come. Also regard not your stuff: for the good of all the land of Egypt is yours."

And the children of Israel did so: and Joseph gave them waggons, according to the commandment of Pharaoh, and gave them provision for the way. To all of them he gave each man changes of raiment: but to Benjamin he gave three hundred pieces of silver, and five changes of raiment. And to his father he sent after this manner: ten asses, laden with the good things of Egypt, and ten she assess laden with corn, and bread and meat for his father by the way. So he sent his brethren away, and they departed: and he said unto them, "SEE THAT YE FALL NOT OUT BY THE WAY."

And they went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father, and told him, saying, "Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt." And Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not. And they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them: and when he saw the waggons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived. And Israel said, "IT IS ENOUGH, JOSEPH MY SON IS YET ALIVE: I WILL GO AND SEE HIM BEFORE I DIE."

VII. *The Commandments.*

AND God spake all these words, saying:

"I am the Lord, thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage: Thou shalt have no other Gods beside me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord, thy God am a jealous God, visiting the

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iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me: and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work. But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear *false* witness against thy neighbour.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's."

VIII. *Nathan's parable.*

And the Lord sent Nathan unto David; and he went unto him, and said unto him:

"There were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds: But the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had nourished and brought up; and it grew up together with him; and with his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter.

"And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd,

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to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him; but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come unto him."

And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man; and he said to Nathan;

"As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die: And he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity."

And Nathan said unto David, "*Thou art the man.*"

IX. *Christ's sermon on the mount.*

He taught them, saying:—"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you. Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be troden under-foot of men. Ye are the light of the world: a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel: but on a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven.

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one

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jot, or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

"Ye have heard that it was said by them of old times, thou shalt not kill: and whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of the judgment. But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say unto his brother, Racha, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire. Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee. Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence, until thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

"Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, thou shalt not commit adultery. But I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart. And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not thy whole body should be cast into hell.

"It hath been said, whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement. But I say unto you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit

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adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced, committeth adultery.

"Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths. But I say unto you, swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne: nor by the earth, for it is his foot-stool: neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, yea, yea; nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue the at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee: and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you: and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you: That ye may be the children of your father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil, and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just, and on the unjust. For if you love them that love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same? And if you salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your father which is in heaven is perfect.

"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise you have no reward of your father which is in heaven. Therefore, when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do, in the synagogues, and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth: That

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thine alms may be in secret, and thy father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly.

"And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues, and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy father which is in secret, and thy father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathens do, for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him. After this manner therefore pray ye:

"Our father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name!! Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. *Amen.* For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your father forgive your trespasses.

"Moreover, when ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest: anoint thine head, and wash thy face: That thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy father which is in secret: and thy father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.

"Lay not up for yourselves, treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

"The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of

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darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

"No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other, or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on: is not the life more then meat? and the body then raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly father feedeth them. Are ye not much better then they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lillies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven: shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, what shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed? (for after all these things do the Gentiles seek) For your heavenly father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

"Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, let me pull out the mote out of thine eye, and behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye: and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

"Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine: lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rent you.

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"Ask, and it shall be given you: seek, and ye shall find: knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh, receiveth: and he that seeketh, findeth: and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your father which is in heaven, give good things to them that ask him? Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

"Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits: do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit: but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven: but he that doeth the will of my father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me ye that work iniquity.

"Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the wind blew, and beat upon that house: and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: And the rain de-

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scended, and the floods came, and the wind blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall of it."

And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine. For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

X. *Parable of the prodigal son.*

A certain man had two sons: and the youngest of them said to his father, 'Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.' And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the youngest son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, 'How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger? I will arise, and go to my father, and will say to him, father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.' And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' But the father said to his servants, 'Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat, and be merry. For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.' And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field, and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing.

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And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, 'Thy brother is come, and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.' And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out, and intreated him. And he answering, said to his father, 'Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandments, and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.' And he said unto him, 'Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again: and was lost and is found.'

XI. *Parable of the rich man and Lazarus.*

THERE was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple, and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. And there was a certain beggar, named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate full of sores; and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores.

And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried. And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom: And he cried and said, "Father Abraham have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame." But Abraham said, "Son, remember that thou in thy life time receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things, but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass from hence to you, cannot, neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence." Then he said, "I pray thee, therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's

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house: For I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment." Abraham saith unto him, "They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them." And he said, "Nay, father Abraham; but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent." And he said unto him, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

XII. *Morning hymn.*

These are thy glorious works, parent of good!
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair! thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heav'ns,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowliest works: yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven.
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
(If better thou belong not to the dawn,)
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternian run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,

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And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists, and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

XIII. *Gratitude.*

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost,
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,

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When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a chearful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

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Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

XIV. *Providence.*

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landskip flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd;
And streams shall murmur all around.

XV. *Creation.*

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim:

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Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestial ball!
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

XVI. *The Seasons.*

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whisp'ring gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd

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Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd:
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
Shade unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still,
But wandering oft, with rude inconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres:
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds ev'ry creature: hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature attend! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise
One general song! To him ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh talk of him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonished world, lift high to heav'n
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound:
Ye softer floods that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,

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As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! blest image here below
Of thy creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls; be hush'd the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise: for the great shepherd reigns;
And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief for whom the whole creation smiles:
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;
And as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heav'n.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows; the summer ray
Russets the plain; *inspiring* autumn gleams;
Or winter rises in the blackening east:
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam

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Flames on th' Atlantic isles, tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where he vital spreads, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns:
From *seeming evil* still adducing good,
And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

XVII. *The Universal Prayer.*

Father of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Thou great first cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

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Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand,
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath,
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise.

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RITUAL AND DEVOTIONAL.

The MORNING *and* EVENING SERVICE *of the* CHURCH, *with the* PUNCTUATION *so* ADJUSTED, *and the* EMPHATICAL WORDS *throughout so* DISTINGUISHED, *as to exhibit the whole* IMPORT *and* FORCE *of the composition, and enable the least attentive reader to pronounce it with propriety and effect.*

The Morning Service.

WHEN the wicked man turneth away from his *wickedness*, that he hath committed; and doth *that* which is lawful and right; he shall *save* his *soul* alive.

Enter not into *judgment* with thy Servant, O *Lord*: for, in *thy* sight shall *no man living* be justified.

If we say, that we have *no sin*, we *deceive* ourselves, and, the *truth* is not in us; but, if we *confess* our sins, *He* is faithful, and, just, to *forgive* us our sins, and, to *cleanse* us from all unrighteousness.

The exhortation.

Dearly beloved *brethren*, the *Scripture* moveth us, in *sundry* places, to acknowledge and *confess* our manifold *sins* and wickedness; and, that we should not dissemble nor *cloke* them before the face of Almighty *God*, our heavenly *Father*; but, *confess* them, with an *humble*, *lowly*, *penitent*, and, *obedient* heart; to the end, that we may obtain *forgiveness* of the same, by *his* infinite *goodness* and *mercy*. And, although we ought, at *all* times, humbly to *acknowledge our sins* before *God*, yet, ought we, most *chiefly*, so to do, when we *assemble* and meet together, to render *thanks* for the

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great *benefits* that we have received at *his* hands, to *set forth* his most worthy *praise*, to *hear* his most holy *word*, and, to *ask* those things which are *requisite* and *necessary*, as well for the *body* as the *soul*. *Wherefore*, I pray and *beseech* you, as *many* as are here present, to *accompany* me, with a *pure* HEART, and *humble* VOICE, unto the *throne* of the heavenly *Grace; saying*, after me.

A general confession, said by the whole congregation, after the minister, all kneeling.

Almighty, and, most *merciful* FATHER!—we have erred and strayed from *thy* ways, like lost sheep;—we have followed, *too much*, the devices and desires of our *own* hearts;—we have offended against *thy* holy *Laws*;—we have left undone those things, which we *ought* to have *done;* and, we have *done* those things, which we ought *not* to have done;—and, there is no *health* in us:—But thou, O *Lord*, have *mercy* upon us *miserable* OFFENDERS!—Spare thou *them*, O *God*, which *confess* their faults!—Restore thou *them* that are *penitent;* according to thy *promises*, declared unto mankind, in *Christ Jesu*, our Lord!—And, grant, O most merciful FATHER, for *his* sake, that we may, hereafter, *live* a *godly*, *righteous*, and *sober life;* to the *glory* of thy holy *name!—Amen!*

The absolution; pronounced by the minister, alone, standing; the people still kneeling.

Almighty *God*, the *Father* of our Lord, *Jesus Christ*, who desireth not the *death* of a sinner; but, rather, that he may turn from his wickedness and *live:* and, hath given power and *commandment* to his *ministers*, to declare and *pronounce* to his *people*, being *penitent*, the absolution and *remission* of their *sins:—He* pardoneth and absolveth *all* them that *truly* REPENT, and *unfeignedly* BELIEVE his holy *gospel*. *Wherefore*, let us beseech him, to *grant* us *true* REPENTANCE, and, his holy *Spirit;* that *those things* may please him, which we *do* at *this present*, and, that the *rest* of our *life* hereafter, may be *pure* and *holy;* so that, at the last, we may come to his eternal *joy*,—through *Jesus Christ*, our *Lord*. *Amen!*

The people answer here, and at the end of all other prayers, *Amen.*

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The minister and the people, kneeling, repeat the Lord's prayer,

Our *Father*,—which art in *heaven*; *hallowed* be thy *Name*!—Thy *kingdom come*!—Thy *will* be *done*, in *earth*, as it is in *heaven*! *Give* us, this day, our *daily* BREAD;—and, *forgive* us our *trespasses*, *as* we forgive *them* that trespass against *us*;—and, *lead us not* into temptation, but, *deliver* us from *evil*;—for, *thine* is the *kingdom*, and, the *power*, and, the *glory*; for *ever* and *ever*! *Amen*!

Min. O *Lord*, *open* thou our *lips*!

Ans. And, our *Mouth* shall shew forth *thy* PRAISE.

Min. O *God*, make *speed* to *save* us!

Ans. O *Lord*, make *haste* to *help* us!

All standing up.

Min. Glory be to the *Father*, and, to the *Son*, and, to the *Holy Ghost*;

Ans. As it was in the *beginning*, is *now*, and, *ever* shall be: *World without end*! *Amen*!

Mins. Praise ye the *Lord*.

Ans. The Lord's *Name* be *praised*!

Psalm 95th, said or sung.

O *come*, let us *sing* unto the *Lord*! Let us *heartily* REJOICE in the *strength* of our Salvation!

Let us *come* before his *presence*, with *thanksgiving*; and, shew ourselves *glad* in him, with *psalms*!

For, the Lord is a *great* God; and, a great *King*, above *all* gods.

In HIS *hand* are all the *corners* of the *earth*; and, the *strength* of the *hills* is *his* also.

The sea is *his*, and, he *made* it; and, his hands *prepared* the *dry land*.

O *come*, let us *worship*, and, *fall down*, and, *kneel* before the Lord, our *Maker*!

For, he is the *Lord*, our *God*; and, *we* are the people of *his* PASTURE, and the sheep of *his* HAND.

To-day, if ye will hear his *voice*, *harden* not your *hearts*, as in the *provocation*, and, as in the day of *temptation* in the wilderness.

When your fathers *tempted* me, *proved* me, and, saw my *works*.

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Forty years long was I *grieved* with *this* generation, and, said, It is a *people* that do err in their *hearts*, for, they have not *known* my ways.

Unto *whom* I *sware*, in my wrath, that, they should not enter into *my rest*.

Glory be to the *Father*, and, to the *Son*, and, to the *Holy Ghost*;

As it was in the *beginning*, is *now*, and *ever* shall be: *World without end! Amen!*

Here follow the psalms, and next the first lesson.

Te Deum Laudamus.

We *praise* thee O *God*; we *acknowlege* thee to be the *Lord!*

All the earth doth *worship* thee; the *Father* everlasting!

To thee all *angels* cry aloud; the *heavens*, and all the powers *therein!*

To thee *Cherubin* and *Seraphin continually* do cry,

Holy, *holy*, HOLY: *Lord*, God of *Sabaoth*;

Heaven and earth are *full* of the *majesty* of thy *glory!*

The glorious company of the *Apostles praise* thee!

The goodly fellowship of the *Prophets praise* thee!

The noble Army of *Martyrs praise* thee!

The holy *Church*, throughout all the world, doth acknowledge *thee*.

The *Father*, of an *infinite* MAJESTY;

Thine honourable, true, and only *Son*;

Also, the *Holy Ghost*, the Comforter!

Thou art the *King* of *Glory*, O *Christ!*

Thou art the *everlasting* SON, of the Father!

When thou tookest upon thee to *deliver* Man, thou didst not abhor the *Virgin's womb*.

When thou hadst *overcome* the sharpness of *death*, thou didst *open* the Kingdom of *Heaven*, to all *believers*.

Thou sittest at the *right* hand of *God*, in the *glory* of the Father.

We believe, that *thou* shalt come to be our *Judge*.

We, *therefore*, pray thee, *help* thy servants, *whom* thou hast *redeemed* with thy *precious* BLOOD!

Make them, to be numbered with thy *saints*, in *glory* everlasting!

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O *Lord*, *save* thy people, and *bless* thine heritage!
Govern them, and *lift them up*, for ever!
Day by day, we *magnify* thee;
And, we *worship* thy *Name*, *ever*, world without end.
Vouchsafe, O *Lord*, to keep us *this* day, without *sin*!
O *Lord*, have *mercy* upon us, have *mercy* upon us!
O *Lord*, let thy mercy lighten upon us, as our *trust* is in thee!
O *Lord*, *in* thee have I *trusted*; let me *never* be *confounded*!

Here follows the second lesson.

Psalm 100.

O, be *joyful* in the *Lord*, all ye *lands*; serve the Lord with *gladness*, and come before his presence with a *song*!

Be ye *sure*, that the Lord, he is *God*; it is *he* that made us, and not we, *ourselves*: we are *his* PEOPLE, and, the *sheep* of *his* PASTURE.

O, go your way into his gates, with *thanksgiving*, and into his courts, with *praise*; be *thankful* unto him, and, speak *good* of his Name! . . .

For the Lord is *gracious*, his mercy is *everlasting*; and, his truth *endureth* from *generation* to *generation*.

Glory be to the *Father*, and, to the *Son*, and, to the *Holy Ghost*.

As it was in the *beginning*, is *now*, and *ever* shall be: *World without end! Amen!*

The creed, pronounced by the minister and the people, standing.

I *believe* in *God*, the *Father* Almighty, *Maker* of Heaven and Earth; and, in *Jesus Christ*, his *only Son*, our *Lord*; who was *conceived* by the *Holy Ghost*: *Born* of the Virgin *Mary*; *Suffered* under Pontius *Pilate*; was *crucified*, *dead*, and *buried*; he descended into *hell*; the third day, he *rose* again from the dead; he ascended into *heaven*, and, sitteth on the *right* hand of God, the *Father* Almighty; from *thence* he shall come to *judge* the *quick* and the *dead*.

I *believe* in the *Holy Ghost*; the holy *Catholick Church*; the *communion* of *Saints*; the *forgiveness* of *Sins*; the *resurrection* of the *body*; and, the *life everlasting*! *Amen!*

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Minister and people, kneeling.

Min. The *Lord* be with you!
Ans. And, with *thy* Spirit!
Min. Let us *pray.*
Min. Lord, have *mercy* upon us!
Ans. Christ, have *mercy* upon us!
Min. Lord, have *mercy* upon us!

The Lord's prayer, said by the minister and people, aloud.

Our Father, which art in *heaven; hallowed* be thy *name!*—Thy *kingdom come!*—Thy *will* be *done,* in *earth,* as it is in *heaven!*—*Give* us, this day, our *daily* BREAD;—and, forgive us *our trespasses, as* we forgive *them* that trespass against *us;*—and, *lead us not* into temptation, but, *deliver* us from *evil, Amen!*

The minister standing.

Min. O *Lord,* shew thy *mercy* upon us;
Ans. And, *grant* us thy *salvation!*
Min. O *Lord, save* the *King;*
Ans. And, MERCIFULLY *hear* us, when we *call* upon thee!
Min. Endue thy *Ministers* with *righteousness;*
Ans. And, make thy *chosen* people *joyful!*
Min. O *Lord, save* thy people;
Ans. And, *bless* thine inheritance!
Min. Give *peace* in our time, O *Lord;*
Ans. Because, there is none *other* that fighteth for us, but only *Thou, O God!*
Min. O *God,* make *clean* our *Hearts* within us;
Ans. And, *take not* thy holy *Spirit* from us!

Here follows the collect for the day.

The collect for peace.

O *God,* who art the *author* of *peace,* and *lover* of *concord,* in knowledge of *whom* standeth our *eternal* life, whose *service* is *perfect* FREEDOM;—*Defend us,* thy humble servants, in all *assaults* of our enemies; that we, *trusting* in thy *defence,* may not fear the *power* of *any* adversaries, through the *might* of *Jesus Christ* our *Lord! Amen!*

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The collect for grace.

O *Lord*, our heavenly *Father*, Almighty and everlasting *God*, who hast *safely* brought us to the *beginning* of this *day;—Defend* us in the *same* with thy mighty *power;* and, *grant*, that, this day, we *fall* into *no* sin, neither *run* into *any kind* of danger; but, that *all* our doings may be ordered by thy *governance*, to do, always, *that* is *righteous* in *thy* sight,—through *Jesus Christ*, our *Lord! Amen!*

THE LITANY, all kneeling.

Min. O *God*, the *Father* of Heaven,—have *mercy* upon us miserable *sinners!*

People. O *God*, the *Father* of Heaven,—have *mercy* upon us miserable *sinners!*

Min. O *God*, the *Son*, *Redeemer* of the World;—have *mercy* upon us miserable *sinners!*

People. O *God*, the *Son*, *Redeemer* of the World;—have *mercy* upon us miserable *sinners!*

Min. O *God*, the *Holy Ghost*, *proceeding* from the *Father*, and, the *Son;*—have *mercy* upon us miserable *sinners!*

People. O *God*, the *Holy Ghost*, *proceeding* from the *Father*, and, the *Son;*—have *mercy* upon us miserable *sinners!*

Min. O holy, blessed, and, glorious *Trinity*, three Persons, and, one God;—have *mercy* upon us miserable *sinners!*

People. O holy, blessed, and, glorious *Trinity*, three Persons, and, one God;—have *mercy* upon us miserable *sinners!*

Min. Remember not, *Lord*, our *offences*, nor, the *offences* of our forefathers; neither take thou *vengeance* of our *sins: spare* us, good *Lord*, *spare* thy people, *whom* thou hast *redeemed* with thy most precious *blood;* and, be not *angry* with us for *ever!*

People. Spare us, good *Lord!*

Min. From all *evil* and *mischief*, from *sin*, from the *crafts* and *assaults* of the *devil*, from thy *wrath*, and, from *everlasting* DAMNATION,—

People. Good *Lord*, deliver *us!*

Min. From all *blindness* of *heart;* from *pride*, *vain*

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glory, and, *hypocrisy*; from *envy*, *hatred*, and *malice*, and, all *uncharitableness*,—

People. Good *Lord*, *deliver* us!

Min. From *fornication*, and, all other *deadly* SIN; and, from all the *deceits* of the *World*, the *flesh*, and the *devil*,—

People. Good *Lord*, *deliver* us!

Min. From *lightning*, and, *tempest*; from *plague*, *pestilence*, and, *famine*; from *battle*, and, *murder*, and, from *sudden* death,—

People. Good *Lord*, *deliver* us!

Min. From all *sedition*, *privy* CONSPIRACY, and, *rebellion*; from all *false* doctrine, *heresy*, and, *schism*; from *hardness* of *heart*, and, *contempt* of thy *word* and *commandment*,—

People. Good *Lord*, *deliver* us!

Min. By the mystery of thy holy *Incarnation*; by thy holy *Nativity* and *Circumcision*; by thy *Baptism*, *Fasting*, and *Temptation*,—

People. Good *Lord*, *deliver* us!

Min. By thine *Agony* and bloody *Sweat*; by thy *Cross* and *Passion*; by thy precious *Death* and *Burial*, by thy glorious *Resurrection*, and *Ascension*; and, by the *coming* of the Holy Ghost,—

People. Good *Lord*, *deliver* us!

Min. In *all* time of our *tribulation*; in *all* time of our *wealth*; in the *hour* of *death*, and, in the *day* of *judgment*,—

People. Good *Lord*, *deliver* us!

Min. We sinners, do *beseech* thee to *hear* us, O *Lord God*; and, that it may *please* thee, to *rule* and *govern* thy holy *Church* universal, in the right way;

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, Good *Lord!*

Min. That it may *please* thee, to *keep* and *strengthen* in the *true worshipping* of thee; in *righteousness*, and, *holiness* of Life, thy servant *George*, our most gracious *king* and *governor*;

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear us*, good *Lord!*

Min. That it may *please* thee, to *rule* his *heart* in thy *faith*, *fear*, and *love*; and, that he may *evermore* have *affiance* in thee, and *ever seek* thy honour and glory;

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

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Min. That it may *please* thee, to be his *defender* and *keeper*, giving him the *victory* over all his *enemies*;

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord*;

Min. That it may *please* thee, to *bless* and *preserve* our gracious *Queen*, Charlotte, his royal highness *George*, Prince of Wales, and, all the *royal family*;

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

Min. That it may *please* thee, to *illuminate* all *bishops*, *priests*, and *deacons*, with true *knowledge* and *understanding* of thy *word*; and, that, both by their preaching and living, they may *set it forth*, and *shew* it, *accordingly*;

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

Min. That it may *please* thee, to *endue* the *Lords* of the *Council*, and, *all* the Nobility, with *grace*, *wisdom*, and *understanding*;

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

Min. That it may *please* thee, to *bless* and *keep* the Magistrates; giving them *grace* to *execute* JUSTICE, and, to *maintain* TRUTH;

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

Min. That it may *please* thee, to *bless* and *keep all* thy people;

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

Min. That it may *please* thee, to give to all Nations, *unity*, *peace*, and, *concord*;

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

Min. That it may *please* thee, to give us an heart to *love*, and, *dread* thee, and, diligently to *live* after thy *commandments*;

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

Min. That it may *please* thee, to give to all thy people, *increase* of *grace*, to *hear* meekly thy *Word*, and, to *receive* it, with *pure* AFFECTION; and, to *bring forth* the *fruits* of the *Spirit*;

People. We *beseech thee* to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

Min. That it may *please* thee, to bring into the way of *truth*, *all* such as have *erred*, and, are *deceived*;

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

Min. That it may *please* thee, to *strengthen* such as do *stand*; and, to *comfort* and *help* the *weak-hearted*; to *raise up* them that *fall*; and, finally, to *beat down* *Satan* under our feet;

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People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

Min. That it may please thee, to *succour*, *help*, and, *comfort*, *all* that are in *danger*, *necessity*, and, *tribulation;*

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

Min. That it may *please* thee, to *preserve*, *all* that *travel*, by land or by water, *all* women *labouring of Child*, *all sick* persons, and, *young* children, and, to shew thy *pity* upon *all prisoners* and *captives;*

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

Min. That it may *please* thee, to *defend* and *provide for*, the *fatherless* children and *widows*, and *all* that are *desolate* and *oppressed;*

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

Min. That it may *please* thee, to have *mercy* upon all men;

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

Min. That it may *please* thee, to *forgive* our *enemies*, *persecutors*, and *slanderers*, and, to *turn* their *hearts;*

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

Min. That it may *please* thee, to *give* and *preserve*, to our *use*, the kindly *fruits* of the earth, so as, in *due* time, we may *enjoy* them;

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

Min. That it may *please* thee, to *give* us *true* REPENTANCE; to *forgive* us all our *sins*, *negligences*, and, *ignorances;* and, to *endue* us with the *grace* of thy holy *Spirit*, to *amend* our *lives*, according to thy holy *word;*

People. We *beseech* thee to *hear* us, good *Lord!*

Min. Son of *God*, we *beseech* thee to *hear* us!

People. Son of *God*, we *beseech* thee to *hear* us!

Min. O *Lamb* of *God*, that takest away the *sins* of the World;

Answ. Grant us thy *peace!*

Min. O *Lamb* of *God*, that takest away the *sins* of the World;

Answ. Have *mercy* upon us!

O *Christ*, *hear* us!
Lord, have *mercy* upon us!
Christ, have *mercy* upon us!
Lord, have *mercy* upon us!

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Our *Father*, which art in *heaven; hallowed* be thy *name!*—Thy *kingdom*, *come!*—Thy *will* be *done*, in *earth*, as it is in *heaven!*—*Give* us, this day, our *daily* BREAD—and forgive us our *trespasses*, *as* we forgive *them* that trespass against *us;*—and, *lead us not* into temptation, but, *deliver* us from *evil;*—for, *thine* is the *kingdom*, and, the *power*, and, the *glory;* for *ever* and *ever! Amen!*

Min. O Lord, *deal* not with us after our *sins;*

Answ. Neither *reward* us after our *iniquities!*

Let us *pray.*

O *God*, merciful *Father*, that *despisest not* the *sighings* of a *contrite* heart, nor the *desire* of such as be *sorrowful;*—*Mercifully* ASSIST our *prayers*, that, we make before thee, in all our *troubles* and *adversities*, whensoever they *oppress* us; and, graciously *hear* us, that those *evils*, which the craft and subtilty of the Devil or Man *worketh* against us, be brought to *nought*, and, by the *providence* of thy *goodness*, they may be *dispersed;* that, we, thy servants, being *hurt* by no *persecutions*, may evermore *give thanks* unto thee in thy holy *Church*,—through *Jesus Christ*, our *Lord!*

People. O *Lord*, arise, *help* us, and, *deliver* us for thy *Name's* sake!

Min. O *God*, we have *heard* with our ears, and, our *Fathers* have *declared* unto us the noble *works*, that thou *didst* in *their* days, and, in the *old time* before them.

People. O *Lord* arise, *help* us, and, *deliver* us for thine *honour!*

Min. Glory be to the *Father*, and, to the *Son*, and, to the *Holy Ghost;*

People. As it was in the *beginning*, is *now*, and *ever* shall be: *World without end! Amen!*

Min. From our *enemies*, *defend* us, O *Christ.*

People. Graciously *look* upon our *afflictions!*

Min. Pitifully *behold* the *sorrows* of our *hearts!*

People. Mercifully *forgive* the *sins* of thy people!

Min. Favourably, with *mercy*, *hear* our *prayers!*

People. O *Son* of *David*, have *mercy* upon us!

Min. Both now and ever, *vouchsafe* to *hear* us, O *Christ!*

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People. Graciously *hear* us, O *Christ;* graciously *hear* us, O *Lord* Christ!

Min. O *Lord,* let thy *mercy* be *shewed* upon us;

People. As we do put our *trust* in thee!

Let us *pray.*

We humbly *beseech* thee, O *Father, mercifully* to *look* upon our *infirmities;* and, for the *glory* of thy *Name,* turn from us all those *evils,* that we, most righteously, have *deserved;* and, grant, that in all our *troubles,* we may put our *whole* trust and confidence in thy *mercy,* and, evermore *serve* thee in *holiness* and *pureness* of living to thy *honour* and *glory,*—through our *only* Mediator and Advocate, *Jesus Christ* our *Lord! Amen.*

Prayer in time of war.

O Almighty *God, King* of all *kings,* and, *Governor* of *all* things, whose *power* no creature is *able* to resist; to *whom* it belongeth *justly* to *punish sinners,* and to be *merciful* to them that *truly* REPENT;—*Save* and *deliver* us, we humbly *beseech* thee, from the *hands* of our *enemies; abate* their *pride, assuage* their *malice,* and *confound* their *devices;* that, we, being armed with *thy* defence, may be preserved *evermore* from all perils, to glorify *thee,* who art the *only* giver of all *victory,* —through the *merits* of thy only *Son, Jesus Christ,* our *Lord! Amen!*

A prayer for the Parliament.

Most gracious *God,* we humbly *beseech* thee, as for this *kingdom* in *general;* so *especially,* for the high court of *Parliament,* under our most religious and gracious *King,* at this time *assembled:* that thou wouldest be *pleased* to *direct* and *prosper* all their *consultations* to the *advancement* of thy *glory,* the *good* of thy *Church,* the *safety, honour,* and, *welfare* of our *Sovereign* and his *Kingdoms;* that *all* things may be so *ordered,* and, *settled,* by their *endeavours,* upon the *best* and *surest* foundations, that *peace* and *happiness, truth* and *justice, religion* and *piety,* may be *established* among us, for *all generations. These* and all *other* necessaries, for *them,* for *us,* and, thy *whole Church,* we

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humbly *beg*, in the *Name* and *Mediation* of *Jesus Christ*, our most blessed *Lord* and *Saviour! Amen!*

The above prayer for the Parliament is followed by the general thanksgiving, &c. except when the litany is not read, then, the next prayers, viz. that for the King, and the rest, immediately follow the collect for grace.

A prayer for the King.

O *Lord*, our heavenly *Father*, *high* and *mighty*, *King* of kings, *Lord* of lords, the only *ruler* of princes, who dost, from thy throne, *behold* all the dwellers upon earth;—Most heartily we *beseech* thee, with thy *favour*, to *behold* our most gracious *Sovereign Lord*, King George; and, so *replenish* him with the *grace* of thy holy *Spirit*, that he may alway *incline* to thy *will*, and, *walk* in thy *way: endue* him *plenteously* with *heavenly* gifts; *grant* him in *health* and *wealth long* to live; *strengthen* him, that he may *vanquish* and *overcome all* his enemies; and, finally, after *this life*, he may attain *everlasting* JOY and FELICITY,—through *Jesus Christ*, our *Lord! Amen!*

A prayer for the Royal Family.

Almighty *God*, the *Fountain* of all *goodness*;—We humbly *beseech* thee to *bless* our gracious *Queen*, *Charlotte*, his royal highness *George*, prince of Wales, and, all the *royal family: endue* them with thy *Holy Spirit*; *enrich* them with thy heavenly grace; *prosper* them with all *happiness*; and, *bring* them to thine everlasting *kingdom*,—through *Jesus Christ*, our *Lord! Amen!*

A prayer for the clergy and people.

Almighty and everlasting *God*, who alone workest *great* marvels;—Send down upon our *Bishops* and *Curates*, and, all *Congregations* committed to their *charge*, the healthful *Spirit* of thy *grace*; and, that they may *truly* PLEASE thee, *pour* upon them the continual *dew* of thy *blessing*.—Grant this, O *Lord*, for the *honour* of our Advocate and Mediator *Jesus Christ! Amen!*

When the litany is not read, these prayers are followed by the prayers in war and for the parliament, as above; as also by the prayer for all conditions of men.

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A general thanksgiving.

Almighty *God, Father* of all *mercies*,—we, thine *unworthy* Servants, do *give* thee most *humble* and *hearty* THANKS for all thy *goodness* and *loving kindness* to *us* and to *all* Men [*particularly* to *those* who desire *now* to offer up their *praises* and *thanksgivings* for thy *late* mercies *vouchsafed* unto them.] We *bless* thee for our *creation, preservation*, and, all the *blessings* of *this life;* but, *above all*, for thine inestimable *love*, in the *redemption* of the world, by our Lord *Jesus Christ;* for the *means* of *grace*, and, for the *hope* of *glory*.—And, we beseech thee to give us that *due sense* of all thy *mercies*, that our hearts may be *unfeignedly* THANKFUL; and, that we may *shew forth* thy *praise*, not only with our *lips*, but, in our *lives;* by *giving up* ourselves to thy *service*, and, by walking before thee in *holiness* and *righteousness*, *all our days*,—through *Jesus Christ* our *Lord!*—to *whom*, with *thee*, and, the *Holy Ghost*, be all *honour* and *glory—World without End! Amen!*

A prayer of St. Chrysostom.

Almighty *God*, who hast given us *grace*, at this time, with one accord, to make our common *supplications* unto thee; and, dost *promise*, that, when two or three are gathered together in thy *Name*, thou wilt *grant* their requests;—*Fulfil*, now, O *Lord*, the desires and petitions of thy Servants, as may be most *expedient* for them; *granting* us, in *this* world, *knowledge* of thy *truth*, and, in the World to *come*, *life* everlasting! *Amen!*

The *grace* of our *Lord, Jesus Christ*, and, the *love* of *God*, and, the *fellowship* of the *Holy Ghost*, *be* with us all, *evermore! Amen!*

THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

Minister standing, people kneeling.

Our *Father*, which art in *heaven; hallowed* be thy *Name!*—Thy *kingdom*, *come!*—Thy *will* be *done*, on *earth*, as it is in *heaven!*—*Give* us, this day, our *daily* BREAD;—and, *forgive* us our *trespasses*, *as* we forgive *them* that trespass against *us;*—and, *lead us not* into

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temptation, but, *deliver* us from *evil*:—for, *thine* is the *kingdom*, and, the *power*, and, the *glory*; for *ever* and *ever*! *Amen*!

Almighty *God*, unto *whom* all hearts be *open*, all desires *known*, and, from *whom* no secrets are *hid*;—*Cleanse* the *thoughts* of our hearts by the *inspiration* of thy *Holy Spirit*; that, we may *perfectly* LOVE thee, and, *worthily* MAGNIFY thy holy *Name*,—through *Christ*, our *Lord*! *Amen*!

The commandments.

Min. God spake these words and *said*—*I* am the *Lord*, thy *God*: Thou shalt have none other Gods but *me*.

People. Lord, have *mercy* upon us, and *incline* our *hearts* to keep *this Law*!

Min. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven *Image*, nor the *likeness* of *any thing* that is in *heaven* above, or, in the *earth*, beneath, or, in the *water*, under the *earth*. Thou shalt not *bow down* to them nor *worship* them; for *I*, the *Lord*, thy *God*, am a *jealous* God, and *visit* the *sins* of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that *hate* me; and, shew *mercy* unto thousands in them that *love* me, and *keep* my *commandments*.

People. Lord, have *mercy* upon us, and *incline* our *hearts* to keep *this Law*!

Min. Thou shalt not take the *Name* of the *Lord*, thy *God*, in *vain*: for, the *Lord* will not hold *him* guiltless, that taketh his *Name* in *vain*.

People. Lord, have *mercy* upon us, and *incline* our *hearts* to keep *this Law*!

Min. Remember, that thou *keep holy* the *Sabbath day*. *Six* days shalt thou *labour*, and, *do* all that thou *hast* to do; but the *seventh day* is the *Sabbath* of the *Lord*, thy *God*. *In it* thou shalt do no *manner* of work, *thou*, and, thy *Son*, and, thy *daughter*, thy *man-servant*, thy *maid-servant*, thy *cattle*, and, the *stranger* that is within thy gates. For, in *six* days the Lord *made* heaven and earth, the sea, and *all* that in them is, and, *rested* the *seventh day*; *wherefore*, the Lord *blessed* the *seventh day*, and, *hallowed* it.

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People. *Lord*, have *mercy* upon us, and *incline* our *hearts* to keep *this Law!*

Min. *Honour* thy *Father*, and, thy *Mother;* that, thy *days* may be *long* in the *land*, which the Lord, thy *God*, giveth thee.

People. *Lord*, have *mercy* upon us, and *incline* our *hearts* to keep *this Law!*

Min. Thou shalt do no *murder.*

People. *Lord*, have *mercy* upon us, and *incline* our *hearts* to keep *this Law!*

Min. Thou shalt not commit *adultery.*

People. *Lord*, have *mercy* upon us, and *incline* our *hearts* to keep *this Law!*

Min. Thou shalt not *steal.*

People. *Lord*, have *mercy* upon us, and *incline* our *hearts* to keep *this Law!*

Min. Thou shalt not bear *false* witness against thy neighbour.

People. *Lord*, have *mercy* upon us, and *incline* our *hearts* to keep *this Law!*

Min. Thou shalt not *covet* thy neighbour's *house*, thou shalt not *covet* thy neighbour's *wife*, nor his *Servant*, nor his *maid*, nor his *ox*, nor his *ass*, nor *any thing* that is *his.*

People. *Lord*, have *mercy* upon us, and, write *all* these thy *Laws* in our *hearts*, we *beseech* thee!

Let us pray.

Almighty *God*, whose *Kingdom* is *everlasting*, and, *power*, *infinite;*—Have *mercy* upon the whole *Church;* and, so *rule* the *heart* of thy chosen servant, *George*, our King and Governor; that *he*, (knowing *whose* Minister he is,) may, above all things, *seek thy honour* and *glory;* and, that *we*, and, *all* his *subjects* (*duly* considering *whose* authority he hath) may faithfully *serve*, *honour*, and humbly *obey him*, in *thee*, and, for *thee*, according to thy blessed *word* and *Ordinance!*—through *Jesus Christ*, our Lord!—Who, with *Thee*, and, the *Holy Ghost*, liveth and reigneth, ever, *one* God, *world without end. Amen!*

Here follow the collect for the day, the epistle, and the gospel.

I *believe* in *one God*, the *Father* Almighty, *Maker* of heaven and earth, and, of *all* things *visible* and *invisible:*

And, in *one Lord*, *Jesus Christ*, the *only begotten Son* of God, begotten of his Father, *before all worlds*, God of,

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God, *Light* of *Light*, *very God* of *very God*, *begotten*, not *made*, being of *one substance* with the *Father*, by whom all things were made; *who*, for *us*, men, and, for our *salvation*, *came down* from *heaven*; and, was *incarnate* by the *Holy Ghost*, of the *Virgin Mary*; and, was made *Man*, and, was *crucified* also for us, under Pontius Pilate. He *suffered*, and, was *buried*, and, the third day, he *rose* again, according to the *Scriptures*, and, *ascended* into heaven, and, sitteth at the *right* hand of the *Father*. And, he shall come again, with *glory*, to *judge* both the *quick* and the *dead*: whose *kingdom* shall have no *end*.

And, I *believe* in the *Holy Ghost*, the Lord and giver of Life, who *proceedeth* from the *Father* and the *Son*; who, with the Father and the Son together, is *worshipped* and *glorified*; who *spake* by the *prophets*. And, I *believe one* Catholic and Apostolic *Church*; I *acknowledge one Baptism* for the remission of Sins; and, I *look for* the *resurrection* of the dead, and, the *life* of the *World to come*. *Amen!*

The blessing.

The *Peace* of *God*, which passeth *all understanding*, *keep* your *hearts and minds* in the *knowledge*, and, *love* of *God*, and, of his *Son*, *Jesus Christ*, our *Lord*: and, the *blessing* of *God* Almighty, the Father, the Son, and, the Holy Ghost *be* amongst you, and *remain* with you *always*. *Amen!*

THE EVENING SERVICE.

This is the same as the morning service, till we come to the 95th psalm, which is here to be omitted. The first lesson then is read; after which the following is said or sung.

My *soul* doth *magnify* the *Lord*, and, my *spirit* hath *rejoiced* in *God*, my *Saviour*;

For, he hath *regarded* the *lowliness* of his handmaiden.

For, behold! From *henceforth*, all generations shall call me *blessed*;

For, he that is *mighty* hath *magnified* me; and, *holy* is his *Name*.

And, his *mercy* is on *them* that *fear* him, throughout all generations.

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He hath shewed *strength* with his arm, he hath scattered the *proud* in the *imagination* of their *hearts*.

He hath *put down* the *mighty* from their seat; and hath *exalted* the *humble* and *meek*.

He hath *filled* the *hungry* with good things; and, the *rich* he hath sent *empty* away.

He, remembering his *mercy*, hath *holpen* his servant, *Israel*, as he *promised* to our *forefathers*, *Abraham*, and his seed for ever.

Glory be to the *Father*, and, to the *Son*, and, to the *Holy Ghost*.

As it was in the *beginning*, is *now*, and, *ever* shall be: *World without end! Amen!*

Here the second lesson is read.

The song of Simeon.

Lord, *now* lettest thou thy Servant *depart* in peace, according to thy *word!*

For, mine eyes have *seen* thy *salvation*,

Which thou hast *prepared* before the face of *all* people;

To be a *light* to lighten the Gentiles, and, to be the *glory* of thy people *Israel*.

Glory be to the *Father*, and, to the *Son*, and, to the *Holy Ghost*;

As it was in the *beginning*, is *now*, and, *ever* shall be: *World without end! Amen!*

Here follows the creed, as in page 383, the Lord's prayer, and sentences after it; then the collect for the day.

All kneeling.

O *God*, from whom all *holy* DESIRES, all *good* COUNSELS, and all *just* WORKS, do proceed;—*Give* unto thy servants *that peace* which the world *cannot* give; that, both our *hearts* may be *set* to *obey* thy *commandments*, and, also, that by *thee*, we being *defended* from the *fear* of our *enemies*, may pass our time in *rest* and *quietness*,—through the *merits* of *Jesus Christ* our *Saviour! Amen!*

A collect for aid against perils.

Lighten our *darkness*, we beseech thee, O *Lord*; and, by thy great *mercy*, *defend* us from all *perils* and *dangers* of *this night*, for the *love* of thine only *Son*, our *Saviour*, *Jesus Christ! Amen!*

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Next follow the prayer for the king, that for the royal family, and that for the clergy and people, as in the morning service. And also the prayers in time of war, and for the parliament, if occasion requires.

A prayer for all conditions of men.

O *God*, the *Creator* and *Preserver* of all Mankind,—We humbly *beseech* thee, for *all sorts* and *conditions* of Men, that thou wouldest be *pleased* to *make* thy *ways known* unto them, thy *saving health* unto *all nations*. More *especially*, we pray for the *good estate* of the Catholic *Church*; that it may be so *guided* and *governed* by thy good *Spirit*, that, all those who *profess* and *call* themselves *Christians*, may be led into the *Way* of *truth*, and, *hold the faith* in *unity* of *Spirit*, in the *bond* of *peace*, and, in *righteousness* of *life*. Finally, we commend to thy fatherly *goodness*, *all* those who are *any ways* afflicted or distressed in *mind*, *body*, or *estate*: [*especially*, *those* for whom our prayers are *desired*,] that it may *please* thee to *comfort* and *relieve* them, according to their several *necessities*, giving them *patience* under their *sufferings*, and, a *happy* ISSUE out of all their *afflictions*. And, this we *beg*, for *Jesus Christ*, his *sake*! *Amen*!

The general thanksgiving, prayer of St. Chrysostom, and blessing, as in the morning service, close the evening service.

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SACRED & MORAL ORATIONS.

I. *Pure religion and genuine devotion.*

THE great sentiment which, upon this subject, I wish to impress upon your mind, and which I seize every opportunity to inculcate, is this,—that in whatever point of light you place religion, whether you consider it as an act, or an essence; whether as an office, or an affection; morality, from a pure and a proper principle, comprises the whole of it. The spirit of religion is the love of rectitude, rectitude living and realized in the divine nature: the exercise of religion is the practice of that rectitude. Justice and mercy are not the adjuncts of religion, but religion itself. In giving this account of it, I repeat the definition of it, which one of the apostles has left us. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father"—(the Father—beloved appellation! blessed clue! to lead bewildered man out of that deep maze of superstition, to the centre of which false guides have brought him; which conducts him not only to its outermost round, but accomplishes his complete extrication from it,)—"pure religion"—not only calls for, as its appendage, but "*is* this," this is its constituent substance, "to visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." This,—the exercise of humanity to the whole circle of its objects, from among whom the particular situations of distress, which are set before us in this passage, are selected by the scriptures, as being prominent figures in the group of human miseries, to express, in one word, the various objects of mercy, and to represent the sons and daughters of affliction;—this discharge of the duties of humanity, to the complete fulfilment of which the preservation of sensual purity is necessary, in a va-

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riety of views;—this active service of God, this worship of the life, is *all* that, *in itself* considered, communicates any pleasure to the almighty. In no other light than that of being instrumental to the production of this, could the offerings of the Jewish religion, or can any mode of worship, procure any acceptance in his sight.—Neither were their sacrifices, nor is our verbal tribute, of any worth whatever, in his eye, considered in any other light. As he wanted not the fruits of their fields, or the blood of their animals; neither has he any need of the posture of our bodies, or the breath of our mouths, or the sedentary devotion, and inactive admiration of our minds. He wants not to be told by us, that he is either infinitely great, or infinitely good. He wants no compliment from our tongues, though accompanied by the consent of our hearts, any more than a bullock from our house, or a he-goat from our folds.—But the promotion of happiness among his works communicates real satisfaction to the father and friend of all. He that eateth not "the flesh of bulls" feasts on the felicity of his creatures; he that drinks not the blood of goats is gratified by the effects of goodness. The heathens thought their gods were susceptible of pleasure from the steam of their sacrifices: Heaven *does* inhale the happiness of earth! Sweet to the source of good is the odour of this incense!

The great sacrifice, which is alone immediately, and directly acceptable to the Almighty, is neither any thing that cometh out of the ground, or that goeth forth from the mouth of man; it is the sacrifice of our faculties upon the broad, immortal altar of society. The substance of divine service is social service. Benevolence to man is the "beauty of holiness." The ground, wherever it be, upon which honest goodness relieves the indigent; consoles the dejected; protects the oppressed; defends the defamed; communicates truth; or inculcates virtue; the ground, wherever it be, upon which good is done, from a good principle; or upon which impotent pity drops an honest tear, and but wishes to do it; is better consecrated, in the eye of heaven, by such transactions, or by such tears, than by all the religious ceremonies, that could have been performed upon it. The house of mourning, the hovel of poverty, the prison of despair,

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when they receive the visit of charity, are temples, upon which the object of worship looks down with more complacency, than upon any other temples. The sphere of usefulness is the chief church of man: this is the most "holy place:" the "holy of holies:" the most sacred court in the temple of God: those that minister here are the highest priests, whose office has most sanctity in his sight. Devotedness to society is the truest dedication to God. Generous offices are the noblest sort of religious exercises. He that teaches the sighing "heart to sing for joy," awakes the harp which best befits the fingers of devotion. He that tunes this animated instrument, he that raises this holy hymn, he that sends up this sacred music, he is the psalmist that, in the ear of heaven, excels all others in sweetness. Whoever wipes another's tear, lifts another's head, binds another's heart; performs religion's most beautiful rite, most decent and most handsome ceremony. To go on an errand of mercy, is to set out on the only holy pilgrimage.

All other worship, with whatever height of solemnity, with whatever sublimity of circumstance, with whatever comeliness of form, it be accompanied, considered independently of this, and as terminating in itself, contains no degree of recommendation to the divine being. All the voices of assembled mankind, joined together in a chorus of praise to God; all the musical instruments in the world, united in a sacred concert; all knees of all the nations, bent together before the throne of high heaven; this sort of praise, ascending from all the earth at once, in itself considered, would yield no satisfaction to the object of worship, any more than all the frankincense of the earth, ascending in one cloud to heaven, or all the fruits of the earth, presented upon one spacious altar:—but peace prevailing among all nations; equity reigning all around the globe; all mankind concurring to promote the general good, and dwelling in fraternal amity together; this social order, this moral harmony, this concord of faculties, this music of minds, were an anthem that would enter the ear of him who "is a spirit:" of him who hearkens to the silver chime of the spheres, and who set the silent harmonies of nature.

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II. *Instance of self-deception.*

An instance in which the heart of man discovers its deceitful character towards himself, is seen in the friendly veil, with which it covers from his eye the vice of those actions, when committed by himself, of which, when exhibited to his view in the conduct of others, the vice is sufficiently obvious to him, and which, as he then examines without *fear*, he censures without *mercy*. The very same sort of criminal actions, differing in circumstance, but perfectly agreeing in spirit, wear very different colours, when presented to us in the practice of others, and in our own.

Hark, how loudly that man complains of oppression in the rulers of his country! With all the vehemence of political enthusiasm, he harangues upon the holiness of liberty, and the sacrilege of them that dare to invade it. Follow him to his own house. Behold him acting the tyrant there; setting his foot upon the neck of his family; causing the domestic circle to fear and tremble before him; pushing paternal authority into oppression; invading the filial rights; exacting a slavish submission to his will, from minds mature in reason, upon points, on which to that reason alone their obedience belongs. Of them that tread down a people, he can clearly discern, and heartily execrate, the turpitude; but in this conduct of his own, the domestic despot sees nothing to censure.—Another is vehement in his imputation of guilt to them, that break into his house, or infest his roads, who is guilty of the equally glaring, though the more elegant injustice, the more modish dishonesty, and politer robbery, of exposing at the table of chance, or squandering in the house of feasting, the provision of an impoverished family, and the property of defrauded industry.—Many who omit innumerable opportunities of doing good, which though they are poor, are presented to them, (for silver and gold are far from comprising all the good which is to be given and received by human creatures,) are yet eager to upbraid, and bitter in their accusation of the opulent and powerful, for omissions of munificence and protection; for feeding so few of the hungry; for cloathing so small a number of the naked; for defending no more that are oppressed.—The poor man that steals

his purse, is pronounced a villain by him, who, in the circles of the rich, delights to defame, and who, without calling himself by any such name, or viewing himself in such light, allows himself to commit robbery after robbery upon that reputation, which "not enriches him" and leaves the object of this moral rapacity "poor indeed."—Thousands declaim upon the impiety of the self-destroyer, and call the ground accursed where he lies, who are themselves chargeable with the slower, but sufficiently speedy suicide of intemperance. A violent and tragical termination to their days, they are not tempted to make. They have no inducement to so dreadful a deed. They labour under no depression of spirit; their situations are pleasant and gay; their history glides along in a smooth stream, and all things smile upon them. But that kind of untimely termination to life, which they *are* tempted, they consent to put to it.—In lifting to their lips the cup of daily excess, they drink down poison, as fatally efficacious, in the end, as that which works in the veins with more expedition. The nocturnal riot, and irregular rest, are as deadly, though not so striking and so instantaneous, in their operations, as the point of that steel, as the explosion of that tube, which brought his wretched existence to a close, whose gored bosom, or whose shattered brow, excited the shudder of horror in every spectator of his remains, and calls the blush of shame into the face of his family.—They that shatter their constitution, and shorten their life, by sensual excess, are distinguished from them, to whose self-dismission from the world the laws have refused the rights of Christian interment, and of whose act the tender interpretation of mercy is loss of reason, only by doing the same thing from a gayer motive, and by being a little longer in doing it. Allow me to add, by how many, is the murderer of another regarded as a monster, by how many, would every exertion in their power be made to deliver him into the hands of justice, who have themselves the heart, to seduce youth from that innocence and virtue, without which life is of no value; to put that soul to death, in which resides, to which is confined, that likeness of God, from the consideration of which the Jewish law-giver deduces the peculiar enormity of shedding the blood of man; to murder peace of mind: to occasion the death of honour; and

by means of that cruel stab, by the same barbarous stroke, to plunge a dagger into parental tenderness, and bring the grey hairs with sorrow to the grave! Strange force of self-deception! that he who stains himself with this slaughter of happiness and of honour, this havoc of all that is dear to human nature, should be able to conceive, that the man who spills the current that flows through the veins of the human body, has fouler spots upon his hand than he!

But so it is, and so it ever was. The very same thing in ourselves, which we condemn in another, we look upon with an indulgent eye. The smallest difference in the situation, in the application of precisely the same practice, is sufficient to enable self-love to see in it a totally different thing. David's anger was greatly kindled against his own cruelty, when presented to him as the action of another, and in another situation. He did not perceive that the fable required only a change of circumstance, to be a literal narrative of what he had acted himself. He did not know himself, when he met himself, upon allegorical ground; though it was his exact image that met him there. He did not see his own shape in the shadow, that with the most perfect fidelity defined it.—There has ever been need of an expositor, to tell the spectator of himself in the criminal conduct of another, that it is himself he is looking at. The monitor that would shew, upon moral canvass, to him whose character is misshapen and unseemly, what manner of man he is, will find his lines, however true, his colours, however faithful, to the figure and complexion he copies, insufficient to explain to him the person that is meant. However striking the likeness may be, the painter must put the name at the bottom of the portrait, or the original will not know it. The rebuke of Nathan's pencil was unfelt, until underneath the picture, strong as it was, he had written David.

III. *On the omnipresence of God.*

Omnipresence is an attribute which it is not possible for us to contemplate without the utmost amazement. We know not how to stretch out our minds to take in

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the big idea of a being, who spreads himself over immensity; who is present, at every instant, in every place.

The presence of man is confined to a little room; nor are his faculties able to fill even that at once, but are under a necessity of pervading it by successive steps of attention. He is obliged to move, and is long in moving, from one place to another; and the utmost extent of the space which it is possible for him to traverse at all, is but a speck in the vast universe around him. Although his invention has invoked the winds to waft him over the seas; although he has employed mechanical powers, and appropriated the speed of swifter feet than his own, to lend him wings on the land; yet he is a long time in passing over a little tract of this little ball: and the year revolves, and repeats its revolution, before his voyage round is completed.—How little do we look, how low should we lie, before that amazing being, whose presence, through every moment of time, occupies every point of space! who is present, at all times, in all places, in the fullest exercise of all his perfections! who perceives, with one simple attention, every side of every object; every atom of every body; every thought of every breast! who performs, with one single energy, all the countless operations that take place in the whole compass of nature; all the unnumbered motions that thicken throughout the unbounded and complicated machine of universal government!

God is every where present as the object of worship. His presence is not confined to the temple. His attention is not limited to the great congregation. He dwells in every house; in every closet; in every heart. He hears every domestic address; every secret prayer; every silent meditation of him.

God is present every where, as the conductor of all things. The omnipresence of the almighty ruler qualifies him for the most perfect and equitable dispensations towards all the innumerable multitude of his subjects; and leads us to see, in the strongest light, how exactly executed, as well as wisely contrived, every part of the great plan of providence must necessarily be.

God is present in all places as the witness of moral conduct. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." "There is no dark-

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ness nor shadow of death where the workers of iniquity can hide themselves from God." Were the designers of evil to dig a passage to the centre, and, buried from the eye of man, and the penetration of day, to sit in midnight council there; even in that deep recess, every individual in the circle would be seen, every syllable in the dark consultation would be overheard by the omnipresent witness. Nor can any virtuous and generous transaction, of however private a nature, escape the observation, or lose the plaudit, of the divine spectator. When modesty conceals from the public eye the bounty benevolence bestows; when delicacy hides from the object it relieves, the hand that administers the relief; the generous secret is known to heaven, and by heaven it shall be, one day, proclaimed and applauded.

But the principal use I wish to make of the divine omnipresence, so far as it relates to moral inspection, is to consider it as a forcible and continual appeal to that sense of honour and shame, which is implanted in our nature. Were any one habitually to hold in his mind the consideration, not only that infinite power will hereafter punish or reward him, accordingly as he acts well or ill in this world, but that even now, at this very moment, the eye of infinite penetration, and of infinite purity, is stedfastly fixed upon him, he would find it the strongest imaginable check upon every impropriety of conduct, and irregularity of thought; and the most spurring of all incentives to the performance of honorable actions, and the entertainment of generous sentiments. Praise and blame form no small part of human pleasure and pain. There are many who have performed handsome actions, for the sake of exciting the applause of mankind, which, but for that inducement, they would have left undone: and multitudes have been guilty of dishonourable conduct, to which they would not have consented, if they had not depended on its being kept a secret from the world. When the mask drops, does not the countenance it covered fall?—Can detected villainy lift up its eye?—Dares he, who has lost its esteem, look the world in the face?—Does not folly blush before the grave rebuke of wisdom?—Is not the presence of a man, eminent for piety, and for worth, a restraint upon licentious conver-

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sation?—Do not "the young men see him, and hide themselves?"

But men are visible observers, and audible reprovers. We read indignation in their eye; we hear it in their voices; we see it in their manner. The divine spectator is unseen. He keeps perpetual silence. Whether we act well or ill, no expression of his approbation, or displeasure, is presented to our senses. When cruelty tramples upon innocence, no thunders murmur; no lightnings flash; no earthquakes rock the angry ground. Or when an act of generosity is performed, which kindles all the rapture of gratitude, and all the enthusiasm of applause, no celestial glories encircle the head of him that did it; there comes no voice from heaven to say, "It is well done." We should, however, reflect, that, although we can neither see, nor hear the divine disapprobation, when we do wrong, that it does as actually exist, at the moment in which we do it, as the indignation that frowns upon the brow, that flashes from the eye, of man; that a pure and holy witness of all we do, is as truly present upon the spot where we act, overlooking every motion both of our bodies and our minds, as if we beheld a miraculous manifestation of his presence.

The regular and vivid recollection of this truth, is the best shield that can be held before the heart of man, to repel the attacks of temptation. Were a dissipated youth, in an hour of riot and folly, by some circumstance led, during a pause of the uproar, to call up before him the image of his absent father, venerable in age; strict in manners; severely virtuous; whose doctrine had "distilled as the dew" upon him, in the days of his innocence and purity: were he strongly to imagine the holy man an indignant and disappointed spectator of his son's degeneracy; I cannot but figure him to myself, holding down his head, for a moment at least, in the presence of the angry apparition; and blushing before the offended and afflicted shade. Let him, then, who would preserve himself pure and spotless, as he passes through this dangerous world, never forget, that he who is holier than all, never, for one instant, takes off his eye from his inmost thought.

In a peculiar degree will the consideration of the divine omnipresence operate, to counteract the fear of that

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contempt, with which the licentious look upon religious principles and sober manners. Is any one tempted to profess opinions which he does not entertain, or to comply with practices which he does not approve, and to which his inclinations do not lead him, by an idle dread of human derision? Let him bring down God to his side, by remembering that he is by; and oppose his approbation to the laughter of fools. Fortified by the felt presence of the deity, he will soon learn to scorn the scorners, and to pant for no applause but that of conscience and of heaven.

To these reflections I will only add, that the constant thought of an omnipresent God, is not more an inducement to become virtuous, than a support to them that are so, under the loss of their good name. When defamation breathes upon their reputation, and sullies its lustre; when ignorance and prejudice load them with unmerited reproaches; rejoicing in the presence and approbation of that great being, in whose esteem no malevolent misrepresentations of men are able to injure them; they can support, with patience, the departure of that fair fame which is justly dear to every social nature, and meet the eye of misjudging mankind, with an unabashed and steady countenance.

IV. *Reflections on God as our creator.*

The contemplation of God in the light of a creator, cannot fail to excite in us the most profound veneration. This idea of deity is adapted to plunge us into the depths of that astonishment, into which it is pleasing to the mind of man to be thrown by a sublime object. He who has pleasure in looking at what is grand in the highest degree, will hither repair to receive it. He that delights to have his mind distended to the utmost stretch of admiration, must come to this idea for his delight.

It is impossible to think of the maker of all things, without being fixed in all the stillness and stupor of astonishment; whether we consider the amazing multiplicity and magnificence of his productions, or the complete sense in which he is the author of them, compared

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with the imperfect sense, in which man is the maker of what are called the works of man. If some of the greater works of man excite our amazement, how much more is his idea adapted to awaken it, who made the materials out of which those works were framed; who formed the fingers by means of which they were fashioned; and who inspired the understandings by the light of which they were designed. If we admire the inventors of inanimate machines that move, with what admiration must we think of him who made "the moving creature that hath life." All the works of all the human race combined, all the fabrics they have constructed, all the systems of matter or motion they have composed, how complicated soever their parts, or extensive their dimensions, or beautiful their appearance, or powerful their effect, or excellent their uses, are proofs of a faint and feeble power, compared with the production of a fly. All the engines which human ingenuity has framed, whatever the variety, or the vigour, or the value, of their movements, display a hand that shrinks into nothing before that energy, that rolls the blood through the veins of a reptile; that communicates to a worm its faculty of creeping upon the earth; that indues the meanest creature, which moves and feels, with its wondrous power of willing and perceiving.—Where is the artist, beneath the sun, who can breathe into insensate clay the breath of life? who can kindle a soul of the dullest degree? who can animate, for one moment, one particle of dust?

The consideration that God is our maker makes it evident, that he must be our preserver. This inference cannot be made with respect to any human artist; because no human artist is the framer of any thing, in that radical and strict sense, in which the almighty is the former of all things. That which man has made may continue to be what he made it, when its maker is distant, when its maker is dead. The work of man may subsist in the absence, may survive the dissolution of its author: it may exist for successive ages, and for successive ages remain "a work to wonder at," when the hand, that gave it its beauty and excellence, has lost its cunning for ever. The statue may continue to *mimic* life, when centuries have rolled over the sculptor's grave. But though the breathing stone may continue to breathe, when be-

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whose touches taught it to imitate animation, is breathless himself, the breathing animal cannot breathe a moment, without the vivifying influence of him who first breathed into him the breath of life. The moving machine, which man sets a going, may continue to go, when its maker is motionless for ever. But the moving creature that hath life, cannot move a moment without the presence and operation of him, who put it into motion at first.

For want of deeply reflecting upon this difference between the forming hand of the creature, and that of the creator of all, we are some of us apt, perhaps, carelessly and inconsiderately, to conceive of our continuance in life as depending upon certain powers and properties in our animal composition, which were originally communicated to it by its author, but which are *now* entirely its own; inherent in itself, without hanging on the divine support. We do not, with sufficient closeness to the idea, consider, that he who put together, and put into motion, the great machinery of nature, is its author in a sense, which requires the incessant action of his hand, in order to hold it together, and to support its operations.

It is not so proper to say, that the creator has communicated a principle of life to the animated world, as that he is himself the great principle of universal vitality. It is not so accurate to say, that he has laid down laws for nature to observe, as that he himself perpetually operates with that benignant regularity which is necessary to the welfare of his living works. He is the great spring and impulse that actuates all things. He is himself the attracting power that holds the particles of all bodies together, and combines all bodies into the beautiful systems we see them compose. He is himself the living soul that inhabits, and animates every living thing; that propels every drop through every vein; that produces every pulsation of every artery, every motion of every limb, every action of every organ, throughout the whole animal kingdom. Every operating principle, through the ample compass of things, is God, that moment willing, God, that moment acting. He is the life of the world: at once the maker, the inspector, and the mover, of all things. Water we call the element of one animal: air, we say, is the element of another: the vital presence of

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God himself is the universal element, in which all living creatures "live and move and have their being."

This is the voice of reason and philosophy, as well as of scripture. He, that made all things, must be every moment necessary, to the support of every thing. As, according to that particular constitution of nature, under which we live, when you lift with your hand a body high in the air, if you wish to prolong its elevation, you must not only lift it thither, but hold it there; as, if you take away your hand from under it, that instant it falls: so, according to the eternal nature of things, the being, that called us into existence, must every moment hold our soul in the life, to which he has raised us. If he withdraw his hand, we drop. "In his hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind." Whatever we subsist upon, subsists itself, upon him. All that sustain us, it is God that sustains. Our dependance upon him is of the most comprehensive, complicated, and profound nature. Whatever name we give to its prop, God is the staff of every life. That, whatever it be, on which it leans, leans upon him. When your seasons are fruitful, it is not only he who covers your vallies with corn, who causes to rise the suns that ripen it, who prevents your bread from failing;—but who gives to that bread its nutritive power. When your seasons are healthful, it is not only he who preserves your air from pollution, but who empowers the purest air to supply you with life. When your slumbers are sound, it is not only he who protects your pillow from pain, but who imparts to sleep its restorative property. The civil polity, that defends your person from violence, is the result of wisdom which he has illuminated, and of passions which he has implanted. The medical art, that raises you from the bed of sickness, proceeds from understandings, which his inspiration hath given, and is supplied with materials, which his hand hath furnished. The arm, that saves you from violent death, is an instrument made, and moved, by him.

So completely is our breath in the hand of God. He is the soul within us; he is the shield without us: the word by which we live; the word by which we die. So the scripture tells us it is; so reason tells us it must be. Man, the partial maker of a single thing, possesses but a

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partial power over it; God, the perfect maker of all things, must be every moment necessary to the support of every thing.

The habitual recollection of this close and intimate connexion between the giver and the receiver of life, between the living God and the living creature, is what I would earnestly recommend to all before me, as being adapted, in the highest degree, at once to entertain the understanding of contemplative, and gratify the heart of affectionate, piety. The perfectly uninterrupted, and the infinitely extended activity of divine power, in the preservation of universal nature, presents to reason a contemplation, of all others the most sublime; while religious sensibility is soothed by the idea of being completely in the hand of a power, to whom it feels the most animated love, and in whom it reposes the most tranquil trust.

V. *On the respect due to all men.*

As all the several ranks of society have an equal claim to those native qualities, in which consists the dignity of human nature, they are equally subject to the weaknesses, that constitute its humiliation. The higher classes of human life are no more able than the lower, to defend themselves from the attacks of sickness, or the stroke of mortality. None of the rich, any more than the poor, can redeem his brother, when death has hold of his prisoner; and they shall both lie down at last in the same low bed together. They who pride themselves in the splendor of their family, as well as they that are said to be basely born, are compelled to "say to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister."

The endeavours of man to disguise his littleness have been all in vain: they have only tended to make it more conspicuous. He has sought to magnify his diminutive being by the voluminous drapery and plenitude of its dress; to swell out his narrow size by the amplification of his possessions; as if the branches of his outspread property were to be regarded as limbs of the man, and the members of his numerous household as the members

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of himself; as if he imagined the height of the ground upon which he stands would be mistaken for his own, and supposed the lowliness of his head could be lifted by the loftiness of his roof. Alas! his minuteness, so far from having been enlarged, has been only illustrated, by this most mistaken method of magnifying it. A little object only looks the less by standing at the side of a large one. In the vast possession the possessor has been lost. The dress of the giant derides the dwarf that puts it on. Amid the immensity of his grounds, the dimensions of his mansion, the magnitude of his equipage, the pigmy proprietor appears like a speck. His tall turrets and his towering trees seem to look down upon him, as he walks under them, as upon a reptile. Man has sought, and with similar success, to procure the glory of excellence in strength, by borrowing the hands of others; to hide his individual impotence under the collected power of many servants. Strange method of impressing me with an idea of his dignity! to multiply, by sloth and by luxury, his necessities for the assistance of his fellow creatures, and then presenting himself before me in the midst of a multitude of ministers to his wants, and guards of his weakness! spreading out before me, in full and ample display, the wide extent of his helplessness! ranging around him the proofs, stationing on every side of him, lest it should not be sufficiently obvious, the evidences of his dependence; as if he were ambitious of exhibiting, of holding up his imbecility to the notice of mankind; as if he were ostentatious of his insufficiency to the supply of his desires, and the security of his person!—An equal increase of exposition to the eye, instead of concealment from it, his littleness has met, in the high sounding names by which he has been accosted, and the ceremonies that have accompanied access to his presence. Many of the salutations that have been addressed to the great ones of the earth sound like insult in the ear of reflection. "Live for ever!" to a shadow beneath a canopy! Sarcastic salutation! "High and mighty," to worms in state! Humiliating taunt!—And the instituted forms of introduction into their presence, the slow steps, and awful regularity of approach, with which the inferior in station has been accustomed to draw nigh unto them, do they not appear to the thoughtful,

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eye a mockery of mortality, and seem as if they were practised, instead of exalting, to ridicule dust and ashes? Death enters their room without any of this ceremony: Sickness will not wait in the antichamber: Disease demands immediate admission. To him who thinks of this, the solemnity of human access, the sublimity of human greeting, to human grandeur seem but the gravity of irony.

From riches and honours man may derive a variety of things. They can afford to his sloth a softer couch; to his appetites a wider range; to his person a broader shield! to his vanity a sweeter incense; to his curiosity, if he feel it, a larger field; or to his virtue, if he have it, an ampler sphere: but that virtue as they cannot confer upon his character, neither can they yield any accession of excellence, of any sort, to his nature.—They cannot add one cubit to his stature; one sinew to his arm; one organ to his body; or one power to his mind.

But, so far as superior station involves *intellectual* superiority, does not this lay a foundation for the pride of those who occupy it, and justify them in looking down with disdain upon them, from whom they are thus distinguished? May not mankind behold with contempt their inferiors in knowledge? May not the enlightened contemn the ignorant? May not the learned look with scorn upon the unlettered? May not the refined despise the rude? They would deserve to be despised themselves, if they did. This distinction of the rich and great, if they chance to possess it, is adventitious as every other. Not only their exterior, but their intrinsic points of superiority are so. Delicacy of feeling, elegance of taste, polish of manners, liberality of sentiment, enlargement of knowledge, are accidents, as well as wealth and power. The same education would have communicated the same accomplishments to the poor. The same powers of reasoning, the same seeds of taste, the same sparks of wit and fancy, are discoverable in those of low, as in them of high condition. Let it be remembered, that their roughness is not incapacity of refinement. Their ignorance is not owing to stupidity of intellect, but to the want of opportunity for intellectual improvement.

Let those, then, whose riches have purchased for them the page of knowledge, regard with respect the native

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powers of them, to whose eyes it has never been unrolled! The day labourer, and the professor of science, belong naturally to the same order of intelligencies. Circumstances and situation have made all the difference between them. The understanding of one has been free to walk whether it would; that of the other has been shut up, and deprived of the liberty of ranging the fields of knowledge. Society has condemned it to the dungeon of ignorance, and then despises it for being in the dark. Many of those, whom the pride of refinement has styled barbarians, have contained capacities, which, if they had been called forth by education, would have excited not only the respect, but the astonishment of mankind. Nature has made more statesmen than have governed states; more generals than have headed armies; more philosophers than have taught; more orators than have harrangued; more poets than have sung. Wonderful talents for literature, for eloquence, for science, for government, have been prevented from making their appearance, by the want of that cultivation which would have drawn them forth, and of that competence which is necessary to cherish genius. There have been multitudes that would have added to the sum, or have embellished the form of human knowledge, if their youth had been taught the rudiments, and their life allowed them leisure to prosecute the pursuit of it. The attention that would have been crowned with splendid successes in the inquiry after truth, has been all expended in the search of bread. The curiosity, that would have penetrated to the secrets of nature, have explored the recesses of mind, and compassed the records of time, has been choked by the cares of want. The fancy, that would have glowed with a heat divine, and made a brilliant addition to the blazing thoughts and the burning words of the poetical world, has been chilled and frozen by the cold winds of poverty. Many a one, who cannot read what others wrote, had the knowledge of elegant letters been given him, would himself have written what ages might read with delight. He that ploughs the ground, had he studied the heavens, might have understood the stars, as well as he understands the soil. Many a sage has lain hid in the savage, and many a slave was made to be an emperor.

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VI. *On the comparative sum of happiness and misery in the present life.*

In estimating the measure of misery which the world contains, we may admit mistake both concerning the sum of that CIRCUMSTANCE which inspires it, and the degree in which the circumstance is accompanied by the sense of it.

We are liable to imagine, that there are more painful SITUATIONS in human life than there are, from a variety of causes. We are so formed, (and in this part, as in every other of the human fabric, the wisdom of the hand that constructed us is conspicuous,) as to be much more deeply impressed by scenes of distress, than of contentment and happiness. Those that rejoice want nothing of us, but to rejoice along with them; those that weep, beside our tears, want often a hand to wipe away theirs. Nor is congratulation so necessary to the happy, as simple condolence to the distress, whose cause we cannot remove. For this reason, our creator has ordained, that sympathy with sorrow should be a more powerful feeling than sympathy with joy. In consequence of this, in contemplating human life, the afflictions which are scattered over it, are the appearances that strike us most. These are the strong parts of the picture; the figures that project from the piece; that catch and occupy the eye: and, without attending to the forms of felicity, which are far more numerous, but which make more faint impressions upon us, we take the character of the scene from those parts of it that are most prominent to the eye.

Writers of plaintive romance have co-operated with this tendency of the misery of human life to press forward to the attention, and leave the happiness of it in the back ground, by perpetually bringing the former before the eye of their readers, and preferring it as a subject of representation. Aware that distress is a more striking and interesting object to the human mind than felicity, they have presented a multitude of sad and tragical scenes to the imagination; the collective impression of which, assisted by a supposition, perhaps, that the fiction has its foundation in fact, and took its hint from truth,

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melts and blends itself, in a mind possessed of a lively fancy, with the image of actual life: what has been strongly imagined mixes itself, in the memory, with what has been really seen or heard: and thus the world of shadows and phantoms stands before the eyes of those, who are in habits of perusing the pages which paint fictitious affliction, as connected with the region of reality, and constituting a part of the prospect of nature. Poets, also, and sentimental writers, influenced, in the same manner, by the persuasion, that gloom is more allied to eloquence than gaiety; and, that to complain is more moving than to rejoice; in the reflections upon human life which have fallen from their pens, have endeavoured to excite that sigh of melancholy, which sooths the sensibility of pensive spirits.

All these causes have operated to magnify the figure of human afflictions; to lead the imagination to dwell and rest upon the pains of life, and to take off the attention from its pleasures. These causes of misconception upon this subject call aloud for counteraction. While, therefore, these are conspiring to confine your eye to the dark parts of human life, to thrust its afflictions before you, and to keep back its brighter scenes; its brighter scenes let me be permitted to put forward; to push into your view that human happiness, which is so apt to retire from your attention; and to entreat you to consider, what perhaps you may not have sufficiently reflected upon, or be enough in the habit of recollecting; what is yet manifest, at the door of the inquiry into the comparative good and evil of human life; that, whatever be the sum of misery in the world, there is a much larger sum of happiness.

The weather is sometimes foul; but it is oftener fair. Storms and hurricanes are frequent; but calms are more common. There is some sickness; but there is more health. There is some pain; but there is more ease. There is some mourning: but there is more joy. There is complexional depression that asks, "wherefore is light given to him that is in misery?" but it bears no proportion to the native cheerfulness, which is open to the agreeable impressions of surrounding nature. Multitudes have been crushed under the foot of cruelty; but greater multitudes have remained unmolested by the op-

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pressor. Many have perished with hunger and nakedness, but more have been supplied with food and raiment. Some have counted the days of captivity; but the majority were never in prison. Numbers have lost their reason; but larger numbers have retained it. The list is long of the forsaken and the forlorn; but still longer is the catalogue of those, that have never failed, in some one or other, to find a friend. Sometimes we are told of towns, agitated to pieces by the terrible quaking of the ground; but more frequently, of cities that know no enemies but time. Sometimes, we hear of ships that are destroyed by the storm; but more commonly of vessels that arrive safely in port. We have read, and read with horror, of failing harvests; our hair has stood up, our pulses have stopped, over the horrible picture of famine; the craving of factitious delicacy for food offensive to plain-fed nature! the frightful conflict between the force of affection, and the phrensy of want! between the agonies of hunger, and of the heart!——but, fruitful seasons, and shouting reapers, and "hearts filled with food and gladness," are the cheerful forms, with which mankind have been familiar. We have trembled to contemplate the terrible figure of pestilence, "walking in darkness;" travelling through the air in awful invisibility; striking with an unseen hand, and strewing the street with dead: but the accounts, that have most occupied our attention, have been of benignant constitutions in nature; of qualities in things that are calculated to recall departed health, and heal the diseases of man; of restorative temperatures of air; of kindly and genial climes; of medicinal herbs, and of physical fountains. A melancholy proportion of mankind have perished by the sword; or taken from its edge the worse than mortal wound; or pined in the sickness attendant on its way; or deplored the plunder and desolation it has spread over their plains; or, at a distance from the theatre of its ravages, been pierced through, by its stroke, with sorrows far sharper than its point:—but the greater part of mankind have passed their days in the seat of peace; sat under their roofs in serenity and security; reaped their fields without any fear of the soldier's sickle or his flame; exercised their affections in social unions, that have felt no cut but from nature's hand; and

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resigned their breath at last in the quiet and domestic bed.

If we thus survey the checkered face of human life *at large*, we shall find its bright spaces more numerous than its shadows. Congratulation is more exercised than pity. The countenances that have sorrow upon them, are fewer than the faces which do not want to be wiped. And if the *whole* histories of *individuals* whom we see in circumstances of distress were to be laid before us, perhaps, we should find few of them, in which there was not a greater number of pleasant than painful passages: in which there was not, upon the whole, more cheerfulness than depression; more tranquillity than trouble; more corporal ease than sufferance. Whatever pain, whatever care may lie in wait for the man,—childhood is careless and sportive; "a stranger yet to pain." Whatever clouds remain for the brow of manhood, the forehead of youth is clear and smooth. The first years of almost every life, however dark and stormy it afterward becomes, are all sunshine and serenity. Then, at least, how many soever the sicknesses, the sorrows, and the solicitudes, the "months of vanity," and the "wearisome nights," that await maturer years,—then, at least, every pulse is health; every pillow, peace; every feeling, rapture; every object, novelty; every prospect, hope!

VII. *Erroneous views of the happiness attending virtue and vice.*

I CONFINE myself to those false views of the comparative happiness of virtue and vice in the present world, discovered by the electors of the latter, which proceed from unacquaintance with the influences of these opposite characters upon the *mental*, and their more secret and *occult* effects upon the animal enjoyment of man; that erroneous judgment which springs, not from deficiency of attention to evidence that is before the mind, but from the want of proofs themselves; proofs, which, though they are to be procured, have never been collected and presented to their understanding, either by themselves or by

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others; in short, that wrong judgment which arises from ignorance; ignorance of the nature of man, of the nature of happiness, and the absolute necessity of virtue to the happiness of such a creature.

He who determines to lead a life of indolence, or of licentious pleasure, or to devote his days to the pursuits of avarice, or of ambition, does not *know*, at the time that he forms this determination, that the certain attendants upon intemperance, if it should not be attended by untimely mortality, are satiety, langnor, and dull enjoyment; the death of vivacity, if not of life; the expiration of the spirit, if not of the breath of existence: that the infallible and invariable effect of inactivity is melancholy; that the immoderate desire of superfluous possessions, even when crowned with prosperity, must be accompanied with anxiety, with dissatisfaction, and, while a single superior can be seen in the fortune, the fame, or the power, upon which the supreme affections are placed, with the fretfulness of envy: that evil passions cannot, even in the smoothest situations in which human life can lap them, find a secure assylum from the roughnesses that irritate and torment them: that conscience, even when most successfully muffled, must, at moments, recover her voice, remonstrate with all her authority, and reprove with all her thunder, so as to disturb the repose of the most tranquil, and embitter the reward of the most successful guilt. Such a one does not know, when he thus dedicates his life to folly, in consequence of having received no convincing instruction from others, and having made no close observations himself concerning human nature, that temperate pleasures, innocent employment, moderate desires, generous affections, and an approving conscience, compose the greatest present happiness of which man is capable.

Upon entering the world, he is deceived by the dresses; he is dazzled by the glare of things. He "looketh upon their outward appearance," and is imposed upon by their plausible surfaces. He mistakes height of station, for superiority to care; affluence of possessions, for fulness of joy; the arm of power, for capacity to execute whatever inclination can prompt. He has no idea of the indigence which it is possible for the rich, or of the impotence which it is possible for the great, to experience.

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He has heard of the toils of virtue to obtain her serious and sublime ends, but not of the toils of voluptuousness to invent some new pleasure, when the world of it has been exhausted by excess. He has heard of the sigh of sorrow, of the sigh of sympathy, the sigh of penitence, but never of the sigh of sloth. He has been told of the weight of calamity, but not of the weight of time. He has often been informed of the wants of mankind, but has never been led to number among them the want of something to do: a want as legibly inscribed in many a melancholy countenance, and as painful to nature, as any other necessity. He has seen the sensualist at the banquetting board, but never in the flat intervals, that separate the seasons of animated entertainment. The song of his mirth, the roar of his riot, have reached his ear; but not the groan of his solitude, but not the lamentation of his listless hour. He has beheld the fire of his kindled look, in his excited moment; but he has not witnessed the dim eye, and the dead dejection of his aching head. He has seen the rich man's house, the rich man's table, the rich man's fields, the rich man's friends, but he has not looked into the rich man's heart. He has imagined the pleasure of flattered, but not the pain of mortified, pride. In contemplating the master of the palace, he has thought only of Hezekiah indulging domestic vanity in the disguise of courteous hospitality, and showing to the admiring guest "all the things that are in his house;" but Ahab returning home "heavy and sore displeased," is an appearance which has never presented itself in his picture of grandeur. In painting to himself the image of ambition that has climbed with successful feet, or of lust of fame, when crowned with its laurel, he delineates, in his mind, a serene and satisfied figure, looking down with delight from the heights of station, or listening with transport to the tabrets of praise: he has not noticed, in such situations, the wrathful and ruffled form of jealousy, darting from her dark eye malignant looks, and casting from her hand the furious javelin, at a larger sharer in the breath of celebration, or in the ribands of honour.

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VIII. *On the superiority of sacred history and christian philosophy.*

In the histories which have been left us by men, we see nothing but the agency of man. They are men who obtain the victories, who take towns, who subdue kingdoms, who dethrone sovereigns, to elevate themselves to the supreme power: God appears in no part, men are the sole actors of all these things. But in the history of the holy books it is God alone who performs the whole; God alone causeth kings to reign, placeth them upon their thrones, or deposeth them again. It is God alone who opposeth the enemy, who sacks towns, who disposeth of kingdoms and empires, who giveth peace or exciteth war: God alone appeareth in this sacred history: it is he, if I may so speak, who is the sole hero. The kings and the conquerors of the earth appear but as the ministers of his will. In short, these divine books unfold the ways of providence. God, who conceals himself in the other events recorded in our histories, seems to reveal himself in these: and it is in this book alone that we ought to learn to read the other histories which men have left us.

The holy books which have preserved religion to our times, contain the first monuments of the origin of things. They are more ancient than all the fabulous productions of the human mind, which have since, in so melancholy a manner, amused the credulity of the following ages.—And as error always springs from truth, and is a corrupt imitation of it, it is in the principal actions of this divine history, that the fables of paganism find their foundation; so that one may say, there is no error which pays not thereby homage to the antiquity and authority of our sacred writings.

The sincerity of Moses appears in the simplicity of his history. He used no precautions to gain credit, because he supposes those for whom he wrote were not destitute of faith, and because he relates none but facts which were publicly known, to preserve the memory of them rather among their descendents, than to instruct that generation in the nature of them.

He concealeth not in a mysterious manner the holy books from the people, lest they should discover the

falsehood of them, like as the vain oracles of the Sybils were laid up with care in the capitol, which was built to keep up the pride of the Romans, exposed to the eyes of the priests alone, and produced from time to time by fragments to justify to the minds of the people, either a dangerous enterprize, or an unjust war. Here the prophetic books were daily read by a whole people; the young and old, the women and children, the priests and the common people, the kings and subjects, were bound without ceasing to have them in their hands; every one had a right to study their duty, and to discover their hopes there. Far from flattering their pride, they declared fully the ingratitude of their fathers; they announced in every page their misfortunes to be the just chastisement of their crimes; they reproached kings with their lewdness; priests with their injustice; the great with their profusion; the people with their inconstancy and infidelity, and this notwithstanding these holy books were dear to them; and by the oracles which they saw there to be accomplished every day, they waited with confidence the fulfilment of those of which all the world at this day are the witnesses.—

There is a nobleness, and an elevation in the maxims of the gospel, to which mean and grovelling minds cannot attain. The religion which forms great souls, appears to be made only for them: and in order to be great, or to become so, there is a necessity of being a christian.—

Philosophy discovered the shame of the passions; but she did not teach how to conquer them: her pompous precepts were rather the eulogium of virtue, than the remedy of vice. It was even necessary for the glory and triumph of religion, that the greatest geniuses, and all the power of human reason should have exhausted themselves, in order to render men virtuous. If the Socrateses and the Platos, had not been teachers of the world before Jesus Christ, and had not in vain attempted to regulate manners, and correct men by the sole force of reason, man might have been able to do honour by his virtue to the superiority of reason, or the beauty of virtue itself: but these preachers of wisdom did not make wise men; and it was necessary that the vain efforts of philosophy should prepare new triumphs for grace.

In short, it was religion, which exhibited to the world the true wise man, so long since announced to us, by all

the pomp and parade of human reason. She has not limited all her glory, like philosophy, to the essay of hardly forming one sage in a century amongst men: she hath peopled with them cities, empires, desarts; and the whole universe has been to her another Lycæum, where in the midst of public places she hath preached wisdom to all mankind. It is not only amongst the most polite nations that she hath chosen her wise men; the Greek and Barbarian, the Roman and Scythian, hath been equally called to her divine philosophy: it is not only for the learned that she hath reserved the sublime knowledge of her mysteries; the simple have prophesied as well as the sage; and the ignorant themselves have become her doctors and apostles. It was necessary that the true wisdom should become the wisdom of all men.

But further still: her doctrine was foolishness in appearance; and yet, the philosophers submitted their proud reason to this holy folly: she announced nothing but crosses and sufferings; and yet the Cæsars became her disciples. She alone came to teach mankind that chastity, humility, temperance might be seated on the throne, and that the seat of the passions and of pleasures, might become the seat of virtue and innocence. What a glory was this for religion!

IX. *The majesty and supremacy of the scriptures confessed by a sceptic.*

I will confess, that the majesty of the scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the gospel hath its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers with all their pomp of diction: how mean, how contemptible are they compared with the scripture! Is it possible that a book, at once so simple and sublime, should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage, whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manner! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What

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presence of mind, what subtlety, what truth in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live, and so die, without weakness, and without ostentation? When Plato described his imaginary good man loaded with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he describes exactly the character of Jesus Christ: the resemblance was so striking, that all the fathers perceived it.

What prepossession, what blindness must it be, to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the son of Mary! What an infinite disproportion there is between them! Socrates dying without pain or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was any thing more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had only to say therefore what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precepts. Aristides had been just before Socrates defined justice; Leonidas had given up his life for his country before Socrates declared patriotism to be a duty; the Spartans were a sober people before Socrates recommended sobriety; before he had even defined virtue, Greece abounded in virtuous men. But where could Jesus learn, among his competitors, that pure and sublime morality, of which he only hath given both precept and example. The greatest wisdom was made known amongst the most bigotted fanaticism, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues did honour to the vilest people on earth. The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophizing with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for; that of Jesus, expiring in the midst of agonizing pains, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates in receiving the cup of poison, blessed indeed the weeping executioner who administered it; but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating tortures, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God. Shall we suppose the evangelic history a mere fiction? Indeed, it bears not the marks of fiction; on the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt,

is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty, without obviating it: it is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history, than that one only should furnish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality contained in the gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero.

X. *Mistakes in judging of the scripture stile.*

A GREAT mistake we run into is, when we suppose that the critical rules of eloquence are any ways necessary in divine compositions. The design of God, in recording his laws, was to inform our understandings, to cure our passions, and rectify our wills: and if this end be but attained, it is no great matter in what form of diction the prescription be given. We never expect that a physician's receipt should be wrote in a Ciceronian stile: and if a lawyer has made us a firm conveyance of an estate, we never inquire what elegancies there are in the writing. When, therefore, God intends to do us far greater things than these; when he is delivering the terms of our salvation, and prescribing the rules of our duty: why should we expect that he should insist on the niceties of stile and expression, and not rather account it a diminution of his authority, to be elaborate in trifles, when he has the momentous issues of another life to command our attention, and affect our passions? In some of the greatest works of nature, God has not confined himself to any such order and exactness. The stars, we see, are not cast into regular figures: lakes and rivers are not bounded by straight lines: nor are hills and mountains exact cones or pyramids. When a mighty prince declares his will by laws and edicts to his subjects, is he, do we think, careful at all about a pure stile, or elegant composition? Is not the phrase thought proper enough, if it conveys as much as was intended? And would not the fine strains of some modern critics be thought pedantic and affected on such occasions?—

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Why then should we expect in the oracles of God an exactness that would be unbecoming, and beneath the dignity of an earthly monarch, and which bears no proportion or resemblance to the magnificent works of the creation? A strict observation of the rules of grammar and rhetoric, in elegant expressions, harmonious periods, and technical definitions and partitions, may gratify indeed some readers; but then it must be granted that these things have the air of human contrivance in them; whereas in the simple, unaffected, artless, unequal, bold, figurative stile of the holy scriptures, there is a character singularly great and majestic, and what looks more like divine inspiration, than any other form of composition.

These observations being premised, if we should now consider the nature of eloquence in general, as it is defined by Aristotle to be a faculty of persuasion, which Cicero makes to consist in three things, instructing, delighting, and moving our readers or hearers mind, we shall find that the holy scriptures have a fair claim to these several properties.

For where can we meet with such a plain representation of things, in point of history, and such cogent arguments, in point of precept, as this one volume furnishes us with? Where is there a history written more simply and naturally, and at the same time more nobly and loftily, than that of the creation of the world? Where are the great lessons of morality taught with such force and perspicuity (except in the sermons of Christ, and the writings of the apostles) as in the book of Deuteronomy? Where is the whole compass of devotion, in the several forms of confession, petition, supplication, thanksgiving, vows, and praises, so punctually taught us, as in the book of psalms? Where are the rules of wisdom and prudence so convincingly laid down as in the proverbs of Solomon, and the choice sentences of Ecclesiastes? Where is vice and impiety of all kinds more justly displayed, and more fully confuted, than in the threats and admonitions of the prophets? And what do the little warmths, which may be raised in the fancy by an artificial composure and vehemence of stile, signify in comparison of those strong impulses and movements which the holy scriptures make upon good men's souls, when they represent the frightful justice of an angry God to stubborn offenders, and the

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bowels of his compassion, and unspeakable kindness, to all true penitents and faithful servants?

The holy scripture indeed has none of those flashy ornaments of speech, wherewith human compositions so plentifully abound; but then it has a sufficient stock of real and peculiar beauties to recommend it. To give one instance for all out of the history of Joseph and his family: the whole relation indeed is extremely natural: but the manner of his discovering himself to his brethren is inimitable. "And Joseph could no longer refrain himself—but, lifting up his voice with tears, said—I am Joseph—doth my father yet live?—And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence. And Joseph said to his brethren, come near me, I pray you: and they came near, and he said, I am Joseph—your brother—whom ye sold into Egypt."—Nothing certainly can be a more lively description of Joseph's tender respect for his father, and love for his brethren: and, in like manner, when his brethren returned, and told their father in what splendor and glory his son Joseph lived, it is said, "That Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not; but when he saw the waggons which Joseph had sent for him, the spirit of Jacob, their father, revived; and Israel said, it is enough—Joseph my son is yet alive—I will go—and see him—before I die." Here is such a contrast of different passions, of utter despondency, dawning hope, and confirmed faith, triumphant joy, and paternal affection, as no orator in the world could express more movingly, in a more easy manner, or shorter compass of words.

Nay more, had I leisure to gratify the curious, I might easily shew, that those very figures and schemes of speech, which are so much admired in profane authors, as their great beauties and ornaments, are no where more conspicuous than in the sacred.

One figure, for instance, esteemed very florid among the masters of art, is, when all the members of a period begin with the same word. The figure is called anaphora; and yet (if I mistake not) the 15th psalm affords us a very beautiful passage of this kind. "Lord who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly; he that back-biteth not with his tongue; he that maketh much of them that

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fear the Lord; he that sweareth to his hurt, and changeth not; he that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that does these things shall never be moved."

The ancient orators took a great deal of pride in ranging finely their antitheta. Cicero is full of this, and uses it many times to a degree of affectation: and yet I cannot find any place wherein he has surpassed that passage of the prophet. "He that killeth an ox, is as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, as if he cut off a dog's neck; he that offereth an oblation, as if he offered swine's blood." But above all other figures, that whereon poets and orators love chiefly to dwell, is the hypotyposis, or lively description; and yet we shall hardly find in the best classic authors, any thing comparable, in this regard, to the Egyptians' destruction in the Red sea, related in the song of Moses and Miriam; to the description of the leviathan in Job; to the descent of God, and a storm at sea in the psalmist; to the intrigues of an adulterous woman in the proverbs; to the pride of the Jewish ladies in Isaiah; and to the plague of locusts in Joel; which is represented like the ravaging of a country; and storming a city by an army; "A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness, and nothing shall escape them. Before their face people shall be pained; all faces shall gather blackness. They shall run like mighty men; they shall climb the wall like men of war; they shall march every one in his way, and they shall not break their ranks. They shall run to and fro in the city, they shall run upon the wall; they shall climb up upon the houses; they shall enter into the windows as a thief." The description is more remarkable, because the analogy is carried quite throughout without straining, and the whole processes of a conquering army in the manner of their march, their destroying the provision, and burning the country, in their scaling the walls, breaking into houses, and running about the vanquished city, are fully delineated and set before our eyes.

From these few examples (for it would be endless to proceed in instances of this kind) it appears, that the holy bible is far from being defective in point of eloquence; and (what is a peculiar commendation of it) its

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stile is full of a grateful variety; sometimes majestic as becomes that "high and holy one who inhabiteth eternity:" sometimes so low as to answer the other part of his character, "who dwelleth with him that is of an humble spirit;" and, at all times so proper, and adapted so well to the several subjects it treats of, that whoever considers it attentively, will perceive, in the narrative parts of it, a strain so simple and unaffected; in the prophetic and devotional, something so animated and sublime; and in the doctrinal and preceptive, such an air of dignity and authority, as seems to speak its original divine.

We allow indeed, that method is an excellent art, highly conducive to the clearness and perspicuity of discourse; but then we affirm, that it is an art of modern invention in comparison to the times when the sacred penmen wrote, and incompatible with the manner of writing which was then in vogue. We indeed in Europe, who, in this matter, have taken our examples from Greece, can hardly read any thing with pleasure that is not digested into order, and sorted under proper heads; but the eastern nations, who were used to a free way of discourse, and never cramped their notions by methodical limitations, would have despised a composition of this kind, as much as we do a schoolboys theme, with all the formalities, of its exordiums, ratios, and confirmation. And if this was no precedent for other nations, much less can we think, that God Almighty's methods ought, to be confined to human laws, which, being designed for the narrowness of our conceptions, might be improper and injurious to his, whose "thoughts are as far above ours, as the heavens are higher than the earth."

The truth is, inspiration is, in some measure, the language of another world, and carries in it the reasoning of spirits, which, without controversy, is vastly different from ours. We indeed, to make things lie plain before our understandings are forced to sort them out into distinct partitions, and consider them by little and little, that so at last, by gradual advances, we may come to a tolerable conception of them; but this is no argument for us to think that pure spirits do reason after this manner. Their understandings are quick and intuitive; they see the whole compass of rational inferences at once; and

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have no need of those little methodical distinctions which oftentimes help the imperfections of our intellects. Now, though we do not assert, that the language of the holy scriptures is an exact copy of the reasoning of the spiritual world; yet since they came by the inspiration of the holy ghost, it is but reasonable to expect that they should preserve some small relish of it; as books translated into another tongue always retain some marks of their originals. And hence it comes to pass, that though the holy ghost does vouchsafe to speak in the language of men, yet, in his divine compositions, there are some traces to be found of that bold and unlimited ratiocination which is peculiar to the heavenly inhabitants, whose noble and flaming thoughts are never clogged with the cold and jejune laws of human method.

XI. *The prolific nature of vice.*

It often happens, that the commission of one crime makes another necessary, in order to supply the deficiency of the first, in the attainment of its end. One bad action is found, of itself, to be incomplete. It requires either a repetition of the same, or the commission of another, to accomplish the point at which it aims. Its incompetence, perhaps, to the production of the effect for which it was committed, was not foreseen: and thus the criminal finds himself drawn, by one deviation from duty, into more than he intended. By this means, a single step in the path of error is stretched to an ample stride; and the mind is, in a manner, habituated to wickedness, even in the beginning of it. It becomes as it were depraved, even by a single stroke. In this case, the probability of continuance in the path, that has been entered, must be considered as peculiarly increased.

This is frequently the case. The vices hang together. They help one another. They cohere and cluster. Misfortunes, says the proverb, seldom come alone: it is much more seldom that evil actions do. "Rare are solitary woes," it is true; but much rarer are solitary sins. They, also, "love a train;" they also, "tread each other's heel." He that seeks to separate one from the

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nest, to take one to him and keep off all the others; will find the meditated exclusion impracticable. Can he, who opens his door to a concourse of people without, pressing for admittance, be sure of admitting only one? He, that opens his heart to one bad action, will, in the same manner, find many enter along with it. His breast will become full of evil, when he intended only to have entertained a single sin.

Most criminal acts, when they seek the alliance of no other, court the concurrence of falsehood. This is usually coupled with breaches of duty, that are most detached and insulted. "Come now therefore, and let us slay him," said the sons of Jacob to one another, "and cast him into some pit, and we will *say* some evil beast hath devoured him." When in the pursuit of any single point, by criminal means, there is no other succession of evil to evil, this short and simple procession commonly takes place.

When the original crime is falshood, in order to answer some sinister purpose, it frequently happens, that one departure from truth is not sufficient to accomplish the point. Sometimes there is need of a frequent repetition, of the *same* violation of veracity. Peter must *thrice* deny, that he knew his master. This necessity often occurs to him, who stoops to say what is not true. He thought, perhaps, as Peter thought, that a single declaration would have done. He finds himself questioned by different persons; to different persons the lie must be told. Sometimes recourse must be had to the fabrication of *another*, in order to support the first. And, thus, the unhappy wanderer from truth finds it frequently necessary to put together a phalanx of falshood; to compose a complicated system of deceit, in order to defend and cover the original deceit from detection.

In the same manner, it is often found, that one act of violence calls unexpectedly for another, in order to render it complete. Robbery, a first robbery, has sometimes terminated in murder, when nothing was farther from the original intent of the robber, than that frightful act: when in the morning of the day on which he did it, the proposal of such an act would have made every hair of his head stand up, and driven every drop of blood from his check; when, even the moment before he did it,

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the idea of such a deed entered not into his heart. Pecuniary embarrassment prevails upon him to make an essay of force upon the traveller's purse. He goes forth from the village where he dwells, intending only to extricate himself from his present difficulty, and then return to the hamlet, and lead an innocent and reputable life. O! for a warning voice, to tell him the horror that awaits him! to tell him, how much deeper than he dreams, he is going to plunge himself into guilt! Unexpected resistance from the passenger he selects to plunder exasperates his passions, and hurries his hand to a fatal violence; or a declaration, equally unlooked for, of a knowledge of his person, suddenly suggests to him the horrid idea of taking away the breath, that may bear testimony against him. This is no uncommon case.

One sanguinary act, in which more than one was concerned, is often followed by another, to prevent the discovery of the first. The first was all that was projected by either of the party. The second was a secondary suggestion. The accomplice may betray the secret, from imprudence; from remorse; from revenge; in the moment of mad resentment: the only means are employed to remove all possibility of such a communication.

Innumerable are the ways, in which injury seeks the support of injury. When David had invaded Uriah's bed, he must next invade his person. He must escape from the consequences of the first injustice, by the perpetration of the second. After having rendered the greatest of all wrongs, he must close the lip of complaint, by sealing it in everlasting silence. He must put the hand of death upon the mouth of reproach; and throw the chain of mortality upon the arm of brave revenge. And this inhuman deed he must do, in order to secure himself, in the most base, and cowardly manner.

The productive and prolific nature of vice, in this respect, is strikingly, though terribly, illustrated, in the picture which your great dramatist has drawn, of him, who, in violation of the laws of hospitality, consanguinity, gratitude, and loyalty, is represented, in the all-thrilling page of that great lord of every bosom, as being instigated by ambition, to "hold the knife," at dead of night, over his guest, his kinsman, his benefactor, and his prince.

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This act, though, in itself, an act of complicated guilt, is yet complicated with others of a similar nature, in order to complete the accomplishment of the purpose it was to answer. When he has perpetrated this deed, the only one that entered into his original intention, he finds, that if he mean to attain his end, the work of death is but begun. In order to prevent a discovery of his guilt, and to secure the crown it has placed upon his brow, he perceives, that he must pass through a tragical process, and wade through a sea of blood. The words which the author puts into his mouth, to express his resolution to persevere in the black business upon which he had entered, contain the sentiment I am attempting to illustrate:

"Things bad begun make themselves strong by ill."

The same sort of link and alliance, which subsists between *single acts* of vice, subsists also between different COURSES of vicious conduct. The ruling passion, whatever it be, seeks the assistance of practices, which it does not itself directly prompt. One evil *habit* calls, after a time, for the concurrence, and co-operation of another evil habit, in order to attain its end. A *train* of one kind of criminal actions requires the ministration of a train of another kind.

He, who sets out in pursuit of pleasures, engages in the pursuit, under the idea of contracting only sensual guilt; which, he prevails upon himself to believe, is no guilt at all. He calls it folly; he calls it vivacity; he calls it spirit; or, whatever be its admitted impropriety, in the eye of stern and strict reason, he boasts of his *social* innocence; perhaps of his *social* MERIT. "In gratifying my sensual appetites," he says, "I injure nobody. I am no one's enemy. Heaven forbid, I should act, in any case, inconsistently with the strictest principles of integrity; with the nicest rules of honour. Justice I revere; generosity I adore; my donative is ever at the service of necessity: no friend, that comes to my door, in the day of his distress, shall ever find any coolness in my look; I am ready to divide my last crumb with a companion in penury and wretchedness: where is the harm; who is hurt; if I strew my short passage to the grave with as many flowers as I am able to scatter along it?—If, by my excesses, my health is impaired, who but *myself* is injured.

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Who *else* has any reason to complain? I bring no infirmities upon *you:* they are not *your* spirits I exhaust: it is not *your* life that I shorten."

This is a specious, it is a sparkling, style. It has dazzled many a juvenile understanding. But attend a little. Await the sequel of the SOCIAL *sensualist;* of the BENEVOLENT *voluptuary;* the JUST, the GENEROUS, the HONOURABLE, *lover of pleasure.* He that loveth it too well, and too long, becomes a poor man. Profusion reduces his store, so as to call for an immediate retrenchment of his expenses. His appetites, clamorous for their accustomed food, refuse to be pacified without it. They demand to be satisfied, with a voice, he wants the fortitude to oppose. He can now no longer satisfy them, without proceeding to a breach of the social duties; without keeping back what he owes to those, who have supplied his luxurious accommodations; without applying to his own use what was trusted to his hand; without setting to sale, if he possess a seat, his suffrage, in the senate; without carrying that integrity, which "cannot be gotten for gold," to the political market; without taking the bread of his family to the table of fortune; without leaving it to the determination of a die, whether his posterity shall be beggars or not. In order to continue a sensualist, he must now become a robber, a traitor, a savage.

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DRAMATIC.

RULES FOR EXPRESSING ACCURATELY THE PRINCIPAL PASSIONS AND HUMOURS WHICH OCCUR IN THE FOLLOWING EXAMPLES.

NATURE has given to every emotion of the mind its proper outward expression, in such manner, that what suits ONE, cannot, by any means, be accommodated to ANOTHER. Children at three years of age express their grief in a tone of voice, and with an action totally different from that which they use to express their anger, and they utter their joy in a manner different from both. Nor do they ever by mistake, apply one in place of another. From hence, that is, from nature, is to be deduced the whole art of speaking properly: what we mean does not so much depend upon the words we speak, as on our manner of speaking them; and accordingly in life, the greatest attention is paid to this, as expressive of what our words often give no indication of; thus nature fixes the outward expression of every intention or sentiment of the mind. Art only adds gracefulness to what nature leads to. As nature has determined that man shall walk on his feet, not his hands; art teaches him to walk gracefully.

Every part of the human frame contributes to express the passions and emotions of the mind, and to shew in general its present state. The head is sometimes erected, sometimes hung down, sometimes drawn suddenly back with an air of disdain, sometimes shews by a nod a particular person, or object; gives assent or denial, by different motions; threatens by one sort of movement, approves by another, and expresses suspicion by a third.

The arms are sometimes both thrown out, sometimes the right hand alone. Sometimes they are lifted up as high as the face, to express wonder, sometimes held out before the breast, to shew fear: spread forth with the hand open, to express desire or affection; the hand clapped in surprize, and in sudden joy and grief; the right hand clenched, and the arms brandished, to threaten; the two arms set a-kimbo, to look big, and express contempt or courage. With the hands, as Quintilian says, we solicit, we refuse, we promise, we threaten, we dismiss, we invite, we intreat, we express aversion, fear, doubting, denial, asking, affirmation, negation, joy, grief, confession, penitence. With the hands we describe and point out all circumstances of time, place, and manner of what we relate; we excite the passions of others and sooth them, we approve and disapprove, permit, or prohibit, admire, or despise. The hands serve us instead of many sorts of words, and where the language of the tongue is unknown, that of the hands is understood, being universal, and common to all nations.

The legs advance, or retreat, to express desire, or aversion, love, or hatred, courage, or fear, and produce exultation, or leaping in sudden joy; and the stamping of the foot expresses earnestness, anger, and threatening.

Especially the face, being furnished with a variety of muscles, does more in expressing the passions of the mind, than the whole human frame besides. The change of colour (in white people) shews, by turns, anger by redness, and sometimes by paleness, fear likewise by paleness, and shame by blushing; every feature contributes its part. The mouth open, shews one state of the mind; shut, another; the gnashing of the teeth, another. The forehead smooth, and eyebrows arched and easy, shew tranquillity or joy. Mirth opens the mouth towards the ears, crisps the nose, half shuts the eyes, and sometimes fills them with tears. The front wrinkled into frowns and the eyebrows overhanging the eyes, like clouds, fraught with tempest, shew a mind agitated with fury. Above all, the eye shews the very spirit in a visible form. In every different state of the mind, it assumes a different appearance. Joy brightens and opens it. Grief half closes, and drowns it in tears. Hatred

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and anger flash from it like lightning. Love darts from it in glances, like the orient beam. Jealousy, and squinting envy, dart their contagious blasts from the eye. And devotion raises it to the skies, as if the soul of the holy man WERE GOING TO TAKE ITS FLIGHT to heaven.

The following are I believe the principal passions, humours, sentiments, and intentions, which are to be expressed by speech and action. And I hope it will be allowed by the reader, that it is nearly in the following manner, that nature expresses them.

TRANQUILLITY,

Or apathy, appears by the composure of the countenance and general repose of the body and limbs without the exertion of any one muscle. The countenance open; the forehead smooth; the eyebrows arched; the mouth just not shut, and the eyes passing with an easy motion from object to object, but not dwelling long upon any one.

CHEERFULNESS,

Adds a smile, opening the mouth a little more.

MIRTH,

Or laughter, opens the mouth still more towards the ears; crisps the nose; lessens the aperture of the eyes, and sometimes fills them with tears; shakes and convulses the whole frame; giving considerable pain, which occasions holding the sides.

RAILLERY,

In sport, without real animosity, puts on the aspect of cheerfulness. The tone of voice is sprightly. With contempt or disgust, it casts a look asquint from time to time at the object; and quits the cheerful aspect for one mixed between an affected grin and sourness. The upper lip is drawn up with an air of disdain. The arms are set a-kimbo on the hips; and the right hand now and then thrown out towards the object, as if one were going to strike another a slight back-hand blow. The pitch of the voice rather loud, the tone arch and sneering; the sentences short; the expressions satyrical, with mock-praise intermixed.

BUFFOONERY

Assumes an arch, sly, leering gravity. Must not quit its serious aspect, though all should laugh to burst ribs

of steel. This command of face is somewhat difficult, though not so hard, I should think, as to restrain the contrary sympathy, I mean of weeping with those who weep.

JOY,

When sudden and violent, expresses itself by clapping of hands, and exultation or leaping. The eyes are opened wide; perhaps filled with tears; often raised to heaven, especially by devout persons. The countenance is smiling, not composedly, but with features aggravated. The voice rises, from time to time, to very high notes.

DELIGHT,

Or pleasure, as when one is entertained, or ravished with music, painting, oratory, or any such elegancy, shews itself by the looks, gestures, and utterance of joy, but moderated.

GRAVITY,

Or seriousness, the mind fixed upon some important subject, draws down the eye-brows a little; casts down, or shuts, or raises the eyes to heaven; shuts the mouth, and pinches the lips close. The posture of the body and limbs is composed, and without much motion. The speech, if any, slow and solemn; the tone unvarying.

ENQUIRY

Into an obscure subject, fixes the body in one posture, the head stooping, and the eye poring, the eye-brows drawn down.

ATTENTION

To an esteemed, or superior character, has the same aspect; and requires silence; the eyes often cast down upon the ground, sometimes fixed on the face of the speaker, but not too pertly.

MODESTY,

Or submission, bends the body forward; levels the eyes to the breast, if not to the feet, of the superior character. The voice low; the tone submissive; and words few.

PERPLEXITY,

Or anxiety, which is always attended with some degree of fear and uneasiness, draws all the parts of the body together; gathers up the arms upon the breast, unless one hand covers the eyes, or rubs the forehead;

draws down the eyebrows; hangs the head upon the breast; casts down the eyes, shuts and pinches the eyelids close; shuts the mouth, and pinches the lips close, or bites them. Suddenly the whole body is vehemently agitated. The person walks about busily; stops abruptly. Then he talks to himself, or makes grimaces. If he speak to another, his pauses are very long; the tone of his voice unvarying and his sentences broken, expressing half, and keeping in half of what arises in his mind.

VEXATION,

Occasioned by some real, or imagery misfortune, agitates the whole frame, and, besides expressing itself with the looks, gestures, restlessness, and tone of perplexity, it adds complaint, fretting, and lamenting.

PITY,

A mixed passion of love and grief, looks down upon distress with lifted hands; eyebrows drawn down; mouth open; and features drawn together. Its expression, as to looks and gesture, is the same with those of suffering, [see suffering] but more moderate, as the painful feelings are only sympathetic, and therefore one remove, as it were, more distant from the soul, than what one feels in his own person.

GRIEF,

Sudden and violent, expresses itself by beating the head; groveling on the ground; tearing of garments, hair, and flesh; screaming aloud; weeping; stamping with the feet; lifting the eyes, from time to time, to heaven; hurrying to and fro; running distracted, or fainting away, sometimes without recovery. Sometimes violent grief produces a torpid sullen silence, resembling total apathy.

MELANCHOLY,

Or fixed grief, is gloomy, sedentary, motionless. The lower jaw falls, the lips pale, the eyes are cast down, half shut, eyelids swelled and red, or livid tears, trickling silent and unwiped, with a total inattention to every thing that passes. Words, if any, few, and those dragged out, rather than spoken; the accents weak, and interrupted, sighs breaking into the middle of sentences and words.

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DESPAIR,

As in a condemned criminal, or one who has lost all hope of salvation, bends the eyebrows downwards, clouds the forehead; rolls the eyes around frightfully; opens the mouth towards the ears; bites the lips; widens the nostrils; gnashes with the teeth, like a fierce wild beast. The heart is too much hardened to suffer tears to flow; yet the eyeballs will be red and inflamed like those of an animal in a rabid state. The head is hung down upon the breast. The arms are bended at the elbows; the fists clenched hard; the veins and muscles swelled; the skin livid; and the whole body strained and violently agitated; groans expressive of inward torture, more frequently uttered than words. If any words, they are few, and expressed with a sullen eager bitterness; the tone of voice often loud and furious. As it often drives people to distraction, and self-murder, it can hardly be over-acted by one who would represent it.

FEAR,

Violent and sudden, opens very wide the eyes and mouth; shortens the nose; draws down the eyebrows; gives the countenance an air of wildness; covers it with deadly paleness; draws back the elbows parallel with the sides; lifts up the open hands, the fingers together, to the height of the breast, so that the palms face the dreadful object, as shields opposed against it. One foot is drawn back behind the other, so that the body seems shrinking from the danger and putting itself in a posture for flight. The heart beats violently, the breath is fetched quick and short, the whole body is thrown into a general tremor. The voice is weak and trembling; the sentences are short, and the meaning confused and incoherent. Imminent danger, real, or fancied, produces in timorous persons, as women and children, violent shrieks, without any articulate sound of words; and sometimes irrecoverably confounds the understanding; produces fainting, which is sometimes followed by death.

SHAME,

Or a sense of ones appearing to a disadvantage before ones fellow-creatures, turns away the face from the beholders; covers it with blushes; hangs the head; casts

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down the eyes; draws down the eyebrows; either strikes the person dumb, or if he attempt to say any thing in his own defence, causes his own tongue to faulter, and confounds his utterance; and puts him upon making a thousand gestures and grimaces, to keep himself in countenance; all which only heightens the confusion of his appearance.

REMORSE,

Or a painful sense of guilt, casts down the countenance, and clouds it with anxiety; hangs down the head; draws the eyebrows down upon the eyes. The right hand beats the breast. The teeth gnash with anguish. The whole body is strained and violently agitated. If this strong remorse is succeeded by the more gracious disposition of penitence, or contrition; then the eyes are raised (but with great appearance of doubt and fear) to the throne of heavenly mercy; and immediately cast down again to the earth. Then floods of tears are seen to flow. The knees are bended; or the body prostrated on the ground. The arms are spread in a suppliant posture, and the voice of deprecation is uttered with sighs, groans, timidity, hesitation, and trembling.

COURAGE,

Steady and cool, opens the countenance, gives the whole form an erect and graceful air. The accents are strong, full-mouthed, and articulate; the voice firm and even.

BOASTING,

Or affected courage, is loud, blustering, threatening; the eyes stare; the eyebrows drawn down; the face is red and bloated; the mouth pouts out; the voice hollow and thundering; the arms are set a-kimbo; the head often nodding in a menacing manner; and the right fist clenched, is brandished, from time to time, at the person threatened. The right foot is often stamped upon the ground, and the legs take such large strides, and the steps are so heavy, that the earth seems to tremble under them.

PRIDE

Assumes a lofty look, bordering upon the aspect and attitude of anger. The eyes open, but with the eye-

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brows considerably drawn down; the mouth pouting out, or shut, and the lips pinched close. The words, walk out a-strut, with a slow, stiff, bombastic affectation of importance. The arms generally a-kimbo, and the legs at a distance from one another, taking large tragedy-strides.

OBSTINACY

Adds to the aspect of pride, a dogged sourness, like that of malice. [see malice.]

AUTHORITY

Opens the countenance; but draws down the eyebrows a little, so far as to give the look of gravity. [see gravity.]

COMMANDING

Requires an air a little more peremptory, with a look a little severe or stern. The hand is held out, and moved towards the person to whom the order is given, with the palm upwards, and the head nods towards him.

FORBIDDING,

On the contrary, draws the head backward and pushes the hand from one with the palm downwards, as if going to lay it upon the person, to hold him down immoveable, that he may not do what is forbidden him.

AFFIRMING,

Especially with a judicial oath, is expressed by lifting the open right hand and eyes towards heaven; or if conscience is appealed to, by laying the right hand upon the breast.

DENYING

Is expressed by pushing the open right hand from one, and turning the face the contrary way. [see aversion.]

DIFFERING

In sentiment, may be expressed as refusing. [see refusing.]

AGREEING

In opinion, or conviction, as granting. [see granting.]

EXHORTING,

As by a general at the head of his army, requires a kind, complacent look, unless matter of offence has passed, as neglect of duty or the like.

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JUDGING

Demands a grave, steady look, with deep attention; the countenance altogether clear from any appearance of either disgust or favor; the accents slow, distinct, emphatical, accompanied with little action, and that very grave.

REPROVING

Puts on a stern aspect, roughens the voice, and is accompanied with gestures not much different from those of threatening, but not so lively.

ACQUITTING

Is performed with a benevolent, tranquil countenance and tone of voice; the right hand, if not both, open, waved gently toward the person acquitted, expressing dismission. [see dismission.]

CONDEMNING

Assumes a severe look, but mixed with pity. The sentence is to be expressed as with reluctance.

TEACHING,

Explaining, inculcating, or giving orders to an inferior, requires an air of superiority to be assumed. The features are to be composed to an authoritative gravity. The eye steady and open, the eyebrow a little drawn down over it, but not so much as to look surly or dogmatical. The tone of voice varying according as the emphasis requires, of which a good deal is necessary in expressing matter of this sort. The pitch of the voice to be strong and clear; the articulation distinct; the utterance slow, and the manner peremptory.

PARDONING

Differs from acquitting, in that the latter means clearing a person after trial of guilt; whereas the former supposes guilt, and signifies merely delivering the guilty person from punishment. Pardoning requires some degree of severity of aspect and tone of voice, because the pardoned person is not an object of entire unmixed approbation. Otherwise its expression is much the same as granting. [see granting.]

ARGUING

Requires a cool, sedate, attentive aspect, and a clear,

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slow, emphatical accent, with much demonstration by the hand. It differs from teaching, [see teaching] in that the look of authority is not wanted in arguing.

DISMISSING

With approbation, is done with a kind aspect and tone of voice; the right hand open, gently waved toward the person. With displeasure, besides the look and tone of voice which suits displeasure, the hand is hastily thrown out toward the person dismissed, the back part towards him, the countenance at the same time turned away from him.

REFUSING,

When accompanied with displeasure, is expressed nearly in the same way. Without displeasure it is done with a visible reluctance, which occasions the bringing out the words slowly, with such a shake of the head, and shrug of the shoulders, as is natural upon hearing of somewhat which gives us concern.

GRANTING,

When done with unreserved good will, is accompanied with a benevolent aspect and tone of voice; the right hand pressed to the left breast, to signify how heartily the favor is granted, and the benefactor's joy in conferring it.

DEPENDENCE.

[see modesty.]

VENERATION,

Or worshipping, comprehends several articles, ascription, confession, remorse, intercession, thanksgiving, deprecation, petition, &c. Ascription of honor and praise to the peerless and supreme majesty of heaven, and confession and deprecation, are uttered with all that humility of looks and gestures, which can exhibit the most profound self-abasement and annihilation, before one whose superiority is infinite.

The head is a little raised, but with the most apparent timidity and dread; the eye is lifted; but immediately cast down again, or closed for a moment: the eyebrows are drawn down in the most respectful manner; the features, and the whole body and limbs are all composed to

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the most profound gravity; one posture continuing without considerable change, during the whole performance of the duty.

The knees bended, or the whole body prostrate; or if the posture be standing, which scripture does not disallow, bending forward, as ready to prostrate itself. The arms spread out, but modestly, as high as the breast; the hand open. The tone of the voice will be submissive, timid, equal, trembling, weak, suppliant. The words will be brought out with a visible anxiety and diffidence, approaching to hesitation; few and slow; nothing of vain repetition, haranguing, flowers of rhetoric, or reflected figures of speech; all simplicity, humility, and lowliness, such as becomes a reptile of the dust, when presuming to address Him, whose greatness is tremendous beyond all created conception. In intercession for our fellow-creatures, which is prescribed in scripture, and in thanksgiving, the countenance will naturally assume a small degree of cheerfulness beyond what it was clothed with in confession of sin, and deprecation of punishment. But all affected ornament of speech, or gesture in devotion, deserves the severest censure.

RESPECT

For a superior, puts on the looks and gestures of modesty. [see modesty.]

HOPE

Brightens the countenance; arches the eyebrows; gives the eyes an eager wishful look; opens the mouth to half a smile; bends the body a little forward, the feet equal; spreads the arms with the hands open, as to receive the object of its longings. The tone of voice is eager and unevenly inclining to that of joy; but curbed by a degree of doubt and anxiety. Desire differs from hope, as to expression, in this particular, that there is more appearance of doubt and anxiety, in the former, than in the latter. For it is one thing to desire what is agreeable, and another to have a prospect of actually obtaining it.

DESIRE

Expresses itself by bending the body forward, and stretching the arms towards the object, as to grasp it The countenance smiling, but eager and wishful; the

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eyes wide open, and eyebrows raised: the mouth open; the tone of voice suppliant, but lively and cheerful, unless there be distress as well as desire; the expressions fluent and copious; if no words are used, sighs instead of them; but this is chiefly in distress.

LOVE

(Successful) lights up the countenance into smiles; the forehead is smoothed and enlarged; the eyebrows are arched; the mouth a little open, and smiling; the eyes languishing, and half shut, dote upon the beloved object. The countenance assumes the eager and wishful look of desire, [see desire] but mixed with an air of satisfaction and repose. The accents are soft and winning; the tone of voice persuasive, flattering, pathetic, various, musical, rapturous as in joy. [see joy.]

The attitude much the same with that of desire. Sometimes both hands pressed eagerly to the bosom. Love unsuccessful adds an air of anxiety and melancholy. [see perplexity and melancholy.]

GIVING,

Inviting, soliciting, and such like actions, which suppose some degree of affection real or pretended, are accompanied with much the same looks and gestures as express love; but more moderate.

WONDER,

Or amazement, (without any other interesting passion, as love, esteem, &c.) opens the eyes, and makes them appear very prominent; sometimes raises them to the skies; but oftener, and more expressively, fixes them on the object, if the cause of the passion be a present and visible object, with the look, all except the wildness, of fear. [see fear.] If the hands hold any thing, at any time when the object of wonder appears, they immediately let it drop, unconscious; and the whole body fixes in the contracted, stooping posture of amazement; the mouth open; the hands held up open, nearly in the attitude of fear. [see fear.] The first access of this passion stops all utterance. But it makes amends afterwards by a copious flow of words and exclamations.

ADMIRATION.

A mixed passion, consisting of wonder, with love, or

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esteem, takes away the familiar gesture, and expression of simple love. [see love.] Keeps the respectful look, and attitude. [see modesty and veneration.] The eyes are opened wide, and now and then raised towards heaven. The mouth is opened. The hands are lifted up. The tone of voice rapturous. The passion expresses itself copiously, making great use of the figure hyperbole.

GRATITUDE,

Puts on an aspect full of complacency. [see love.] If the object of it is a character greatly superior, it expresses much submission. [see modesty.] The right hand pressed upon the breast accompanies, very properly, the expression of a sincere and hearty sensibility of obligation.

CURIOSITY,

As of a busy-body, opens the eyes and mouth; lengthens the neck; bends the body forward, and fixes it in one posture, with the hands nearly in that of admiration. [see admiration, see also desire, attention, hope, enquiry, and perplexity.]

PERSUASION,

Puts on the looks of moderate love. [see love.] Its accents are soft, flattering, emphatical, and articulate.

TEMPTING,

Or wheedling, expresses itself much in the same way; only carrying the fawning part to excess.

PROMISING,

Is expressed with benevolent looks, the nod of consent, and the open hands gently moved toward the person, to whom the promise is made; the palms upwards. The sincerity of the promiser may be expressed by laying the right hand quietly on the breast.

AFFECTATION,

Displays itself in a thousand different gestures, motions, airs, and looks, according to the character which the person affects. Affectation of learning gives a stiff formality to the whole person. The words come stalking out with the pace of a funeral procession; and every sentence has the solemnity of an oracle. Affectation of piety turns up the goggling whites of the eyes to heaven, as if the person were in a trance, and fixes them in

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that posture so long that the brain of the beholder grows giddy. Then comes up, deep grumbling, a holy groan from the lower part of the thorax; but so tremendous in sound, and so long protracted, that you expect to see a goblin rise, like an exhalation through the solid earth. Then he begins to rock from side to side, or backward and forward, like an aged pine on the side of a hill when a brisk wind blows. The hands are clasped together, and often lifted, and the head often shaken with foolish vehemence. The tone of the voice is canting, or sing-song lullaby, not much distant from an Irish howl; and the words godly doggrel. Affectation of beauty, and killing, puts a fine woman by turns into all sorts of forms, appearances, and attitudes, but amiable ones. She undoes by art, or rather by awkwardness (for true art conceals itself) all that nature has done for her. Nature formed her almost an angel, and she, with infinite pains, makes herself a monkey. Therefore this species of affectation is easily imitated, or taken off. Make as many, and as ugly grimaces, motions, and gestures, as can be made; and take care that nature never peep out, and you represent coquetish affectation to the life.

SLOTH

Appears by yawning, dosing, snoring, the head dangling sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other; the arms and legs stretched out, and every sinew of the body unstrung; the eyes heavy or closed; the words, if any, crawl out of the mouth but half formed, scarce audible to any ear, and broken off in the middle by powerful sleep.

INTOXICATION,

Shews itself by the eyes half shut, sleepy, stupid, inflamed. An idiot smile, a ridiculous surliness, or affected bravado disgraces the bloated countenance. The mouth open, tumbles out nonsense in heaps, without articulation enough for any ear to take it in, and unworthy of attention, if it could be taken in. The head seems too heavy for the neck. The arms dangle from the shoulders, as if they were almost cut away and hung by shreds. The legs totter and bend at the knees, as ready to sink under the weight of the reeling body. And a general incapacity, corporeal and mental, exhibits human nature sunk below the brutal.

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ANGER,

(Violent) or rage, expresses itself with rapidity, interruption, noise, harshness, and trepidation. The neck stretched out; the head forward, often nodding and shaken in a menacing manner, against the object of the passion. The eyes red, inflamed, staring, rolling, and sparkling; the eyebrows drawn down over them, and the forehead wrinkled into clouds; nostrils stretched wide, every vein swelled, every muscle strained; the breast heaving, and the breath fetched hard. The mouth open, and drawn on each side toward the ears, shewing the teeth, in a gnashing posture. The face bloated, pale, red, or sometimes almost black. The feet stamping; the right arm often thrown out, and menacing with the clenched fist shaken, and a general and violent agitation of the whole body.

PEEVISHNESS,

Or ill nature, is a lower degree of anger; and is therefore expressed in the above manner, only more moderate; with half sentences, and broken speeches uttered hastily; the upper lip drawn up disdainfully; the eyes asquint upon the object of displeasure.

MALICE,

Or spite, sets the jaws, or gnashes with the teeth, sends blasting flashes from the eyes; draws the mouth toward the ears; clenches both fists, and bends the elbows in a straining manner. The tone of voice and expression are much the same with that of anger; but the pitch not so loud.

ENVY,

Is a little more moderate in its gestures, than malice; but much the same in kind.

REVENGE,

Expresses itself as malice. [see malice.]

CRUELTY.

[see anger, aversion, malice, and other irascible passions.]

COMPLAINING,

As when one is under violent bodily pain, distorts the features, almost closes the eyes, sometimes raises them

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wishfully; opens the mouth, gnashes with the teeth, draws up the upper lip, draws down the head upon the breast, and the whole body together. The arms are violently bent at the elbows, and the fist strongly clenched. The voice is uttered in groans, lamentations, and violent screams. Extreme torture produces fainting and death.

FATIGUE,

From severe labour, gives a general languor to the whole body. The countenance is dejected. [see grief.] The arms hang listless; the body, if sitting, or lying along be not the posture, stoops as in old age. [see dotage.] The legs, if walking, are dragged heavily along, and seem at every step ready to bend under the weight of the body. The voice is weak, and the words hardly enough articulated to be understood.

AVERSION,

Or hatred, expressed to, or of any person, or any thing that is odious to the speaker, occasions his drawing back, as avoiding the approach of what he hates, the hands at the same time thrown out spread, as if to keep it off. The face turned away from that side toward which the hands are thrown out, the eyes looking angrily, and asquint the same way the hands are directed; the eyebrows drawn downwards, the upper lip disdainfully drawn up, but the teeth set. The pitch of the voice loud, the tone chiding, unequal, surly, vehement.—The sentences short and abrupt.

COMMENDATION,

Or approbation, from a superior, puts on the aspect of love, (excluding desire and respect,) and expresses itself in a mild tone of voice; the arms gently spread; the palms of the hand towards the person approved. Exhorting or encouraging, as of an army by the general, is expressed with some part of the looks and action of courage.

JEALOUSY.

Jealousy is a ferment of love, hatred, hope, fear, shame, anxiety, suspicion, grief, pity, envy, pride, rage, cruelty, vengeance, madness, and if there be any other tormenting passion which can agitate the human mind; therefore to express jealousy well, requires that one know how to represent justly all these passions by turns,

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[see love, hatred, &c.] and often several of them together. Jealousy shews itself by restlessness, peevishness, thoughtfulness, anxiety, absence of mind. Sometimes it bursts out in piteous complaint and weeping; then a gleam of hope, that all is yet well, lights up the countenance into a momentary smile. Immediately the face clouded with a general gloom, shews the mind overcast again with horrid suspicions, and frightful imaginations. Then the arms are folded upon the breast, the fists violently clenched, the rolling, bloody eyes dart fury.—He hurries to and fro, he has no more rest, than a ship in a troubled sea, the sport of wind and waves. Again he composes himself a little to reflect on the charms of the suspected person. She appears to his imagination like the sweetness of the rising dawn. Then his monster-breeding fancy represents her as false as she is fair.—Then he roars out as one on the rack, when the cruel engine rends every joint, and every sinew bursts. Then he throws himself on the ground. He beats his head against the pavement. Then he springs up, and with the look and action of a fury bursting hot from the abyss, he snatches the instrument of death, and, after ripping up the bosom of the loved, suspected, hated, lamented fair one, he stabs himself to the heart, and exhibits a striking proof, how terrible a creature a puny mortal is, when agitated by an infernal passion.

DOTAGE,

Or infirm old age, shews itself by talkativeness, boasting of the past, hollowness of eyes and cheeks, dimness of sight, deafness, tremor of voice, the accents, through default of teeth, scarce intelligible, hams weak, knees tottering, head paralytic, hollow coughing, frequent expectoration, breathless wheezing, laborious groaning, the body stooping under the insupportable load of years, which soon will crush it into the dust, from whence it had its origin.

FOLLY,

That is of a natural idiot, gives the face an habitual thoughtless, brainless grin. The eyes dance from object to object, without fixing steadily upon any one. A thousand different and incoherent passions, looks, gestures, speeches, and absurdities, are played off every moment.

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DISTRACTION,

Opens the eyes to a frightful wideness, rolls them hastily and wildly from object to object, distorts every feature; gnashes with the teeth; agitates all parts of the body; rolls in the dust; foams at the mouth; utters with hideous bellowings, execrations, blasphemies, and all that is fierce and outrageous; rushes furiously on all who approach, and if restrained, tears its own flesh, and destroys itself.

SICKNESS,

Has infirmity and feebleness in every motion and utterance. The eyes dim, and almost closed; cheeks pale and hollow, the jaw fallen; the head hung down, as if too heavy to be supported by the neck. A general inertia prevails. The voice trembling; the utterance through the nose, every sentence accompanied with a groan; the hand shaking, and the knees tottering under the body, or the body stretched helpless on the bed.

FAINTING,

Produces a sudden relaxation of all that holds the human frame together, every sinew and ligament unstrung. The colour flies from the vermillion cheek; the sparkling eye grows dim. Down the body drops, as helpless and as senseless as a mass of clay, to which, by its colour and appearance it seems hastening to resolve itself. Which leads to conclude with

DEATH,

The awful end of all flesh, which exhibits nothing in appearance different from what I have been just describing, for fainting continued ends in death, a subject almost too serious to be made a matter of artificial imitation.

I. *Macbeth's soliloquy.*

[Macbeth, full of his bloody designs against good king Duncan, fancies he sees a dagger in the air.]

STARTING.

Is this a *dagger* which I see before me,

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COURAGE.

The *handle* be tow'rd my *hand?*—

[Reaching out his hand as to snatch it. The first eight lines to be spoken with the eyes staring, and fixed on one point in the air, where he is supposed to see the dagger.]

Come let me *clutch* thee—

WONDER.

I *have* thee *not*, and yet I *see thee still.*

HORROR.

Art thou not *fatal vision!* sensible
To *feeling*, as to *sight?* or art thou but
A *dagger* of the *mind*, a *false creation*
Proceeding from the *heat-oppressed brain?*

STARTING.

I see thee *yet*, in form as *palpable*,

[Drawing his dagger and looking on it, and then on that in the air, as comparing them.]

As *this* which now I *draw.*—

HORROR.

Thou *marshal'st* me the way that I was *going*,
And *such* an *instrument* I was to *use.*—
Mine eyes are made the *fools* o' th' *other* senses,
Or else *worth all* the *rest.*—

STARTING.

————I *see* thee *still*,

HORROR.

And on thy blade and dudgeon, *gouts* of *blood*,
Which *was not* so *before.*—

[A long pause, he recollects and composes himself a little, and gives over fixing his eyes upon the air-drawn dagger.]

DOUBTING.

————There's *no such thing.*—

HORROR.

It is the *bloody business*, which informs
Thus to mine *eyes*—

PLOTTING.

[Plotting is always to be expressed with a low voice, especially such a passage as this to the end.]

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——————Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems *dead*, and *wicked dreams* abuse
The curtain'd *sleep*; now *witchcraft* celebrates

HORROR.

Pale Hecate's offerings: and *wither'd murder*,
(Alarum'd by his centinel, the *wolf*,
Whose *howl's* his *watch*) thus with his *stealthy pace*,
With Tarquin's ravishing *strides*, tow'rd his design
Moves like a *ghost*—

GUILT.

——————Thou *sound* and *firm-set earth*,
Hear not my steps, which way they *walk*, for fear
Thy very *stones* prate of my *where-about*;
And *take* the *present horror* from the *time*,
Which now *suits* with it—Whilst I *threat*, *he lives*—
[A bell rings]
I go and it is *done*; the bell *invites* me.
Hear it *not*, *Duncan!* for it is a *knell*,
That summons *thee*, to *heaven*, or to *hell*.

II. *HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY upon his finding, that the king, his father, was murdered by his uncle, in which he considers of the consequence of putting an end to a burthensome life.*

ANXIETY.

Hamlet. To *be*—or *not* to *be*—

["To be—or not to be." The thought at length runs thus. "Is death the total destruction of consciousness, or do the dead still continue to think and act, though in a different manner from that of the present state." The thought in the second line is different, viz. "Whether is it truly heroic to put an end to life, when it becomes irksome?"]

That is the *question*—
Whether 'tis *nobler* in the mind, to *suffer*
The *stings* and *arrows* of *outrageous fortune*,

COURAGE.

Or to take *arms* against a *seige* of *troubles*,
And, by *opposing*, *end* them—

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DEEP THOUGHTFULNESS.

To *die*—

To *sleep*—*no more*;—

["To die—to sleep—no more." The pauses must be equal; the sense, at length being, "I dying only fall asleep, and nothing else!"]

And by a *sleep* to say we *end*
The *heart-ache*, and the *thousand* natural *shocks*,
That *flesh* is *heir* to,—

VEXATION.

'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be *wish'd*.—

["Devoutly to be wish'd." To be spoken with the eyes raised earnestly to heaven.]

DEEP THOUGHTFULNESS.

To *die*—to *sleep*—to *sleep*—

APPREHENSION.

—Perchance to *dream*—ay, *there's* the *rub*;
For in that *sleep* of *death* what *dreams* may come,
When we have *shuffled off* this *mortal coil*,
Must give us *pause*: There's the *respect*,
That makes *calamity* of so *long life*:

VEXATION.

For *who* would *bear* the *whips* and *scorns* of *time*,
The *oppressor's wrong*, the *proud* man's *contumely*,

ANGUISH.

The *pangs* of *love despis'd*, the *laws delay*,
The *insolence* of *office*, and the *spurns*,
That *patient*

MEEKNESS.

Merit of the *unworthy* takes,

AVERSION.

When he *himself* might his *quietus* make
With a *bare bodkin*?

COURAGE.

Who would *fardels bear*

COMPLAINT.

To *groan* and *sweat* under a *weary life*;

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FEAR.

But that the *dread* of *something after death*—
(That *undiscover'd country*, from whose *bourn*
No traveller returns)—*puzzles* the *will*;
And makes us rather *bear* those *ills* we *have*,
Than *fly* to *others* which we *know not of*?
Thus *conscience* does make *cowards* of us all,
And thus the *native hue* of *resolution*
Is *sicklied* o'er with the *pale* cast of *thought*;
And *enterprizes* of great *pith* and *moment*,
With *this regard* their *currents* turn *away*,
And *lose* the *name* of *action*.

III. *Iago artfully endeavours to excite Othello to jealousy against his innocent wife, Desdemona, to be revenged on Othello for a supposed injury.*

QUESTION.

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*, when you woo'd my lady,

CRAFT.

Know of your *love*?

INDIFFERENCE.

Othello. He *did* from *first* to *last*. *Why* dost thou ask?

INSINUATION.

Iago. But for a *satisfaction* of my *thought*. *No farther harm.*

DOUBTING.

Othello. Why of thy *thought*, Iago?

INSINUATION.

Iago. I did not *think* he had been *acquainted* with it.

DECLINING.

Othello. O! *yes*, and went between us very *often.*

SURMISING.

Iago. Indeed.

ANXIETY.

Othello. Ay, indeed, discern'st thou ought in *that*? Is he not *honest*?

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SURMISING.

Iago. Honest, my lord?

ANXIETY.

Othello. Honest! ay, honest!

SURMISING.

Iago. My lord—for *ought*—for *ought*—I *know,*

ANXIETY.

Othello. What dost thou *think* of?

SURMISING.

Iago. Think of, my lord!

ANXIETY.

Othello. Think of my lord! Why dost thou *echo* me,

SUSPICION.

As if there was some *monster* in thy *thought*
Too *hideous* to be *shewn:* Thou dost *mean* something,
I heard thee say, but *now,* "Thou *lik'd'st* not *that.*"

QUESTION.

When *Cassio* left my *wife, what* did'st not *like?*

SUSPICION.

And when I told thee, he was of my *counsel*
In my *whole course of wooing:* thou cry'd'st, "*Indeed!*"
And did'st *contract* and *purse* thy *brows together,*
As if thou then had'st *shut up* in thy *brain*
Some *horrible conceit!*

EARNESTNESS.

If thou dost *love* me,
Shew me thy *thought.*

FAWNING.

Iago. My lord, you *know* I *love* you.

SUSPICION.

Othello. I *think* thou *dost,*
And for I know thou'rt *full* of *love* and *honesty,*
And *weigh'st* thy *words before* thou giv'st them *breath;*

APPREHENSION.

Therefore those *stops* of thine, *fright* me the *more;*
For such things in a *false disloyal knave,*

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Are *tricks* of *custom*, but in a man, that's *just*,
They're *close dilations working* from the *heart*,

EARNESTNESS.

Which *passion* cannot *rule*.

CHARGING.

Thou dost *conspire* against thy *friend*, Iago,
If thou but *think'st* him *wrong'd*, and mak'st his ear
A *stranger* to thy *thought*.

PRETENDING.

Iago. I do *beseech* you,—

RELUCTANCE.

From one, that so *improbably* conceits,
Your *wisdom* would not *build* yourself a *trouble*
Out of my *scattering* and *unsure observance*:
It were not for *your quiet*; nor your *good*;
Nor for *my manhood*, *honesty*, and *wisdom*,
To let you *know* my *thoughts*.

QUESTION.

Othello. *What dost* thou *mean*?

PRETENDING.

Iago. *Good name* in *man* or *woman*, dear, my lord,

RELUCTANCE.

Is the immediate *jewel* of their *souls*.

CONTEMPT.

Who *steals* my *purse*, steals *trash*, 'tis *something*—*nothing*—
'Twas *mine*—'tis *his*—it has been *slave* to *thousands*:

CONCERN.

But he, who *filches* from me my *good name*,
Robs me of *that*, which not *enriches him*,
And makes *me poor indeed*.

CHARGING.

Othello. I'll *know* thy *thoughts*.

REFUSING.

Iago. You *cannot*, if my *heart* were in your *hand*.

CAUTIONING.

Beware, my lord, *beware of jealousy*.

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HORROR.

It is a *green-ey'd monster*, which doth *make*
The *meat* it *feeds* on; the *cuckold lives* in *bliss*,
Who, *certain* of his *fate*, *loves not* his *wronger*,

ANGUISH.

But, oh, what *cruel minutes tells he o'er*,
Who *dotes*, yet *doubts*, *suspects*, yet *strongly loves*!
Othello. O *misery!* [*Aside.*]
Iago. Poor and *content*, is *rich*, and *rich enough*:
But *riches fireless* is as *poor* as *winter*,

PRETENDING.

To him, who *ever fears*, he shall be *poor*.—

SYMPATHY.

Good heaven! the souls of all my tribe *defend*
From jealousy.—
I *see* this hath a little *dashed* your *spirits*.

PRETENDING.

Othello. Not a *jot*, *not* a *jot*.—Farewell.—

INDIFFERENCE.

If *more* thou dost *perceive*, let me *know more*.
[*Exit Iago.*]

JEALOUSY.

Why did I *marry*? This *honest creature*, doubtless,
Sees, and *knows more*, *much more*, than he *unfolds*.—
He *knows* all *qualities*, with a *learned* spirit
Of *human dealings*.

ANGUISH.

——If I prove her *haggard*,

THREATENING.

Tho' that her *jesses* were my *dear heart-strings*
I'd *whistle* her *off*, and *let down* the *wind*
To *prey* at *fortune*.

IV. *Wicked king's soliloquy, expressing his remorse for the murder of his brother Hamlet, king of Denmark.*

COMPUNCTION.

King. Oh my *offence* is *rank*! it smells to heav'n!

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It hath the *primal eldest curse* upon it—
A *brother's murder.*—*Pray,* I *cannot,*

HARDNESS of HEART.

Though *inclination* be as *sharp* as *'twill;*
My *stronger guilt defeats* my *strong intent,*
And, like a man to *double bus'ness* bound,
I stand in *pause* where I shall first *begin.*
And *both neglect.*

GLIMPSE of HOPE.

——What if this *cursed hand*
Were *thicker* than *itself* with *brother's* blood?
Is there not *rain* enough in the *sweet heav'ns*
To *wash* it *white* as *snow?* Whereto serves *mercy,*
But to *confront* the *visage* of *offence?*
And what's in *prayer,* but this *two-fold force*—
To be *fore-stall'd,* e'er we *come* to *fall,*
Or *pardon'd,* being *down?* Then I'll *look* up;
My *fault* is *past*—

GUILT.

——But, *Oh!* what *form* of *pray'r*
Can serve my *turn?*—

DEPRECATION.

"*Forgive* me my *foul murder!*"

GUILT.

That cannot be; since I am still *possess'd*
Of those *effects,* for which I *did* the *murder;*
My *crown,* mine own *ambition,* and my *queen.*
May one be *pardon'd,* and *retain* the *offence?*
In the corrupted currents of *this world,*
Offence's *gilded hand* may *shove by* justice;
Nay, oft 'tis seen, the *wicked prize itself*
Buys out the *law:*

TERROR.

But 'tis not so *above:*
There is *no shuffling,* there the *action* lies
In its *true nature;* we ourselves *compell'd,*
Even to the *teeth* and *forehead* of our *faults,*
To give in *evidence.*—

ANXIETY.

——*What* then?—What *rests?*—

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HOPE.

Try what *repentance* can—*what* can it *not?*—

OBDURACY.

Yet *what can it*, when one *cannot repent?*

DESPAIR.

Oh *wretched state!* oh *bosom black* as *death!*
Oh *limed soul!* that, *struggling* to be *free*,
Art *more engaged!*

ANGUISH.

Help, angels, make *essay!*
Bow, stubborn knees! and *heart*, with *strings* of *steel*,
Be *soft* as *sinews* of the *new-born babe;*

HOPE.

All may be *well!*

[The king kneels; and, by his looks and gestures, expresses great agony and horror, but no penitential melting of the heart; after continuing a short time in that posture, he rises in despair, and speaks the following.]

DESPAIR.

My *words* fly *up*—my *thoughts* remain *below*—
Words without *thoughts*, *never* to *heaven go.*

V. *The scene in which Cassius excites Brutus to oppose Cæsar's power.*

DISCONTENT.

Cassius. Well, honour is the *subject* of my *story.*
I cannot tell, what *you*, and *other* men
Think of this *life:* but for *my single self*,
I had as lief *not be*, as live to be

CONTEMPT.

In *awe* of *such* a thing as I *myself.*

PRIDE.

I was born *free* as *Cæsar; so* were *you:*
We *both* have *fed* as *well*, and we can *both*
Endure the winter's *cold*, as well as he:

NARRATION with CONTEMPT.

For once upon a *raw* and *gusty* day,
The troubled Tiber *chafing* with his *shores;*

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QUESTION.

Cæsar says to me, " *Dar'st* thou, *Cassius*, now
Leap in with me, into this *angry flood*,
And *swim* to yonder *point* ?" Upon the *word*,

COURAGE.

Accoutred as I *was*,

[This passage cannot be expressed with life, without something of the action of swimming.]

I *plunged* in,
And bade him *follow!* so indeed he *did*,
The torrent *roar'd*, and we did *buffet* it
With *lusty sinews*, *throwing* it *aside*,
And *stemming* it with hearts of *controversy*:

FEAR.

But e'er we could *arrive* the point *propos'd*,

DISTRESS and INTREATING.

Cæsar cry'd, " *Help* me, Cassius, or I *sink!*"

COURAGE.

Then, as *Æneas*, our great *ancestor*,
Did from the *flames* of *Troy*, upon his *shoulders*,
The *old Anchises bear*; so, from the *waves* of *Tiber*
Did I the *tir'd Cæsar*:

WONDER.

And *this man*
Is *now* become a *god*, and *Cassius* is

CONTEMPT.

A *wretched creature*, and must *bend* his *body*,
If *Cæsar* carelessly but *nod* to him.

NARRATION with CONTEMPT.

He had a *fever*, when he was in Spain:
And when the *fit* was on him, I did *mark*
How he did *shake*, 'tis *truth*, this *god* did *shake!*
His *coward lips* did from their *colour fly*;

RANT.

And that same *eye*, whose *bend* doth *awe* the *world*,

CONTEMPT.

Did *lose* its *lustre*. I did *hear* him *groan*;
Ay, and that *tongue* of his, that bade the *Romans*
Mark him, and *write* his *speeches* in their *books*,

SICKNESS.

Alas, it *cry'd*, " Give me some *drink*, Titinius"—

WONDER.

As a *sick girl!* Ye *gods*, it doth *amaze* me,
A man of such a *feeble* temper should
So get the *start* of the *majestic world*,
And bear the *palm alone*.

LISTENING.

Brutus. Another general *shout!*

WONDER.

I do believe, that these *raptures* are

DISCONTENT.

For some *new honours* that are *heaped* on *Cæsar*.

RANT.

Cassius. Why, *man*, he doth *bestride* the *narrow world*,
Like a *Colossus!* and we petty men
Walk under his *huge legs*, and *peep* about,
To find ourselves *dishonourable graves*.

REGRET.

Men at *sometimes* have been *masters* of their *fates*:
The *fault*, dear Brutus, *is not* in our *stars*,
But in *ourselves*, that we are *underlings*.

EXCITING.

Brutus and *Cæsar! what* should be in that *Cæsar?*
Why should that *name* be sounded *more* than *yours?*
Write them *together*, *your's* is as *fair* a *name*;
Sound them, it doth *become* the *mouth* as *well*;
Weigh them, it is as *heavy*; *conjure* with them.
Brutus will *start* a *ghost* as *soon* as *Cæsar*.

WONDER.

Now in the *names* of *all* the *gods* at *once*,
Upon what *meat* doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so *great!*

CONTEMPT.

Age, thou art *sham'd*;
Rome, thou hast *lost* the *breed* of *noble bloods*;
When went there by an age, since the *sun shone*,

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But it was famed with more than with *one* man ?
When could *they* say, 'till *now*, who talk'd of *Rome*,
That her *wide walls* incompass'd but *one man ?*

EXCITING.

Oh! you and *I* have heard our *fathers* say,
There *was* a *Brutus once*, that would have *brook'd*
A *whip-gall'd slave* to *lord* it over *Rome*,
As *soon* as a *king*.

[The character of Brutus being cool courage, his speech is to be expressed accordingly, as follows :]

APPROBATION.

Brutus. That you do *love* me, I'm *nothing jealous*,

SERIOUS CONSIDERATION.

What you would *work* me to, I have *some aim :*
How I have *thought* of this, and of *these times*,
I shall *recount hereafter ;* for this *present*
I *would* not (so with *love* I might intreat you)

PLOTTING.

Be any *farther mov'd!* What you have *said*
I will *consider ;* what you *have* to say
I will with *patience hear*, and find a *time*
Both *meet* to *hear*, and *answer* such *high things ;*
Till then, my *noble friend ; chew* upon *this*.

DISCONTENT.

Brutus—had rather be a *Lybian*,
Than to repute himself a *son* of *Rome*,
Under such *hard conditions*, as *this time*
Is like to *lay upon us*. [*Exeunt.*]

VI. *Prologue to Cato.*

TEACHING.

To *wake* the *soul* by *tender strokes* of *art*,
To *raise* the *genius* and to *mend* the *heart*,

[The words, " mend the heart," may be expressed with the right hand laid on the breast.]

COURAGE.

To make mankind, (in *conscious virtue bold*,)
Live o'er each *scene*, and *be* what they *behold ;*

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TEACHING.

For *this* the *tragic* muse first *trod* the *stage*,
Commanding *tears* to *stream* through ev'ry *age*:
Tyrants no more their *savage* nature kept,

WONDER.

And foes to *virtue wonder'd* how they *wept*;
Our *author shuns* by *vulgar* springs to *move*,

CONTEMPT.

The *hero's glory*, or the *virgin's love*:
In *pitying love* we but our *weakness* shew,
And *wild ambition* well *deserves* its *woe*;

EXCITING.

Here tears shall *flow* from a more *gen'rous* cause,
Such tears as *patriots* shed for *dying laws*.
He bids your *breasts* with *ancient ardour rise*,
And calls forth *Roman drops* from *British eyes*!
Virtue confest, in *human shape* he *draws*

VENERATION.

What *Plato thought*, and *godlike Cato was*;
No *common object* to your sight displays,

AWE.

But what with *pleasure heav'n itself surveys*,

ESTEEM.

A *brave man* struggling in the storms of fate,
And *greatly falling* with a *falling state*:
While Cato gives his *little senate laws*,

EARNESTNESS.

What *bosom beats* not in his *country's cause*?

[The words, "what bosom beats not," may be spoken with the right hand pressed to the breast.]

Who sees him *act*, but *envies* every deed;
Who hears him *groan*, and does not *wish* to *bleed*?

CONTEMPT.

Ev'n when proud *Cæsar* 'midst triumphal *cars*,
The *spoils* of *nations*, and the *pomp* of *wars*,
Ignobly vain, and *impotently great*,

DEJECTION.

Shew'd Rome her *Cato's figure* drawn in state;

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As her dead *father's reverend image past,*
The *pomp* was *darken'd,* and the *day o'ercast,*

GRIEF.

The *triumph ceased,—tears gush'd* from *ev'ry eye,*

CONTEMPT.

The *world's* great *victor* pass'd *unheeded* by;
Her *last good man,* dejected Rome *ador'd,*

GRIEF.

And honour'd *Cæsar's less* than *Cato's sword!*

TEACHING.

Britons, attend, be *worth* like this *approv'd,*
And shew, you have the *virtue*

[The word "virtue" may be spoken with the right hand pressed to the breast.]

To be *mov'd!*

CONTEMPT.

With *honest scorn,* the first fam'd Cato view'd,
Rome *learning* arts from *Greece,* whom she *subdu'd;*
Our scene precariously subsists *too long*
On *French translation* and *Italian song:*

EXCITING.

Dare to have *sense yourselves: assert* the *stage,*
Be *justly warm'd* with your own *native rage;*
Such plays alone should please a *British* ear,
As *Cato's self* had not *disdain'd* to *hear.*

VII. *The Scene between Shylock and Tubal.*

[The pupil must, if he does not know it, be told a little of the plot, viz. That Shylock had sent Tubal in search of his daughter, whom his ill usage, and the importunity of her lover, had occasioned to elope from his house; and that Antonio was a merchant mortally hated by Shylock; who had borrowed a sum of money of Shylock on the terms of his forfeiting a pound of his flesh, wherever Shylock pleased to cut it, in case of failing to discharge the debt on the day it was due.]

QUESTION with ANXIETY.

Shylock. How now Tubal, what *news* from *Genoa?*
Hast thou found my *daughter?*

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DISAPPOINTMENT.

Tubal. I often *came* where I *heard* of her, but, *could not find* her.

VEXATION.

Shylock. Why, *there*, *there*, *there!* A *diamond gone*, that cost me *two thousand ducats* at Frankfort! The *curse* never fell upon our *nation* till now, I *never felt* it *before! two thousand ducats* in that and other *precious*, *precious jewels!*

EXECRATION.

I would my daughter were *dead* at my *foot*, with the *jewels* in her *ear*—Oh, would she were *hears'd* at my *foot*, and the *ducats* in her *coffin*.

VEXATION.

No news of them! why so! and I *know not what spent* in the *search! loss* upon *loss*. The *thief* gone with *so much*, and *so much* to *find* the *thief*, and *no satisfaction; no revenge! no ill luck* stirring, but what lights on *my shoulders; no sighs* but o' *my breathing; no tears* but o' *my shedding*.

NARRATION.

Tubal. Yes, *other* men have *ill luck too*, *Antonio*, as I heard in Genoa—

SPITEFUL JOY.

Shylock. What! what! what! ill luck! ill luck! [Earnestly.]

NARRATION.

Tubal. Hath an *Argosie cast away*, coming from *Tripoli*.

SPITEFUL JOY.

Shylock. I thank God! I thank God!

QUESTION.

Is it *true?* Is it *true?*

NARRATION.

Tubal. I *spoke* with some of the *sailors* that *'scaped* the *wreck*.

SPITEFUL JOY.

Shylock. I *thank* thee, *good Tubal! good news, good news; ha, ha:*

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QUESTION.

Where in *Genoa*?

NARRATION.

Tubal. Your daughter *spent*, in Genoa, as I heard, In *one night*, *fourscore ducats.*

ANGUISH.

Shylock. Thou stick'st a *dagger* in me, I shall *never* see my *gold again.* *Fourscore ducats* at a *sitting!* *Fourscore ducats!*

NARRATION.

Tubal. There came divers of Antonio's *creditors* in my company to Venice, that swear, he *cannot chuse but break.*

SPITEFUL JOY.

Shylock. I'm *glad* of it, I'll *plague* him, I'll *torture* him—I'm *glad* of it.

NARRATION.

Tubal. One of them shew'd me a *ring*, that he had of your daughter, for a *monkey.*

ANGUISH.

Shylock. *Out upon her!* thou *torturest* me, Tubal! It was my *torquoise*, I had it of *Leah*, when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a *wilderness of monkeys.*

NARRATION.

Tubal. But Antonio is *certainly undone.*

SPITEFUL JOY.

Shylock. *Nay, that's true, that's very true;*

DIRECTING.

Go, *fee* me an *officer*, *bespeak* him a *fortnight before.*

CRUELTY.

I will *have the heart of him* if he *forfeit.*

VIII. *Trial scene from the merchant of Venice.*

AUTHORITY.

Duke. Make *room*, and let him stand before our *face;*

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PLEADING.

Shylock, the *world thinks*, and *I think* so too,
That thou but *lead'st* this *fashion* of thy *malice*
To the *last* hour of *act;* and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt shew thy *mercy*, and *remorse more strange*,
Than is thy strange apparent *cruelty;*
And, where thou now *exact'st* the penalty,

PITY.

Which is a *pound* of this *poor* merchant's *flesh*,
Thou wilt not only *lose* the *forfeiture*,

PLEADING.

But touch'd with *human gentleness* and *love*,
Forgive a *moiety* of the *principal:*

PITY.

Glancing an *eye* of *pity* on his *losses*,
That have of late so *huddled* on his back,
Enough to press a *royal merchant down.*
We all expect a *gentle answer*, Jew.

OSTENTATION.

Shylock. I have *possessed* your grace of what I *purpose*,

HYPOCRISY.

And by our *holy sabbath* have I *sworn*,

CRUELTY.

To have the *due* and *forfeit* of my *bond*,

THREATENING.

If you *deny* it, let the *danger* light
Upon your *charter*, and your city's *freedom*—

MALICE.

You'll *ask* me, why I rather chuse to have
A weight of *carrion flesh*, than to receive

OSTENTATION.

Three thousand ducats? I'll *not answer* that,

MALICE.

But say, it is my *humour!* Is it *answered?*

OSTENTATION.

What if my *house* be *troubled* with a *rat*,

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And I be pleas'd to give *ten thousand ducats*,
To have it *ban'd*? What, are you *answered* yet?

REPROVING.

Bassanio. This is *no answer* thou *unfeeling* man,
T'excuse the current of thy *cruelty*.

MALICE.

Shylock. I am not bound to *please thee* with my answer.

DEJECTION.

Antonio. I pray you, think, you *question* with a *Jew*.
You may as well go stand upon the *beach*,
And bid the *main flood bate* his usual *height*;
You may as well use *question* with the *wolf*,
Why he hath made the ewe *bleat* for the *lamb*,
As try to *melt* his *Jewish heart to kindness*.

INTREATING.

Bassanio. For thy *three* thousand ducats here are *six*.

OSTENTATION.

Shylock. If *ev'ry ducat* in *six thousand* ducats,
Were in *six* parts, and *ev'ry part* a *ducat*,
I *would not* draw *them*, I would have my *bond*.

GRAVE.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for *mercy*, *rend'ring* none?

OSTENTATION.

Shylock. What *judgment* shall I *dread*, doing no *wrong*?

CRUELTY.

The pound of *flesh* which I *demand* of him,
Is *dearly bought*, 'tis *mine*, and I *will* have it.

[Enter Portia, disguised like a doctor of laws.]

WELCOMING.

Duke. Give me your *hand*, you come from *learned Bellario*?
Portia. I *do*, my lord.
Duke. You're *welcome*, take your *place*.

QUESTION.

Are you *acquainted* with the difference
That *holds* the present *question* in the court?

ANSWER.

Portia. I am *informed thoroughly* of the case;

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QUESTION.

Which is *merchant* here? and which the *Jew*?

AUTHORITY.

Duke. *Antonio* and old *Shylock*, both stand *forth*.

QUESTION. (to Shylock.)

Portia. Is your name, *Shylock*?

OBSTINACY.

Shylock. *Shylock* is my *name*.

QUESTION. (to Antonio.)

Portia. You stand *within* his *danger*; *do you not*?

DEJECTION.

Antonio. Ay, so *he says*.

QUESTION.

Portia. Do you *confess* the *bond*?

DEJECTION.

Antonio. I *do*.

INTREATING.

Portia. Then must the Jew be *merciful*.

OBSTINACY.

Shylock. On what *compulsion* must I? *tell* me that?

ADVICE.

Portia. The quality of *mercy* is not *strain'd*,

PLEASURE.

It *droppeth* as the *gentle rain* from *heav'n*
Upon the *place beneath*: it is *twice blest*,
Blest in him that *gives*, and him that *takes*!

REVERENCE.

'Tis *mightiest* in the *mightiest*: it becomes
The *throned monarch better* than his *crown*:
His *sceptre* shews the *force* of *temporal power*,
The *attribute* to *awe* and *majesty*:
Wherein doth sit the *dread* and *fear* of kings;
But *mercy* is *above* this *sceptred sway*:
It is enthroned in the *hearts* of kings;
It is an *attribute* to *God* himself,
And *earthly power* doth then shew *likest God's*,

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ADVICE.

When *mercy* seasons *justice!* therefore Jew,
Tho' *justice* be thy *plea, consider* this,

SERIOUS REFLECTION.

That in the course of *justice*, none of us
Should see *salvation*. We do *pray* for *mercy;*
And that same *pray'r* doth teach us all to *render*
The *deeds* of *mercy*.

OBSTINACY.

Shylock. My *deeds* upon my *head!* I crave the *law:*
The *penalty* and *forfeit* of my *bond*.

INTREATING.

Bassanio. Wrest *once* the *law* to your *authority*,
To do a *great right*, do a *little wrong;*
And *curb* this cruel *devil* of his *will*.

FORBIDDING.

Portia. It *must not* be, there is *no pow'r* in Venice
Can *alter* a *decree established:*
'Twill be recorded for a *precedent*,
And many an error, by the *same example*,
Will *rush* into the *state!* It *cannot be*.

APPLAUSE.

Shylock. A *Daniel* come to judgment! yea, a *Daniel!*
O *wise young judge! How* do I *honour* thee!

REQUEST.

Portia. I pray you, let me *look* upon your *bond*.

APPLAUSE.

Shylock. Here 'tis, most *reverend doctor!* here *it is*.

ADVICE.

Portia. Shylock!—there's *thrice* thy money *offered* thee.

HYPOCRISY.

Shylock. An *oath!* an *oath!* I have an *oath* in *heav'n!*
Shall I lay *perjury* upon my *soul?*
No not for *Venice*.

DECLARATION.

Portia. Why, this *bond* is *forfeit*,
And *lawfully* by this, the Jew may *claim*

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A *pound* of *flesh*, to be by him *cut off*
Nearest the merchant's *heart*.

ADVICE.

Be merciful;
Take *thrice* thy *money;* bid me *tear* the *bond*.

OBSTINACY.

Shylock. When it is *paid*, according to the *tenor!*
There is no *power* in the *tongue* of *man*
To *alter* me, I *stay* here on my *bond*.

DEJECTION.

Antonio. Most heartily I do *beseech* the *court*
To give the *judgment*.

PASSING SENTENCE.

Portia. Why then, *thus* it is,
You must *prepare* your *bosom* for his *knife*.

THIRST OF BLOOD.

Shylock. Ay, his *breast*.
So saith the *bond*, *doth* it not, *noble judge?*
Nearest his *heart;* *these* are the very *words*.

QUESTION.

Portia. It *is so!* Are there *scales* to *weigh* the *flesh?*

ANSWER.

Shylock. I have them *ready*.

INTERCESSION.

Portia. Have by some *surgeon*, Shylock, *on* your *charge*,
To *stop* his *wounds*, lest he should *bleed* to *death*.

CRUELTY.

Shylock. Is it so *nominated* in the *bond?*

INTERCESSION.

Portia. It is not so *expressed;* but what of *that?*
'Twere good you do so much for *charity*.

CRUELTY.

Shylock. I cannot *find* it, 'tis not in the *bond*.

SENTENCE.

Portia. A *pound* of that same *merchant's* flesh is *thine*,
The court *awards* it, and the *law* doth *give* it.

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APPLAUSE.

Shylock. Most *rightful judge!*

SENTENCE.

Portia. And you must cut this *flesh* from off his *breast;*
The law *allows* it, and the court *awards* it.

APPLAUSE.

Shylock. Most *learned judge!* a *sentence!*

THIRST OF BLOOD.

Come prepare.

DOUBTING.

Portia. Tarry a *little;* there is *something else*—
This bond—doth give thee here—no *jot* of *blood;*
The *words expressly* are, a *pound* of *flesh.*

DIRECTING.

Then *take* thy *bond,* take thou thy *pound* of *flesh:*

THREATENING.

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost *shed*
One drop of christian *blood,* thy *lands* and *goods,*
Are, by the laws of *Venice, confiscate*
Unto the state of Venice.

APPLAUSE.

Grat. O *upright judge! mark Jew! O learned judge!*

CONFUSION.

Shylock. Is that the *law?*

POSITIVENESS.

Portia. Thyself shalt see the *act;*

REPROVING.

For as thou urgest *justice,* be *assured,*
Thou shalt have *justice, more* than *thou desir'st.*

APPLAUSE.

Grat. O *learned judge! mark Jew;* a *learned judge!*

CONFUSION.

Shylock. I take his *offer* then, pay the bond *thrice,*

YIELDING.

And let the *christian go.*

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GIVING.

Bassanio. *Here* is the *money.*

FORBIDDING.

Portia. The Jew shall have *all justice—soft* no *haste,*
He shall have *nothing* but the *penalty.*

APPLAUSE.

Grat. A second *Daniel!* Jew.

TRIUMPH.

Now, infidel, I have the *on* the *hip.*

QUESTION.

Portia. *Why* doth the Jew *pause? take* the *forfeiture.*

CONFUSION.

Shylock. Give me my *principal,* and let me go.

GIVING.

Bassanio. I have it *ready* for thee, *here* it *is.*

FORBIDDING.

Portia. He hath *refus'd* it in the *open court;*

REPROVING.

He shall have merely *justice* and his *bond.*

APPLAUSE.

Grat. A *Daniel still,* say I, a second *Daniel!*

REPROVING.

I *thank* thee *Jew,* for *teaching* me that *word.*

SNEAKING.

Shylock. Shall I not *barely* have my *principal?*

REFUSING.

Portia. Thou shalt have *nothing* but the *forfeiture,*
To be so *taken,* at thy *peril, Jew.*

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Shylock. Why then, the *devil* give him *good* of it.

SPITE.

I'll stay no *longer question.*

FORBIDDING.

[Portia speaks "Tarry Jew," without looking off from the bond.]

Portia. *Tarry* Jew.

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CONSIDERATION.

The law hath yet *another hold* on you.

TEACHING.

It is *enacted*, in the *laws* of *Venice*,
If it be prov'd against an *alien*,
That by *direct* or *indirect attempts*,
He *seek* the *life* of any *citizen*,
The *party*, 'gainst the which he doth *contrive*,
Shall *seize* on *half* his *goods*, the *other half*
Goes to the privy *coffer* of the *state*,
And the *offender's life* lies in the *mercy*
Of the *duke only*, 'gainst *all other voice*;

CONDEMNING.

In which *predicament*, I say, *thou stand'st*;
For it appears by *manifest proceeding*,
That *indirectly* and *directly* too,
Thou hast *contriv'd* against the very *life*
Of the *defendant*, so that thou *incur'st*
The *danger* formally by me *rehearst*.

ADVICE.

Down, therefore, and beg *mercy* of the *duke*.

GRANTING.

Duke. That thou may'st see the *difference* of *our spirit*,
I *pardon* thee thy *life before* thou *ask* it.

DESPAIR.

Shylock. Nay, *take* my *life*, and *all*, *pardon* not *that*:
——————You *take* my *life*,
When you *do take* the *means whereby* I *live*.

QUESTION.

Portia. What *mercy* can you *render* him, Antonio?

TRIUMPH.

Grat. A *halter gratis*; *nothing* else, for God's sake.

GRANTING.

Antonio. So please my lord, the *duke*, and all the *court*,
To quit the *fine* for *one half* of his *goods*;
I am content so he will let me have
The *other* half in use, to render it
Upon his *death*, unto the *gentleman*
That lately *stole* his *daughter*.

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THREATENING.

Duke. He shall *do* this, or else I do *recant*
The *pardon* that I late *pronounced* here.
Portia. Art thou *contented* Jew? *what* dost thou *say*?

DESPAIR.

Shylock. I *pray* you give me *leave* to go from *hence*,
I am *not well*, *send* the *deed after* me,
And I will *sign* it.

THREATENING.

Duke. Get thee *gone*, but *do* it.

[Exeunt omnes.]

IX. *Cato's soliloquy.*

[Cato sitting in a thoughtful posture, in his hand Plato's book on the immortality of the soul, a drawn sword on the table by him; after a long pause, he lays down the book and speaks.]

DEEP CONTEMPLATION.

Cato. It *must* be so——*Plato* thou *reason'st* well—
Else, whence this *pleasing hope*, this *fond desire*,

[" This fond desire," may be spoken with the right hand laid on the breast.]

COMFORT.

This *longing* after *immortality*?

DESIRE.

Or whence this *secret dread* and *inward horror*
Of *falling* into *nought*?

FEAR.

Why *shrinks* the *soul*
Back on *herself*, and startles at *destruction*?

AWE.

'Tis the *divinity* that *stirs* within us,
'Tis *heav'n itself* that *points out* an *hereafter*,
And *intimates eternity* to man.

[" Eternity!—thou pleasing, &c." requires an eye fixed with profound thoughtfulness on one point, throughout this line.]

Eternity!—thou *pleasing*,

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SATISFACTION.
——*dreadful*

APPREHENSION.
thought!—

CURIOSITY.
Through what *variety* of *untry'd being*,
Through what *new scenes* and *changes* must we *pass*?
The *wide*, th' *unbounded prospect* lies before me,

ANXIETY.
But *shadows*, *clouds*, and *darkness*, *rest* upon it.

COURAGE.
Here *will* I *hold*.

VENERATION.
If there's a *power above* us,
And *that there is*, all *nature* cries aloud
Through *all* her works,—He *must delight* in *virtue*,

SATISFACTION.
And that which *he delights* in, *must* be *happy*.

ANXIETY.
But *when!*—or *where!*—*this world* was made for *Cæsar*,
I'm *weary* of *conjectures*—

COURAGE.
——*This* must *end them*.
[Laying his hand on his sword.]

FIRMNESS.
Thus am I *doubly arm'd*, my *death*, my *life*.
My *bane* and *antidote*, are *both* before me.

["My death, my life," &c. long pauses between, and pointing, or looking at the sword in pronouncing "my death," at the book in pronouncing "my life," and so in "my bane and antidote," and in the following lines.]

APPREHENSION.
This,—in *a moment*, brings me to an *end*,

COMFORT.
Whilst *this* informs me I shall *never die*.

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NOBLE PRIDE.

[" The soul," &c may be pronounced with the right hand laid upon the breast.]

The *soul*, *secur'd* in her *existence*, *smiles*
At the *drawn dagger*, and *defies* its *point*.

TRIUMPH.

[" The stars," &c. may be spoken with the eyes raised toward heaven, and the arms moderately spread.]

The *stars* shall *fade away*, the *sun himself*
Grow *dim* with *age*, and *nature* sink in *years*,

[" Thou—shalt—flourish," &c. the right hand upon the breast.]

But *thou* shalt *flourish* in *immortal youth*,

[" Unhurt," &c. the arms spread again, as above.]

Unhurt amidst the *war* of *elements*,
The *wreck* of *matter* and the *crash* of *worlds*.

[" The crash," &c. the hands brought together with force.]

X. *The scene between Mr. Bevil and Indiana, in which she endeavours to find out, whether he has any other regard for her, than that of rational esteem, and Platonic love.*

RESPECT.

Bevil. Madam, your most *obedient*, how do you today? I am afraid you *wished* me *gone* last night, before I *went*, but you were partly to *blame*, for *who* could *leave* you in the *agreeable humour* you were in?

Indiana. If *you* were pleased, sir, we were both *pleased*: for your company, which is *always agreeable*, was more *peculiarly so* last night.

Bevil. *My* company, madam, you *rally*, I said very *little*.

Indiana. Too little you *always* say, sir, for *my improvement* and for my *credit*; by the *same token* that I am afraid, you gave me an opportunity of saying *too much* last night; and unfortunately, when a woman is in the talking vein, she wants *nothing so much* as to have *leave* to *expose herself*.

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Bevil. I hope, madam, I shall always have the sense to give *you* leave to expose yourself, as you call it, without *interruption.*

[Bowing respectfully.]

Indiana. If I had *your talents*, sir, or your *power* to make my *actions* speak for me, I might be *silent*, and yet pretend to somewhat *more* than being *agreeable*, but as it is——

HUMILITY.

Bevil. Really, madam, I know of *none* of *my actions* that deserve your *attention.* If I might be *vain* of any thing, it is that I have *understanding* enough to mark *you out.* madam, from *all* your *sex*, as the most *deserving* object of my *esteem.*

ANXIETY.

Indiana. [*aside.*] A *cold word*; though I cannot *claim* even his *esteem.*

RESPECT.

[*To him.*] Did I think, sir, that your esteem for me proceeded from any thing in *me*, and not altogether from *your own generosity*, I should be in danger of *forfeiting* it.

Bevil. How *so*, madam?

Indiana. What do you *think*, sir, would be *so likely* to puff up a weak woman's *vanity*, as the *esteem* of a man of *understanding? Esteem* is the result of *cool reason*, the voluntary *tribute* paid to inward *worth*; *who* then, would not be *proud* of the *esteem* of a person of *sense*, which is always *unbiassed*, whilst *love* is often the effect of *weakness?*

[Looking hard at Bevil, who casts down his eyes respectfully.]

Esteem arises from a *higher* source, the substantial *merit* of the *mind.*

Bevil. True, madam, and *great minds only* can *command* it.

[Bowing respectfully.]

The utmost *pleasure* and *pride* of my *life*, madam, is that I endeavour to *esteem* you as—I *ought.*

APPREHENSION.

Indiana [*aside.*] As he *ought!* Still *more perplexing!* he neither *cures* or *kills* my *hope.* I will *try* him a little *farther.*

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QUESTION.

[*To him,*] Now I think on it, I must beg your *opinion* sir, on a point which created a *debate* between my *aunt* and me, just *before* you came in. She would *needs* have it, that no man ever does any *extraordinary kindness* for a *woman* but from *selfish* views.

RESPECT.

Bevil. Well, madam, I cannot say, but I am in the *main,* of *her opinion,* if she means by *selfish views,* what *some* understand by the *phrase,* that is, his own *pleasure,* the *highest* pleasure *human nature* is *capable* of, that of being conscious that, from *his superfluity,* an *innocent* and *virtuous spirit,* a person whom he thinks one of the *prime ornaments* of the *creation,* is raised *above* the *temptations* and *sorrows* of *life,* the pleasure of seeing *satisfaction, health,* and *gladness, brighten* in the countenance of one he *values* above *all mankind.* What a man bestows in *such* a way, may, I think, be said, in *one sense,* to be laid out with a *selfish* view, as much as if he spent it in *cards, dogs, bottle-companions,* or *loose women,* with *this difference,* that he shews a *better taste* in *expence.* Nor should I think this any such *extraordinary* matter of *heroism,* in a man of an *easy fortune. Every gentleman ought* to be capable of this, and I doubt not but *many* are; for I hope there are *many,* who take more delight in *reflection,* than *sensation,* in *thinking,* than in *eating*—

SUDDEN RECOLLECTION.

But *what* am I *doing?*

[Pulls out his watch hastily.]

My hour with Mr. Myrtle is *come.*—

HASTE.

Madam, I must take my leave *abruptly,* but, if you please, will do myself the pleasure of waiting on you in the *afternoon,* till when, madam, your most obedient.

[*Exit.*]

XI. *The scene between Mr. Bevil and Mr. Myrtle.*

COMPLAISANCE.

Bevil. Sir, I am *extremely obliged* to you for this *honour.*

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ANGER.

Myrtle. The *time*, the *place*, or *long acquaintance*, and *many* other *circumstances* which *affect* me, on this *occasion*, *oblige* me, without *ceremony* or *conference*, to desire that you will *comply* with the request in my *letter*, of which you have *already acknowledged* the *receipt*.

COMPLAISANCE.

Bevil. Sir, I *have received* a *letter* from you in a very *unusual stile*, but, as I am *conscious*—

[—" Conscious of the integrity," &c. may be expressed with the right hand laid on the breast.]

of the *integrity* of my behaviour, with respect to you, and intend that *every thing* in *this matter* shall be your *own seeking*, I shall *understand nothing*, but what you are pleased to *confirm face* to *face*: you are therefore to take it for *granted*, that I have *forgot* the contents of your *epistle*.

ANGER.

Myrtle. Your *cool behaviour*, Mr. Bevil, is agreeable to the *unworthy use* you have made of my *simplicity* and *frankness* to you; and I see, your *moderation* tends to your *own* advantage, not *mine*, to your own *safety*, not to *justice* for the *wrongs* you have done your *friend*.

OFFENCE.

Bevil. My *own safety*, Mr. Myrtle?

REPROVING.

Myrtle. Your *own safety*, Mr. Bevil.

DISPLEASURE.

Bevil. Mr. Myrtle, there is *no disguising* any longer, that I *understand* what you would *force* me to.

FIRMNESS.

You *understand* my *principle* upon that *point*, and you have *often* heard me express my *disapprobation* of the *savage* manner of deciding quarrels, which tyrannical *custom* has introduced, to the breach of *all laws*, both *divine* and *human*.

REPROACHING.

Myrtle. Mr. *Bevil*, Mr. *Bevil!* It would be a *good* first *principle*, in those who have so *tender* a *conscience* that

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way, to have as much *abhorence* at *doing injuries* as—

[Turning away abruptly.]

Bevil. As what?

IRRITATING.

Myrtle. As *fear* of *answering* them.

SELF-VINDICATION.

Bevil. Mr. Myrtle, I have *no fear* of answering *any* injury I have done *you*, because I have *meant* you none; for the *truth* of which, I am ready to appeal to *any indifferent person*, even of your *own choosing*.

SERIOUSNESS.

But I *own* I am afraid, of doing a *wicked action*, I mean, of *shedding your blood*, or *giving you* an opportunity of *shedding mine, cold*. I am not afraid of *you*, Mr. Myrtle;

PIOUS VENERATION.

But I own, I am afraid of *Him*, who *gave* me this *life* in *trust*, on *other conditions*, and with *other designs*, than that I should *hazard*, or throw it *away*, because a *rash, inconsiderate man*, is pleased to be *offended*, without *knowing* whether he is *injured* or not.

COURAGE.

No—I *will not*, for *your*, or *any man's* humour commit a known crime, a crime, which I *cannot repair*, or which may, in the *very act*, cut me off from all *possibility* of *repentance*.

RAGE.

Myrtle. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this *coolness*, this *moralizing*, shall not *cheat* me of my *love*.

IRRITATING.

You may *wish* to preserve your life, that you may *possess Lucinda*, and I have reason to be *indifferent* about it, if I am to *lose all that*, from which I expect *any joy* in life; but I shall first try *one means* toward recovering her, I mean, by *shewing* her what a *dauntless hero* she has chosen for her *protector*.

FIRMNESS.

Bevil. Shew me but the least *glimpse* of argument, that I am *authoris'd* to *contend* with you, at the peril of the *life* of one of us, and I am *ready* upon your *own terms*.—

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If *this* will not *satisfy* you, and you *will* make an *unlawful assault* upon me, I will *defend* myself as against a *ruffian*. There is *no such terror*, Mr. Myrtle, in the *anger* of *those*, who are *quickly hot*, and *quickly cold* again, they *know* not *how*, or *why*; I *defy* you to shew wherein I have *wrong'd* you.

IRRITATING.

Myrtle. Mr. Bevil, it is easy for *you* to talk *coolly* on this occasion. You *know not*, I suppose, *what it is* to *love*, and from your *large fortune*, and your *specious* outward *carriage*, have it in your *power* to come, *without* much *trouble* or *anxiety*, to the *possession* of a *woman* of *honour*.

JEALOUSY.

You know *nothing* of what it is *to* be *alarmed*, *distracted* with the *terror* of *losing* what is *dearer* than *life*.

SARCASM.

You are *happy*. Your *marriage* goes on like *common business*, and in the *interim* you have, for your soft moments of *dalliance*, your *rambling captive*, your *Indian princess*, your *convenient*, your *ready Indiana!*

ANGER ROUSED.

Bevil. You have *touched* me beyond the *patience* of a *man*, and the defence of *spotless innocence* will, I hope, excuse my *accepting* your *challenge*, or at least, my *obliging* you to retract your *infamous aspersions*. I *will not*, if I can avoid it, *shed your blood*, nor shall *you mine*;

AUTHORITY.

But *Indiana's purity* I *will defend*. Who *waits?*

SUBMISSION.

Servant. Did you *call*, Sir?

COMMANDING.

Bevil. Yes, go *call* a *coach*.

TREPIDATION with SUBMISSION.

Servant. Sir—Mr. *Myrtle*—*gentlemen*—you are *friends*—I am but a *servant*—but—

ANXIETY.

Bevil. Call a coach. [*Exit servant.*]

[A long pause, they walk sullenly about the room.]

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RECOLLECTION.

[*Aside.*] Shall I (though provoked beyond *sufferance,*) *recover* myself at the entrance of a *third person,* and that my *servant* too, and shall I not have a due *respect* for the dictates of my own *conscience,*

["Conscience," to be spoken with the right hand on the breast.]

for what I owe to the *best* of *fathers,* and to the *defenceless innocence* of my *lovely Indiana,* whose very *life* depends on *mine?* [*To Mr. Myrtle*] I have, *thank heaven,* had *time* to *recollect* myself, and have *determined* to *convince* you, by *means* I would willingly have *avoided,* but which yet are preferable to *murderous duelling,* that I am more innocent of *nothing,* than of *rivalling* you in the affections of *Lucinda.*

REMONSTRANCE.

Read this *letter,* and *consider, what effect* it would have had upon you to have *found* it about the man you had *murdered.*

SULLENNESS.

[In reading the letter, the countenance of Myrtle ought to quit, by degrees, the look of anger, and pass on to the instructions in capitals.]

[*Myrtle reads*] "I hope it will be *consistent* with the laws a woman ought to impose upon herself, to acknowledge, that your manner of *declining*

SURPRISE.

what has been *proposed,* of a treaty of marriage in our family,

RISING HOPE.

and *desiring,* that the *refusal* might come from *me,* is more engaging, than the *Smithfield courtship* of *him,*

JOY.

whose arms I am in danger of being *thrown* into, unless your *friend exerts* himself for our common *safety* and *happiness.*"—

SHAME.

—O, I *want no more* to *clear* your *innocence,* my *injured worthy friend*—I see her *dear name* at the *bottom*—I see that you have been *far enough* from *designing any obstacle* to my happiness.

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REMORSE.

while I have been treating my *benefactor* as my *betrayer*.

CONFUSION.

—*O Bevil*, with what *words* shall I—

BENEVOLENCE.

Bevil. There is no *need* of *words*. to *convince* is *more* than to *conquer*; if you are but *satisfied* that I *meant* you *no wrong*, *all* is as it *should be*.

ANGUISH.

Myrtle. But can you—*forgive*—

REMORSE.

Such *madness!*

BENEVOLENCE and FORGIVING.

Bevil. Have not I *myself offended?* I had almost been as *guilty* as *you*, though I had the *advantage* of *you*, by *knowing* what you did not *know*.

ANGUISH.

Myrtle. That I should be such

REMORSE.

a *precipitate wretch!*

FORGIVING.

Bevil. Prithee no more.

SELF-CONDEMNATION.

Myrtle. How many friends have *died* by the hands of *friends*, *merely* for *want* of *temper?*

GRATITUDE with HORROR.

What do I *not owe* to your *superiority* of *understanding?* what a *precipice* have I *escaped?* O my *friend!*

INTREATING with REMORSE.

Can you *ever—forgive*—can you *ever* again look upon me—with an *eye* of *favour?*

BENEVOLENCE.

Bevil. Why should I *not? any* man may *mistake*; *any* man may be *violent* where his *love* is concerned. I was *myself*.

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ADMIRATION.

Myrtle. O *Bevil!* you are capable of *all* that is *great*, all that is *heroic*.

XII. *The scene of Indiana's being found to be Mr. Sealand's daughter.*

CIVILITY.

Indiana. I am told, sir, you are come about *business*, which requires your speaking with *me*.

Sealand. Yes, madam, there came to my hands a bill drawn by Mr. Bevil, which is payable *to-morrow*, and as I have *cash* of his, I have made bold to bring you the money *myself*,—

CONFUSION.

A—a—a— and, to be free, madam, the *fame* of your *beauty*, and the *regard* which Mr. Bevil is but *too well known* to have for you, excited my *curiosity*.

OFFENCE.

Indiana. Too well known to have for *me!* Your sober *appearance*, sir, made me expect no *rudeness* or *absurdity* from you—*who waits?*—Sir, if you pay the money to a *servant*, it will be as *well*. [*going.*]

APOLOGY.

Sealand. Pray, madam, be not *offended*. I came hither with an *innocent*, nay, a *virtuous* design, and, if you will have patience to *hear* me, it may be of *service* to *you* as well as to my *only daughter*, on *whose account* I *come*, and whom I was *this day* to *dispose* of.

APPREHENSION.

Indiana. [*Aside.*] In *marriage* with Mr. *Bevil;* I fear, what I *dreaded* is *come*, but I must *compose* myself if *possible*.

RECOLLECTION.

[*To him.*] Sir, you may *suppose* I shall *desire* to *know any thing*, which may be interesting to Mr. *Bevil*, or to *myself*.

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CONFUSION.

As *appearances* are *against* me with regard to this *behaviour*, I ought to *forgive* your *suspicion*, sir:

APOLOGY.

Be *free* then, I am *composed* again, *go on*, sir.

WONDER with DISAPPROBATION.

Sealand. I *feared* indeed, an *unwarrantable passion* here; but I could not have thought *any man* capable of *abusing so much loveliness* and *worth*, as your *appearance* and *behaviour bespeak*. But the youth of *our age* care not *what excellence* they *destroy*, so they can but *gratify*.

VINDICATION.

Indiana. [*Interrupting.*] Sir, you are going into very *great errors*.

ENQUIRY with APPREHENSION.

But please to *keep* your *suspicions*; and acquaint me, *why* the *care* of your *daughter* obliges a person of your *seeming rank*

DISTRESS.

to be thus *inquisitive* about a *wretched*, *helpless*, *friendless*— [*weeps.*]

APOLOGY.

I *beg pardon*, good sir—I am an *orphan*, who can call *nothing* in the *world* my *own*, but my *virtue*—*pray*, *good sir*, *go on*.

PITY with DISAPPROBATION.

Sealand. How could Mr. Bevil *think* of injuring such *sweetness*?

VINDICATION.

Indiana. You *wrong* him, sir; *he never* thought of *injuring* me;

PRAISE.

His *bounty* he bestows for my support, *merely* for the *pleasure* of doing *good!*

ENQUIRY with APPREHENSION.

You are the *gentleman*, I suppose, for whose *happy daughter* he is *designed* by his *worthy father*, and he has *consented*, perhaps, to the *proposal*.

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CAUTIONING.

Sealand. I own, such a *match* was *proposed*;

RESOLUTION.

but it *shall not proceed*, unless I am *satisfied*, that *your connection* with him may be *consistent* with it.

DISTRESS.

Indiana. It is *only*, sir, from his *actions* and *looks*, that I have had *any reason* to flatter myself into the notion of his having *any particular affection* for *me*; from *them*, I own, I was led into the *hope* of what I *earnestly wished*, that he had *thoughts* of making me the *partner* of his *heart*; but *now* I find my *fatal mistake*; the *goodness* and *gentleness* of his *demeanour*, with the *richness* of his *benevolence*, made me *misinterpret all*—'Twas my *own hope*, my *own passion*, that *deluded* me—*he never* made *one amorous advance* to me—his *generous heart* and *liberal hand* meant *only* to help the *miserable*;

SELF-CONDEMNATION.

and I—*O fool* that I was!—I *fondly* suffered myself to be drawn into *imaginations*, *too high*, and *too ambitious* for my *lowly wretchedness*—oh!—oh!—oh!

[*weeping.*]

COMFORT.

Sealand. Make yourself *easy*, madam, upon the score of *my daughter*, at *least*; the *connection* between Mr. *Bevil* and *her* is not *so far* as to render it *necessary* that *your peace* should be *destroyed* by such a *marriage*: *depend* upon it, madam, *my daughter* shall *never* be the cause of your *disappointment*.

DISTRESS HEIGHTENED.

Indiana. Sir, your speaking so makes me still *more wretched*. Shall *I be the cause* of *injury* to my *noble benefactor*? shall I, who have no *pretensions* to him, be the *hindrance* of *his happiness*? *heaven forbid!*

PERSUASION.

No, sir, *give* your *daughter* to the *worthiest* of *men*; *give* her to my *generous Bevil*—

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DISTRESS with GRATITUDE.

—*They* may be *happy*, though *I* shall run *distracted;* and whilst I *preserve* my *senses*, I will *weary heaven* with my *prayers* for their *felicity:*

DISTRESS,

As for my *own fate*, it is likely to *hold on* as it *begun*, a *series* of *wretchedness*—

LAMENTATION.

—'Twas *heaven's high will*, that I *should* be *wretched* —taken *captive* in my *cradle*—*tossed* on the *seas*— there *deprived* of my *mother*—that I should only *hear* of my *father*, but *never see* him—that I should then be *adopted* by a *stranger*—then *lose* my *adopter*—that I should then be delivered from the very *jaws* of *poverty* by the most *amiable* of *mankind*—that I should give my *fond unthinking heart* to this most *charming* of his *sex* —and that he should *disappoint all* my *romantic hopes*, without leaving me the *right*, or the *pretence* of blaming *any one*, but *myself;* for, oh! I *cannot reproach* him, though his friendly hand, that *raised* me to this *height*, now throws me *down* the *precipice*, oh! [*weeping.*]

COMFORT.

Sealand. Dear lady! compose yourself to *patience*, if *possible;*

PITY.

my heart *bleeds* for your *distress*—and there is something in your very *strange story* that *resembles*—

ENQUIRY.

—Does Mr. *Bevil know* your *history particularly?*

LAMENTATION.

Indiana. All is *known* to him *perfectly;* and it is my *knowledge* of what I was by *birth*, and what I *should be now*, that *imbitters all* my *misery.*

FRENZY.

I'll *tear* away *all traces* of my *former self*, all that can put me in mind of what I was *born to*, and am *miserably fallen* from.

[In her disorder she throws away her bracelet, which Mr. Sealand takes up, and looks earnestly on it.]

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AMAZE.

Sealand. Ha! what *means this? where am I?* it is the *same!* the very *bracelet* which my *wife wore* at our last *mournful parting.*

RECOLLECTION.

Indiana. What said you, sir? *your wife? what* may this *mean?* that *bracelet* was my *mother's.*

TREPIDATION.

But your name is *Sealand; my* lost *father's name* was—

Sealand. [*Interrupting.*] *Danver's* was it not?

AMAZE.

Indiana. What *new amazement! that was* his *name.*

JOY.

Sealand. I *am* the *true* Mr. *Danvers,* though I have *changed* my *name* to *Sealand——Oh! my child, my child!* [*Catching Indiana in his arms.*]

Indiana. All-gracious heaven! Is it *possible!* Do I embrace my *father—*

RAPTURE.

Sealand. O my *child!* my *child!* my *sweet girl!* my *lost Indiana! restored* to me as from the *dead!* I now see every *feature* of thy *lamented mother* in thy *lovely countenance!* O *heaven!* how are our *sorrows past o'er-paid* by such a *meeting!* to find thee *thus,* to have it in my power to *bestow thee* on thy *noble lover,* with a *fortune* not beneath his *acceptance.*

Indiana. Oh! it is *more like* a *dream* than *reality!* have I then a *father's sanction* to my *love! his bounteous hand* to *give,* and make my *heart* a *present worthy* of my *generous Bevil!*

Sealand. Let us send *immediately* to him, and inform him of this *wonderous turn,* which shews that

Whate'er the gen'rous mind *itself denies,*
The secret care of *providence supplies.*

FINIS.

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